

*Went* Martha Labele  
HYMNS,

*Hymnals*

CRIES, AND GROANS,

LATELY EXTRACTED

34 35 b 47

FROM A

MOURNER'S MEMORANDUMS.

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From Heaven did the Lord behold the earth, to hear the groaning of the prisoner. Psalm cii. 19, 20.

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill. 1 Samuel ii. 8!

Jesus, Thou Son of David, Have mercy on me! Mark x. 47.

God be merciful to me a sinner. Luke xviii. 13.

Lord, help me! Matthew xv. 25.

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# INTRODUCTION,

DRAWN

FROM THE AUTHOR'S OWN EXPERIENCE.

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Only acknowledge thine iniquity. Jer. iii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD God! Where shall my soul begin,  
When I to Thee acknowledge sin!  
My heart is from no evil free!  
Thou try'st the reins—'Tis known to Thee.
- 2 Yet, gracious God, at Thy Command,  
The Net's let down—Behold I stand,  
Of culprit's, criminals, the chief;  
Worse than Thy crucified thief!
- 3 Though iniquities I confess,  
I cannot make transgressions less;  
Desp'rately wicked's ev'ry cell,  
Of my vile heart—This I can tell.
- 4 Behold I'm vile! I would abhor  
Myself in dust, and Thee adore;  
Thou canst be just and justify  
Th' ungodly for whom Christ did die.
- 5 I've play'd the harlot long, 'tis true, \*  
And if my ways I must review,  
Almighty Jesus, give me grace  
In Thy pierc'd Side to hide my face!

\* Jer. iii. 1.

- 6 Thou say'st, return—"Return to Me!"  
 Lord, draw me! Then I'll run to Thee!  
 Thou say'st, I'll surely do thee good,  
 Then purge my conscience with Thy Blood!

## PART II.

Thou hast played the Harlot with many Lovers.

Jer. iii. 1.

- 1 Though I'm a sinner vile, undone,  
 In me dwells no good thing, not one;  
*Self-righteousness* seeks to intrude,  
 Dishonour Thee—and me delude.
- 2 With this the *harlot* oft I play,  
 At times it will not be said nay;  
 So close it clings, in various dress,  
 I cannot half its wiles express!
- 3 Another traitor oft I kiss,  
 And scarcely know I act amiss;  
 'Tis *unbelief*, in vile disguise,  
 When it against the Lord replies.
- 4 A prostitute to *carnal sloth*,  
 To own this Sodom's sin I'm loth;\*  
 But on the dang'rous lap sloth lies,  
 'Till scourging makes the sluggard rise.
- 5 Though *worldly sorrow* worketh death,  
 And always groans corrupted breath;  
 My flesh would sooth these treach'rous cries,  
 And covets *ease*—which Grace denies.
- 6 *Self-pity* too comes creeping in,  
 Seduceth me, then I begin  
 To mourn and grieve, but not for Thee;  
 Lord, from these *lovers* set me free!

\* Ezekiel xvi. 49.

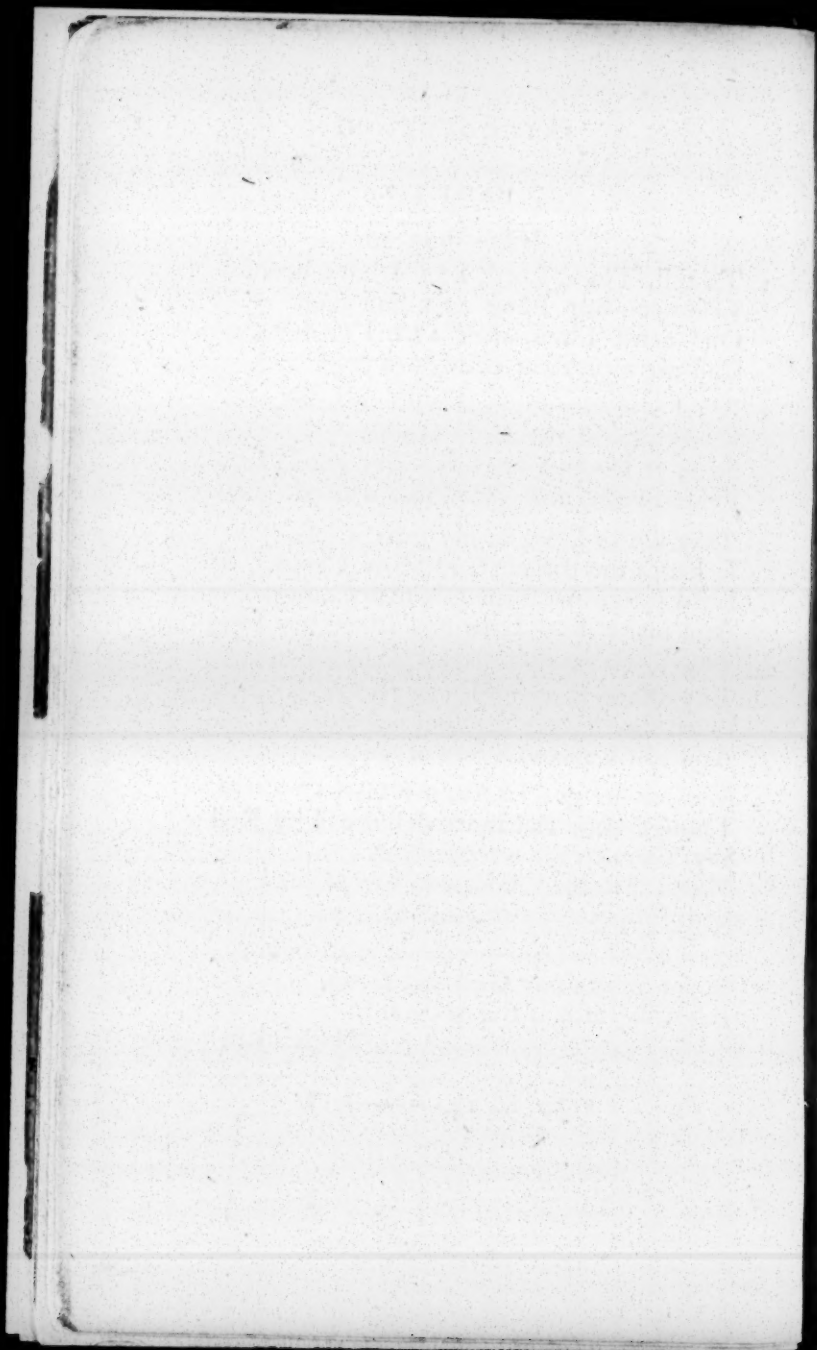
## PART III.

Jeremiah iii. 19.

- 1 To tell, Thee, Lord, ALL I have been,  
I cannot—but Thou ALL hast seen!  
Oh! canst Thou, after ALL I've done,  
Call me a pleasant child?—a son?
- 2 Blind *ignorance* would wisdom boast,  
Reply against the Holy Ghost,  
Says, "Do and live! Be very good;"  
Pride swells, and enters like a flood.
- 3 Thus while I work, my gain is loss,  
It keeps me distant from Thy Cross;  
Lord purge me from this filthy dung!  
And make Thy *Love* and Blood my Song!
- 4 Thy Love reveal! Thy Grace impart!  
Thy Blood from guilt can cleanse the heart;  
From slavish fear my soul release!  
And call a *worm*, a Son of peace!
- 5 Receive me graciously, my God! \*  
Though none can more deserve Thy Rod;  
Say Thou to me art pacify'd,  
Married to me! Call me Thy Bride!
- 6 Hills, multitudes of mountains vain, †  
Are void of Hope—replete with pain;  
Salvation's in our God and Lord,  
Jehovah Jesus is the word!

Hallelujah.

\* Jer. iii. 14. —† 13.



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## HYMNS.

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### I.

I will sing of mercy and judgment.—Psal. ci. 1.

- 1 **O**F mercy and of judgment too,  
Most gracious God I'll sing;  
To thee eternal praise is due,  
My tribute, Lord, I bring.
- 2 Mercy hath spar'd a cumber-ground,  
Nor is it yet cut down;  
Though few, if any can be found,  
That is so barren grown.
- 3 Mercy hath waited very long,  
Is not exhausted yet;  
Then Mercy, Lord, shall be my song,  
I'm deep in Mercy's debt!
- 4 Mercy says, God will kindly wait,  
That he may gracious be;  
Then lead me, Lord, to Wisdom's Gate,  
There let me wait for thee!
- 5 Mercy is infinite, I know,  
Or I had been in hell;  
Infinite, Lord, its numbers grow,  
My soul knows that right well.

- 6 Mercy says, Christ will not cast out,  
 In no wise—Grace is free !  
 Arise, poor mourner !—Why dost doubt ?  
 The Master calleth thee !  
 Hallelujah.
- 

## II.

- 1 **T**O sing of judgment, teach me, Lord !  
 Of Righteousness divine !  
 Then when I view the flaming sword,  
 My *heart* shall sing of *Thine* !
- 2 Judgment and Justice there are known,  
 Thy blood's a boundless sea ;  
 Judgment and Justice are thy throne,  
 Thy cross is all my plea !
- 3 Judgment in vengeance was array'd,  
 When Christ the Wine-press trod ;  
 But all demands were fully paid  
 By our incarnate God !
- 4 Judgment and Righteousness agree,  
 With Mercy, Truth, and Grace !  
 In everlasting harmony,  
 Unite in Jesus' face.
- 5 Judgment no more can file a bill  
 Against a ransom'd soul ;  
 Deliv'rance is Jehovah's will,  
 And Judgment seals the whole !
- 6 Judgment upon such souls can smile,  
 And Christ can Peace impart ;  
 Within the mouth there is no guile,  
 If Jesus tunes the heart !  
 Hallelujah.

## III.

- 1 **M**ERCY and Judgment is the song  
Of children of the king ;  
Thy children, Lord, put me among,  
I'll Mercy, Judgment sing !
  - 2 Mercy, because 'tis God's delight,  
Transgressions he'll pass by ;  
Yet Judgment must maintain his Right,  
Jesus for sin did die !
  - 3 Judgment his strange work did perform,  
Jesus was made a curse !  
Mercy says, look, in ev'ry storm,  
To Christ—the worst rehearse.
  - 4 Judgment ten thousand talents clears,  
And law is magnify'd ;  
Mercy the chief of sinners cheers !  
For sinners Jesus dy'd !
  - 5 Judgment by us may be mistook,  
And children fear the stroke ;  
Mercy bids faith to Calv'ry look !  
The cov'nant can't be broke.
  - 6 Mercy and Truth in Jesus met,  
Salvation is by Grace !  
Judgment in *Peace* blots out the debt,  
And all in Christ embrace !
- Hallelujah.

## IV.

- 1 **M**ERCY recalls backsliders base,  
Constrains them to return ;  
Judgment, to souls returning, says,  
Mine anger shall not burn !

- 2 Mercy can hills of sin remove,  
Cause mountains to depart;  
Reveal to mourners Jesus' Love,  
Dwell in the contrite heart.
  - 3 Mercy can all transgressions blot,  
With loving-kindness crown;  
Make all believer's sins forgot,  
In blood the whole can drown!
  - 4 Mercy takes misery by the hands,  
And leads to Calv'ry's mount;  
Judgment a faithful Witness stands,  
And clears the vast account!
  - 5 Mercy gives precious faith *this* view,  
And Jesus is our *All*!  
Judgment declares the record true!  
Before the Lamb we fall!
  - 6 Mercy and Judgment, Lord, we sing,  
The Song is ever new;  
Jesus! our Prophet, Priest, and King!  
To Thee all praise is due!
- Hallelujah.

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V.

- 1 **M**ERCY can quicken, raise the dead,  
And make the grave give up;  
Feed quicken'd souls with living Bread,  
And give Salvation's cup!
- 2 Mercy can teach the fear of God,  
Make hardest hearts to melt;  
Mercy in love can use the rod,  
And humble us when felt.



- 3 Mercy to christians says, fear not !  
 Jehovah is your shield !  
 The battle may be very hot,  
 But Grace shall keep the field.
- 4 Mercy says, waves shall not o'erwhelm  
 The soul when tempest-tofs'd !  
 Jesus in Judgment guides the helm,  
 One soul shall not be lost.
- 5 Mercy can pave the bed with love,  
 Light out of darkness shines !  
 Calls beggars up to dwell above !  
 And Grace with Judgment joins !
- 6 Mercy from everlasting is,  
 To everlasting goes ;  
 The God of judgment tells us this,  
 And grace relieves our woes !  
 Hallelujah.

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 VI.

Lord save me !—Matt. xiv. 28.

**BOIST'ROUS** is the wind, Lord ! save me,  
 Else like Peter I must sink !  
 If, dear Jesus, thou wilt have me,  
 Save me from destruction's brink !  
 Peter asked to come to thee,  
 Saw thee walking on the wave ;  
 Precious faith at times can view thee,  
 Able on the sea to save.

But, dear Lord, the wind arising,  
 Little faith begins to doubt ;  
 Vain are means of my devising,  
 Stretch the hand of Mercy out !

- Help me, speedily, I pray thee !  
 Present help in trouble be !  
 Give me faith enough to stay thee,  
 'Till thy Mercy helpeth me !
- 3 Oh ! remember with thy favour,  
 My poor tempest-tossed soul !  
 Make thy precious name the Saviour  
 Of my life !—Bid me be whole !  
 Let me, on thy promise leaning,  
 Find that all things work for good !  
 If from earthly breasts I'm weaning,  
 Satisfy me with thy Blood.
- Amen.
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## VII.

Why seek ye the living among the dead ?—Luke xxiv. 5.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS Jesus ! *Thou* art risen,  
 Buried let me not remain ;  
 Bring my soul out of the prison,  
 Where I long enough have lain :  
 Magdalene, Joanna, Mary,  
 Spices may prepare and bring ;  
 But when *groans* to thee I carry,  
 Resurrection let me sing.
- 2 Help me, Lord, to seek thee living ;  
 Not the living 'mong the dead ;  
 At thy throne of grace keep giving  
 Rich supplies of living Bread.  
 Gracious Saviour ! There receive me,  
 And give me thy Flesh to eat !  
 With thy precious Blood relieve me ;  
 Blood is Drink ! and Flesh is Meat !

- 3 At thy feet then keep me sitting,  
 Always needy—begging hard ;  
 Thou know'st what for me is fitting,  
 Beggars cries Thou dost regard.  
 Unto souls in *sad* condition,  
 Longing Jesus to embrace ;  
 When thy Spirit gives contrition,  
 Oh ! reveal thy precious Face.

Amen.

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### VIII.

My presence shall go with thee.—Ex. xxxiii. 14.

#### PELITION.

- 1 **L**ORD ! if I've found grace in Thy Sight,  
 Then shew me now Thy Way ;  
 Thy way of Life, of Love, of Light,  
 Let me find grace, I pray.
- 2 For if Thy Presence with us go,  
 By this it shall be known ;  
 That we Thy Grace and Favour know,  
 And that we are *Thine* own.

#### ANSWER.

- 3 My Presence shall then go with thee,  
 And I will give thee rest ;  
 Thou hast indeed found grace with Me,  
 And by Me shalt be blest.
- 4 My Goodness *all* shall pass before,  
 My Name I will proclaim ;  
 Be gracious, open Mercy's Door,  
 To whom I will by name.

- 5 And though thou can'st not see My Face,  
None shall see me and live;  
My Back Parts thou shalt see, and trace,  
This grace to thee I give.
- 6 And while my Glory passeth by,  
I'll put thee in a clift,  
Of this strong Rock, by Me, 'tis nigh;  
It is Jehovah's Gift.\*
- 7 And with my Hand I'll cover all,  
While I pass by that's thine;  
While Glory passeth by—Grace shall  
Secure thee—Thou art *Mine*.
- 8 And when I take away mine Hand,  
And shew thee my Back Parts;  
Upon Mount Calv'ry thou shalt stand,  
Where guilty fear departs.

Amen.

## IX.

Who shall deliver me?—Rom. vii. 24.

- 1 **L**ORD! I am weak, my foes are strong,  
And satan walks about;  
Seeks to devour both old and young,  
But thou canst keep him out.
- 2 Lord, help me! Thou alone know'st how  
To crush the tyrant's pow'r;  
Support me, Jesus! Help me *now*!  
He seeks *me* to devour.
- 3 Give stedfast faith him to resist,  
Resisting's Thy Command;  
Increase my faith!—By faith in Christ,  
Enable me to stand!

\* John iii. 16.

Christ is the *same*, why should I fear?  
Yet wretchedness I feel;  
And shall, while sin dwells in me here,  
Unless my heart is steel.

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## X.

Psalm lxxxviii. 15.

IF I *Thy* terrors feel, I then,  
Am quite distracted, Lord;  
But faith says, Thou wilt turn again,  
Mercy and strength afford.

Dear Jesus! Speak *now* to my heart,  
And bid me trust in Thee;  
The roaring lion causeth smart,  
But Thou canst set me free.

Open Thy Bosom! there alone  
My soul can Refuge find;  
To thee I cry, to thee I groan;  
Unto thy poor be kind.

To live is Christ, to die is gain,  
The chief of sinners sings;  
Though sin doth in his flesh remain,  
Thy NAME deliv'rance brings.

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## XI.

Therefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of mine heels shall compass me about? Pf. xlix. 5.

DARK saying open on the harp,  
A parable it is;  
Self-righteous Pharisees may carp,  
But 'tis poor sinners bliss.

- 2 In days of evil nature feels,  
But wherefore should I doubt?  
Though iniquity of my heels  
Shall compass me about?
  - 3 Both high and low, both rich and poor,  
Have sinn'd against the Lord;  
And not one soul, from *nature's* store,  
A ransom can afford.
  - 4 The wise, the fool; the brutish too,  
Must die, and leave their wealth;  
But in the Lord, his chosen few,  
Have Righteousness and Health.
- 

## XII.

Psalm xlix 3.

- 1 **R**EDEMPTION is by precious Blood,  
And Jesus is our Peace;  
If in our place He had not stood,  
It must for ever cease.
- 2 God the Redeemer gave his Soul  
An Off'ring sweet for sin;  
All other off'rings stink, are foul,  
Corruption is within.
- 3 Redeemed sinners God receives,  
And is to them a Tow'r;  
From ev'ry evil he relieves,  
From all infernal pow'r.
- 4 Lord! give me fellowship with thee,  
And call me now a son!  
The lawful captive then goes free,  
Redemption's work is done.

Amen.

## XIII.

Jeremiah xxxiii.

**T**HUS saith Jehovah, God above,  
 I've lov'd thee with eternal love,  
 Grace in the wilderness was free,  
 With loving kindness I've drawn thee.

Again by me thou shalt be built,  
 Conscience be sprinkled from all guilt;  
 Yea, thou again shalt be adorn'd,  
 And she shall dance who long hath mourn'd.

Thus saith the Lord, with gladness sing;  
 Publish ye, praise ye Jacob's king;  
 Among the chief of nations shout;  
 Say, save thy remnant, bring them out.

On Israel's remnant, love hath smil'd;  
 The blind, the lame, and her with child,  
 In company they shall return;  
 And weeping, supplication learn.

Virgins shall dance, young men and old,  
 Those who for nought themselves have sold,  
 Shall have their mourning turn'd to joy,  
 Shall be redeem'd!—And *such* am I.

## XIV.

Proverbs xxiii. 11.

**S**TRONGER than me was sin and hell,  
 Jehovah Jesus knew it well;  
 Jacob's Redeemer is the Lord;  
 Immanuel—The incarnate Word.

At thy dear Feet, Lord, let me weep;  
 My crimson sins have pierc'd Thee deep;  
 Thy Grace, thy Love, I would adore!  
 And feel my obligations more.

- 3 Give me a broken contrite heart;  
 From Thee, Oh let me not depart;  
 Grant me, my Lord, this *one* request,  
 Dwell in my heart—Possess my breast!
- 4 Dear Saviour! cause me now to walk,  
 By rivers in a way that's straight;  
 Let me not stumble, nor yet stalk,  
 'Till enter'd into Zion's gate.

Amen.

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XV.

In the world ye shall have tribulation.—John xvi. 33.

- 1 **I**F tribulation must be known,  
 And all the world must try;  
 Help me, dear Lord, with ev'ry groan,  
 For Help to Thee to fly.
- 2 If I'm convuls'd with guilty fear,  
 Thy Blood can guilt discharge;  
 Oh! wash me, purge me, conscience clear!  
 And set my feet at large.
- 3 Though chief of sinners, none is worse,  
 Which I believe is true;  
 If thou for me wast made a curse,  
 Then favour to me shew.
- 4 Proud ign'rance says, Thou art not mine,  
 Unless I'm very good;  
 Dear Jesus! prove that I am Thine,  
 Because I'm bought with Blood.

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XVI.

Lord, help me!—Matt. xvi. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD, ev'ry want thou canst relieve,  
 Unto my soul be kind;  
 A needy beggar's prayer receive,  
 Grace, Mercy, let me find.



- 2 In overwhelming gloomy doubt,  
If Satan says, despair ;  
Rebuke the tempter ! cast him out,  
And make my soul Thy care.
- 3 If fiery darts are multiply'd,  
And faith is faint and weak ;  
Give pow'r to cry, when sorely try'd,  
To groan, if not to speak.
- 4 Calling, election, to make sure,  
For Help to Thee I call ;  
Let holy diligence endure,  
Nor suffer me to fall.

Amen.

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XVII.

Lord help me !—Matt. xv. 25.

**L**ORD ! as my weakness must increase,  
And age draws near to death ;  
Oh ! let me prove Christ is my Peace,  
And praise thee while I've breath.

If mourner's groans to thee are sweet,  
Their count'nance comely too ;  
My soul with loving kindness greet,  
Thy Favour to me shew.

When head is sick, and heart is faint,  
My Strength, my Portion be ;  
Call me thy child, whate'er I want,  
Oh ! keep me close to Thee.

At all times teach me thus to pray—  
“ Father !—Thy will be done ! ”  
Yea, always with my heart to say,  
Not *mine*, but Thine alone.

C

- 5 When stupifaction would o'erpow'r  
 My fin-disorder'd soul;  
 In ev'ry gloom, in darkeſt hour,  
 Revive, or me conſole !

## XVIII.

Mark v. 15.

- 1 IF I were really lunatick,  
 To whom, Lord, could I go ?  
 Thy Love, Thy Blood, can heal the ſick,  
 No other balm will do.
- 2 Then he who heretofore was mad,  
 Whom fetters could not bind,  
 Shall ſit at Thy dear Feet, be glad,  
 Cloth'd, and in his right mind.
- 3 If peeviſh fretfulneſs takes place,  
 Bemoans ſome wither'd gourd;  
 Dear God of patience ! give me grace,  
 To *reſt* upon the Lord.

Amen.

## XIX.

The conſolation of Iſrael.—Luke<sup>e</sup> ii. 25.

- 1 CHRIST made a curſe ! and Chriſt made ſin !  
 Here conſolation muſt begin,  
 Chriſt hung upon the tree !  
 Made ſin for ſinners ! 'tis no leſs,  
 And they in him God's righteouſneſs ;  
 From condemnation free.
- 2 The curſe endur'd, the ſhame deſpis'd,  
 In Cov'nant Love this was devis'd,  
 He ſinners griefs hath borne ;  
 Their ſorrows carry'd, and to heal  
 Their guilty ſouls, He wrath muſt feel,  
 With ſtripes His Body's torn.

3 Christ Jesus under law was made,  
His brethren's debts by Him were paid,  
When God put Him to grief;  
It pleased God to bruise His Son!  
God's pleasure was by Jesus done;  
His stripes are our relief!

## XX.

Isaiah liii. 11.

CHRIST sees the travail of His Soul  
When precious Blood makes sinners whole;  
He's satisfy'd indeed!  
His Righteousness shall justify,  
Those who on Him alone rely,  
For whom His Heart did bleed.

Almighty Jesus tasted death,  
And with His gracious dying breath,  
Though He for sinners dies;  
Number'd *with* them, *for* them He pleads,  
He for transgressors intercedes;  
FATHER, forgive them!—cries.

Is Thy chastisement, Lord, my peace?  
Let heart-felt gratitude increase;  
Shew me Thy Wounds, I pray!  
Assure my soul that sin's forgiv'n,  
That I'm with Thee releas'd from pris'n;  
There's not one mite to pay!

Amen.

## XXI.

My meditation of him shall be sweet, I will be glad in the  
Lord.—Psalm civ. 34.

LET meditation now be sweet,  
Of Thee my gracious Lord;  
Gladness in Thee, at Thy dear Feet,  
To me a worm afford.

- 2 Reveal Thyself, Lord Jesus Christ,  
My Lover and my Friend ;  
Though precious faith Thou often try'st,  
*Love* cannot change nor end.
  - 3 My great High Priest ! my Sacrifice !  
My Advocate with God !  
Mix Thy sweet incense with my cries ;  
Thou hast the wine-press trod.
  - 4 Make intercession, for me plead,  
Before Jehovah's throne ;  
For me, dear Jesus, intercede,  
And make my cause Thy own.
- 

## XXII.

- 1 **M**Y Brother ! Bridegroom ! Surety ! Shield !  
My Saviour ! Lord ! and Head !  
Almighty Captain in the field ;  
Upon the serpent tread.
- 2 Be thou my good Physician too,  
Thou knowest ev'ry case ;  
Thy Grace, thy healing power shew ;  
A leper soul embrace.
- 3 Poor sin-sick souls, dear Lord, regard ;  
Thou sin for us wast made ;  
Redeemer ! Righteousness ! Reward !  
Tell me my ransom's paid.
- 4 Oh ! make my feeble soul thy care,  
And save me from the pit ;  
Give faith and patience, strength to bear,  
Whatever Thou see'st fit.
- 5 Afflictions, weakness, and distress,  
Corruptions foul I feel ;  
Temptations manifold oppress,  
But Christ hath pow'r to heal.

6 Oh! teach my soul to sing Thy praise,  
 As long as I shall live;  
 While I have being, all my days  
 Praise unto Thee I'd give.

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 XXIII.

Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.—Psalm cx. 2.

**T**HY throne, O God, is very high,  
 Yet Thou canst dwell below;  
 The contrite heart, the mourner's cry,  
 Thy condescension know.

Rule Thou amidst Thine enemies,  
 Let Grace and Glory shine;  
 Let me find Grace in Jesus' eyes!  
 The Glory shall be thine.

Rule *in* me, Lord, and *over* all,  
 That would Thy Grace oppose;  
 Dwell in my heart, on Thee I call!  
 Oh! crush my inbred foes.

In my affections, Zion's king!  
 Immanuel! Rule and reign!  
 Possess my conscience! let me sing,  
 Salvation with Thy Train.

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 XXIV.

1 Sam. ii. 8.

**T**HY Grace, O God, can beggars take,  
 And seat them on Thy Throne!  
 Thy Grace can me a beggar make,  
 Adopt me for a son.

Thy law is Love; thy Sceptre Grace;  
 Thy Statutes Life and Peace;  
 My native pride, dear Lord, abase;  
 And precious faith increase.

- 3 To all demands, by justice made,  
If sins are wash'd away;  
Thine act of grace says, debts are paid !  
Then I have nought to pay.
- 4 Upon Thy throne of grace receive  
The chief of sinners, Lord !  
And help me always to believe,  
That thou wilt grace afford.

Amen.

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XXV.

Romans viii. 28.

- 1 **WE** know that all things work for good,  
To them that love the Lord ;  
Christ bought them with his precious Blood,  
And blessings must afford.
- 2 According to God's purpose call'd,  
Foreknown, predestinate ;  
Though long in legal bondage gall'd,  
And some call'd very late.
- 3 Unto the image of his Son,  
They shall conformed be ;  
Jehovah Jesus—God's First-born,  
Shall make his brethren free.
- 4 Those whom He call'd, He justify'd  
By Blood and Righteousness ;  
Those justify'd, he glorify'd ;  
Who can His Love express ?

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XXVI.

Romans viii. 33.

- 1 **WHO** shall lay aught unto the charge  
Of God's foreknown elect ?  
God justifies—set them at large ;  
And Grace shall them protect.

2 'Tis Christ that dy'd—yea, ris'n again,  
 For us he intercedes;  
 Grace breaks the cursed galling chain,  
 And answers all our needs.

3 Who is it that shall separate,  
 From Christ, or from His love?  
 Not death, nor life, nor troubles great,  
 While Jesus reigns above.

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 XXVII.

John xvi. 14.

**A**LMIGHTY Spirit, hear me now;  
 Apply Thy word with pow'r;  
 My soul, my all, to Jesus bow!  
 My Hiding-place, my Tow'r!  
 None knows but God how vile I've been;  
 Nor none can help but Thee;  
 Thou all my wickedness hast seen,  
 Yet Thou canst comfort me.

The Blood of Christ—the Blood of God,  
 To heal my soul apply;  
 Then, though I feel correction's rod,  
 Chasten'd to Him I'll fly.

If buffetings my soul receives,  
 And none deserves them more;  
 The Grace, the Strength of Christ relieves  
 The weak—the helpless poor.

Hallelujah.

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 XXVIII.

For we walk by faith, and not by sight.—2 Cor. v. 7.

**L**ORD! teach my soul to *live* by faith;  
 By faith that is in Thee!  
 To hearken what my Saviour saith,  
 And then obedient be.

- 2 To *walk* by faith, and not by sight,  
When Christ says—"Follow Me!"  
Believe the will of God is right,  
When not one step I see.
  - 3 I know Thy Goodness none can paint,  
To feeble helpless men;  
Who find deliv'rance, when they're faint,  
And feel support till then.
  - 4 Give sweet communion, fellowship,  
With Thee, dear Lord, and Thine;  
If Thou of other helpers strip,  
Oh! let me not repine.
  - 5 Enable me to bear Thy cross,  
And bless Thee for Thy scourge!  
My loss is gain, I gain by loss,  
If thou from folly purge.
- 

## XXIX.

Psalm cxix. 107.

- 1 **Q**UICKEN me, Lord, on Thee I call,  
According to thy word;  
Hold thou me up, let me not fall,  
Support to me afford.
- 2 Oh! keep me very near Thy Side,  
Tho' stripes I must expect;  
In Thee, dear Lord, let me abide,  
When love doth me correct.
- 3 Upon the rock let me be fixt,  
Till storms and waves are spent;  
And let Thy word with faith be mixt,  
When e'er to me 'tis sent.



Unto Thy Temple I would look,  
 In all the depths of woe;  
 Reveal thy Love! unseal thy Book!  
 Thy Pleasure let me know.  
 "I'm thy Salvation," say to me,  
 And prove the record true:  
 And when I'm dark, yet long for Thee,  
 Thy Light in me renew.

Amen.

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XXX.

For I determined not to know any thing among you, save  
 Jesus Christ and him crucified.—1 Cor. ii. 10.

**PAUL** was determin'd nought to know,  
 Save Jesus Christ—Him crucify'd!

In *me*, Lord, make this knowledge grow;  
 And let me feel Christ's Blood apply'd.

If sin's remembrance make me bleed,  
 Christ crucify'd is all I want;

Lift up the Standard then with speed,  
 For precious Blood apply'd I pant.

If inbred lust, corrupted, stink,  
 And satan feeds the filthy swine;

Wash me in Blood!—Blood let me drink!  
 My *sins* be Thine!—Thy Merit mine.

Distrust! Distress! Desponding doubt!

At times would overwhelm my soul;  
 Thy precious Blood can wash them out,  
 Apply it, Saviour!—Say, be whole!

At *other* times, light-minded froth,  
 Appears in Adam's nature still;

Purge this with Blood!—But be not wroth!  
 My heart with sweet contrition fill.

## XXXI.

Ephesians, vi. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN Satan shoots a fiery dart,  
 To quench it, Lord, thy Blood apply !  
 Give precious faith, to view Thy Heart,  
 As pierc'd for me, or else I die.
- 2 Old age, infirmities, take place ;  
 Confusion often shakes my mind !  
 Support me, Jesus, by Thy Grace ;  
 Thy Strength in weakness let me find.
- 3 Spirit of Truth, my wants relieve ;  
 Apply Christ's Blood ! I Thee implore,  
 He that gives Christ\*, will all things give ;  
 He that gives **BLOOD**—hath nothing † more.  
 Lord ! Help me !

## XXXII.

Ask and it shall be given you.—Matt. vii. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, in all my fore dejection,  
 Draw my heart to trust in Thee !  
 Thou alone canst give protection,  
 To a trembling soul like me ;  
 Whatsoever by me is wanted,  
 Help my soul to ask in faith !  
 Then thou say'st it shall be granted,  
 All is truth that Jesus saith.
- 2 Yesterday my soul could bless thee,  
 Mercy on my heart did smile !  
 But to-day, while I address thee,  
 Unbelief would me beguile.  
 Unbelief's a cursed liar,  
 Help me, Lord, by faith to live ;  
 Let not this sharp thorny brier,  
 Thee dishonour, me bereave.

\* John iii. 16. Rom. viii. 32. † xv. 13.

What I feel, my Lord, thou knowest,  
 What's to come is known to Thee;  
 When my soul hath been at lowest,  
 Thou hast often helped me;  
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever,  
 Thou, dear Jesus, art the same;  
 He that *hath, shall, will* deliver,  
 Love Eternal is His Name.

## XXXIII.

Luke xi. 13.

LORD, I beg thy Holy Spirit,  
 Father grant me my desire;  
 Let me live on Jesus' Merit;  
 Clothe my soul with His Attire!  
 Give me heart-felt sense of pardon,  
 Feeling sense of Love divine;  
 Fellowship with Christ i'th' garden!  
 Where He bore such sins as mine.  
 Under *various* frames and feelings,  
 Let not faith give up the ghost;  
 If I tossings know, and reelings,  
 Yet, if Thine, I can't be lost;  
 When no eye but Thine can see me,  
 When no arm but Thine protect,  
 From temptation's evil free me;  
 Or support let me expect.  
 Nothing is too hard for Jesus,  
 Feed me, Lord, with Flesh and Blood!  
 Then, though tribulation seize us,  
 God shall make *all* work for good.  
 Heal my conscience with Thy bruises,  
 All my sores, and ev'ry wound;  
 When This balm the Spirit uses,  
 And applies, the soul is found.

## XXXIV.

Where Sin abounded, Grace did much more abound.—  
Rom. v. 20.

- 1 **I**F length of date, and strength of crimes,  
    Could shut me out of heav'n;  
My crimson sins, unnumber'd times,  
    Might never be forgiv'n.
- 2 But where sin hath abounded, there  
    Grace did much more abound!  
To cancel debts, accounts to clear,  
    Sin sought for can't be found.
- 3 That sin reign'd unto death in me,  
    Is true, beyond all strife;  
But Grace through Righteousness is free,  
    And reigns t' eternal life.
- 4 Life's giv'n by Jesus Christ our Lord,  
    My Saviour and my God;  
In him all treasure's hid and stor'd,  
    Laid up for *me*! a *clod*!

## XXXV.

Rom. vi. 1.

- 1 **W**HAT shall we say then?—Shall we sin,  
    That Grace may more abound?  
Continue in sin? Remain therein?  
    Because we Grace have found?
- 2 My feeble soul cries, God forbid!  
    If I with Christ am dead,  
Of ev'ry sin I would be rid,  
    And glorify my Head.
- 3 Dead unto sin—to God alive—  
    Through Jesus Christ my Lord;  
May God the Spirit power give,  
    Obedience to afford.

In things whereof I'm now ashamed,  
 I find no pleasing fruit;  
 Be self-abhor'd when sin is nam'd,  
 And loath'd when I am mute.  
 Amen.

---

XXXVI.

I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will  
 give you an heart of flesh.—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

**H**ARDNESS of heart, dear Lord, remove,  
 This thou hast promised;  
 Nothing can soften mine but Love,  
 But Love can raise the dead.

I would not pray for aught beside,  
 For Love includes all good;  
 Spirit of Grace, be Thou my guide,  
 Lead me to Jesus' Blood!

Wash me, dear Saviour, in this Fount!  
 Constrain me Love to feel;  
 Apply thy Blood to my account!  
 Soften an heart of steel.

Nothing but Blood my heart can melt,  
 But Blood dissolveth stone;  
 Dear Jesus, let thy Blood be felt;  
 And thy Salvation known.

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XXXVII.

Isaiah lxii. 7.

**M**Y God! let me give thee no rest,  
 Until I sing thy praise;  
 How, when, and where, Thou knowest best,  
 Thy beggars up to raise.

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- 2 Thou wilt not break one bruised reed,  
Nor quench the smoking flax;  
None more thy Love and Pity need,  
Oh! turn the stone to wax.
- 3 Begin the work! Or if begun,  
Complete it, ev'ry part;  
Thy ways a cripple soon shall run,  
If Thou enlarge my heart.
- 4 Make me love Thee! make me love Thine!  
And more thy grace to know;  
All my desire to Thee confine,  
And make it more to grow.

Amen.

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### XXXVIII.

Without me ye do nothing.—John xv. 5.

- 1 **I** CAN do nothing without Thee,  
This, Lord, I feel and know;  
But Thou canst all things do for me,  
Or strengthen me to do.
- 2 Though poor, I cannot blessings crave,  
Unless my heart thou break;  
No good thing in my flesh I have,  
Nor can by nature seek.
- 3 When weary, heavy laden too,  
I read thy call to come;  
But take one step I know not how,  
Unless thou draw me home.
- 4 Thy gospel's preach'd, but I am deaf,  
Unless thou dig mine ear;  
Although I am of sinners chief,  
I cannot shed one tear.

- 5 I often feel my wretchedness,  
Mis'erable, naked, blind !  
Yet can't put on thy Righteousness,  
Although for such design'd.
- 6 I read, by faith it is put on,  
And fits a beggar well ;  
But faith's Thy gift—nature has none—  
No more than souls in hell.
- 7 Thy precious promises are great,  
And I can *read* thy word ;  
But to my soul it can't be Meat,  
Unless thou life afford.
- 

## XXXIX.

- 1 **A** M I a branch *in* Thee, the Vine ?  
Lord ! let more fruit be found !  
Let purging prove that I am *Thine*,  
Though long a *cumber-ground*.
- 2 Come over mountains ! come apace !  
To me thy grace extend !  
To meet my soul in love and grace,  
Dear Jesus condescend.
- 3 The righteous Thou cam'st not to call,  
But sinners to repent ;  
Before thy throne of grace I fall,  
Say, Thou to me art sent.
- Oh ! let me hear thy gracious Voice ;  
Make meditation sweet ;  
Help me in sorrowing to rejoice,  
And weep at thy dear Feet.



- 5 Bewild' red souls thou canst allure,  
 To me thy blessing give ;  
 Thyself the Glory canst secure,  
 The Praise thou shalt receive.

Amen.

---

XL.

Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor.—  
 2 Cor. viii. 9.

- 1 **T**HE Grace of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
 Believing souls, you know ;  
 Though He was rich, for *you* the WORD  
 Became both poor and low.
- 2 Himself no reputation kept,  
 Although in God's own Form ;  
 God's Servant with the wicked slept,  
 He call'd himself a worm.
- 3 For sinners Jesus tasted death,  
 For those condemn'd to die ;  
 He gave his Blood—resign'd his Breath,  
 The church of God to buy.
- 4 Empty'd himself to pay her debt ;  
 The score indeed was great ;  
 Nor did the Surety freedom get,  
 Till payment was complete.

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XLI.

Acts ii. 24.

- 1 **C**HRIST could not longer holden be,  
 The law was magnify'd ;  
 Justice was honour'd on the tree,  
 By Jesus for his bride.



Bring empty vessels, Oh my soul !  
 In faith bring not a few !  
 Thy debt is large !—Confess the whole,  
 Full payment Christ can shew.  
 Closer and closer to him cleave,  
 Till faith the battle win ;  
 Sin's blotted out, if thou believe,  
 Blood cleanseth from all sin.  
 Lord ! crush all unbelieving fears,  
 Increase my faith in Thee ;  
 Thy stripes are healing—Blood and Tears,  
 Are Gilead's balm to me.

Amen.

---

XLII.

O *taste* and see that the Lord is good.—Psalm xxxiv. 8.

OH ! taste and see, the Lord is good !  
 His Flesh is meat—and Drink His Blood !

Oh ! fear the Lord, all ye his saints ;  
 Immanuel will supply your wants.

This poor man cry'd, Jehovah heard,  
 Jesus was heard in what He fear'd ;  
 How poor was Jesus when he cry'd,  
 Forsaken !—bow'd his Head and dy'd.

The righteous cry, but not forsook,  
 Jehovah's eyes upon them look ;  
 Afflictions manifold they know,  
 But under troubles they shall grow.

Upon them is the Saviour's eye !  
 To broken hearts He's always nigh !  
 Poor contrite spirits He will save,  
 In due time they'll deliv'rance have.

- 5 Hope in his Mercy is good Hope ;  
 At times they may in darkness grope ;  
 Yet are in famine kept alive ;  
 Because Christ lives, they also live.

---

 XLIII.

Pſalm xxxiv. 7.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH's Angel campeth round  
 The ſouls that fear him ; they have found  
 Deliv'rance when their ſtrength was gone ;  
 In dangers Chriſt and they are one.
- 2 Mercy doth compaſs them about,  
 Though unbelief oft cauſeth doubt ;  
 And when they're call'd to take the field,  
 Jehovah is their Help and Shield.
- 3 Lift up the hands then that hang down ;  
 Let feeble knees be ſtronger grown ;  
 Say when I'm weak, *then* am I ſtrong ;  
 Jeſus, my Strength, ſhall be my Song.
- 4 Not one temptation Chriſt could miſs,  
 No ſorrow ever was like His,  
 In *all* points He's enabled then,  
 To ſympathize with tempted men.
- 5 Though precious faith be ſorely try'd,  
 None that truſt Him ſhall be deſtroy'd ;  
 The Lord redeems his ſervant's ſoul,  
 He keeps their bones, they all are whole.

---

 XLIV.

All that the Father giveth me, ſhall come to me ; and him  
 that cometh to me, I will in no wiſe caſt out.—John vi. 37.

- 1 **A**LL that the Father giveth Me,  
 Shall come to Me no doubt ;  
 And him that cometh unto Me,  
 I'll in no wiſe caſt out.

- 2 In no wise, says the Lord of life,  
It is the Saviour's word;  
Lord! crush all unbelieving strife,  
And steadfast faith afford.
- 3 In no wise! not at *'eleventh* hour,  
For Jesus cannot lie;  
If old age comes, he gives the pow'r,  
Poor aged sinner try.
- 4 In no wise; not on any account,  
Though crimes are multiply'd;  
He knew the whole of sin's amount,  
When he for sinners dy'd.
- 

## XLV.

- 1 IN no wise—helpless, halt, and blind,  
Long lying at the pool!  
Be of good cheer, the Lord is kind;  
And He can make *thee* whole.
- 2 In no wise—lep'rous, foul, dismay'd,  
Thrust out; by all disown'd!  
Such souls as these to Christ have pray'd,  
And cleansing, healing, found.
- 3 In no wise! though thy spirits droop,  
Backslider! Runaway!  
Thee to embrace the Lord can stoop!  
Return while 'tis to-day.
- 4 In no wise! Lord, I would believe;  
Help thou mine unbelief!  
If prodigals thou canst receive,  
Lord! I'm of sinners chief.

Amen.

## XLVI.

- 1 **I**N no wife cast out!—in no wife!  
Dear Lord!—thy words are sweet!  
May I forgiveness greatly prize,  
Weep at, and kiss thy feet.
- 2 In no wife!—hear the words again;  
Afflicted!—tempest—tost!  
Forget thy poverty and pain;  
Forgiven much, love most.
- 3 In no wife cast out!—tempted soul!  
Hear what Immanuel saith;  
Upon the Lord thy burdens roll,  
And beg to live by faith.
- 4 In no wife!—Harlot-playing spouse!  
Return!—His Word is true!  
The Saviour still keeps open house,  
For sinners vile as you.

## XLVII.

- 1 **I**N no wife cast out!—Who is this  
That can such souls receive?  
'Tis Jesus Christ—The words are His!  
Hear, and your souls shall live.
- 2 In no wife cast out—nor despise  
Prayers of the destitute:  
Beggars come boldly! Raise your cries!  
He'll unbelief refute.
- 3 In no wife *cast out*! He'll *correct*,  
And lay on many stripes;  
But in his Love there's no defect,  
For weeping eyes he wipes.
- 4 In no wife cast out!—Who'll reply,  
When God the Saviour speaks?  
Draw me, dear Lord! and bring me nigh,  
I'm *such* as Jesus seeks.

Amen.

## XLVIII.

I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

IN no wise!—Who can speak His Worth?  
Or set forth half His Praise?

His name is *Ointment* poured forth,  
And wonderful his Ways.

In no wise!—Children, when defil'd,  
Must and *shall* feel the rod;  
But ev'ry son is *still a child*,  
And not forsook of God.

In no wise!—Jesus' Love to friends,  
From everlasting flows;  
To everlasting it extends,  
No variation knows.

In no wise!—Then in shades of death,  
No evil need be fear'd;  
He cry'd, when He gave up His breath  
For sinners, and was heard.

In no wise!—Hear what Jesus says!  
Father, I pray for those  
Who shall believe; for those he prays,  
And all their names he knows.

In no wise!—Not in troubles fix,  
He's with them in them all;  
The *seventh* cup, with love he'll mix,  
Himself hath tasted GALL.  
Hallelujah.

## XLIX.

SOULS not cast out, are wash'd in blood;  
By God they are lov'd;  
To glory find their title good,  
When Jesus' Will is prov'd.

- 2 And though 'tis said—Lo ! these are they  
From tribulation come ;  
*Much* tribulation in the way,  
Yet they are safe at home.
  - 3 Redeem'd, they enter into rest,  
To everlasting fav'd ;  
By Jesus lov'd, by Jesus blest,  
Upon his Hands engrav'd.
  - 4 As kings and priests with him they reign,  
They sit on Jesus' Throne ;  
With Him for ever shall remain,  
Be fed by Him alone.
  - 5 Sorrow they never more shall know,  
God wipes away all tears ;  
Where'er the Lamb goes they shall go,  
Appear as He appears.
  - 6 In no wise cast out !—Where's thy sting,  
Oh ! Death ?—Thy sting is sin ;  
But sinners sav'd, redemption sing ;  
And Christ did vict'ry win.
- Hallelujah.

---

L.

Heb. vi. 17.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH gives his sacred word,  
Let unbelief be mute ;  
What God has pleased to record,  
No creature can refute.
- 2 God willing more abundantly,  
To shew to Promise—heirs,  
Counfel's immutability,  
Secures the Promise theirs.

The Promise of his Love and Grace,  
 Confirm'd it by an Oath;  
 Strong consolation ! seek his Face !  
 Plead Promise ! Oath ! Yea both.  
 Lord ! help me to cast anchor here !  
 Lay hold of Christ my Hope !  
 To flee for refuge 'midst all fear !  
 And not in darkness grope.

---

## LI.

Heb. x. 36.

PATIENT endurance oft I want,  
 And trials oft are great ;  
 For refuge, dearest Lord, I pant ;  
 'Tis in the *vail* complete.

Jesus is thither enter'd in,  
 Christ is an High Priest made ;  
 Atoning Blood hath cancell'd sin,  
 For sins on Him were laid.

He ever lives, a Priest to plead  
 For his redeem'd wife ;  
 Give me, dear *Lamb ! my* name to read,  
 Wrote in Thy Book of life.

My Jesus ! Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 Glory and praise to Thee !  
 The chief of sinners sav'd shall sing,  
 Thy Blood redeemed *me*.

Hallelujah.

---

## LII.

Luke xv. 21.

FATHER ! 'gainst heav'n my sins are done ;  
 Committed in thy fight ;  
 Unworthy to be call'd thy son  
 I am, and famish'd quite.

- 2 Poor soul! the fatted Calf is kill'd!  
 Doth hunger make thee cry?  
 For prodigals His Blood was spill'd,  
 If mercy brings thee nigh.
- 3 Thy Father's arms could thee embrace,  
 And when a great way off;  
 To meet thee He could run apace,  
 Though Pharisees might scoff.
- 4 The servants the best Robe shall bring,  
 For thee 'tis very meet;  
 Love on thy hand shall put a Ring,  
 And Shoes upon thy feet.
- 

## LIII.

Luke xv. 23.

- 1 **T**HE Father says, and let us eat;  
 Yea, let *our* mirth abound;  
 Grace, Mercy, Truth, are sweetly met;  
 He that was lost is found!
- 2 The fatted Calf is precious Food;  
 The Holy Spirit carves;  
 Justice is satisfy'd with Blood;  
 Mercy at table serves.
- 3 Dear Father! realize to me  
 This wond'rous scene of love;  
 Embrace my neck, thy Grace is free;  
 Thy kisses let me prove.
- 4 Music and dancing must be known,  
 When prodigals are blest;  
 Give one sweet song!—Call me thy son!  
 Say—enter into rest.

Amen.



## LIV.

Isaiah xxxviii. 10.

I SAID in cutting off my days,  
 I shall go to the grave;  
 But Grace forbids!—To God be praise!  
 And mercy me could save.

I said, I shall not see the Lord  
 Within the Living's Land;  
 But Grace could help to me afford,  
 A miracle I stand!

With pining sickness, guilty fear,  
 I groan'd from day to night!  
 But when I fainted, God was near,  
 And mercy's His Delight.

All night I reckon'd, if awake,  
 That He would break my bones;  
 All of them as a Lion break;  
 But Mercy heard my groans!

I chatter'd, mourn'd, my eyes did fail,  
 When upward I did look;  
 But Jesus heard my woeful tale,  
 And for me undertook!

What shall I say—the Lord is King!  
 He spake and it was done:  
 Our Instruments, poor mourners string,  
 Salvation's His alone!

## LV.

O LORD, by these things beggars live!  
 My spirit's Life's in these!  
 Thou wilt recover, and relieve,  
 And precious faith increase.

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- 2 Upon my peace bitterness came,  
Distress was very great;  
But Love's Thine Everlasting Name!  
Thy Tokens, Lord, repeat!
- 3 My sins behind Thy Back are cast,  
I've scap'd Corruption's pit;  
Love to my soul indeed was vast,  
But Mercy thought it fit.
- 4 My sins abound—Thy Love much more!  
The Sea of Blood is deep;  
Immanuel's Suff'rings clear'd the Score!  
I'd kiss His Feet and weep.
- 5 The living, living, shall praise Thee,  
As I do, Lord, this day;  
Father to Children Witness be,  
Thy Truth cannot decay.
- 6 The Lord was ready to save me,  
Therefore we'll sing my songs  
In God's own House—His Grace is free;  
Mercy to God belongs!

Hallelujah!

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LVI.

But we have the mind of Christ.—1 Corinthians ii. 1.  
Matthew vii. 7.—Luke xi. 9, 13.

- 1 **A**SK, and it shall be given you,  
And seek, and ye shall find;  
Knock, and it shall be open'd too,  
This is the Saviour's Mind.
- 2 This is the mind of Christ reveal'd,  
And by the Spirit taught;  
Lord, let me feel the Blessing seal'd!  
And sing what God hath wrought.

Father, thy Holy Spirit give  
 To dwell within my heart ;  
 'Tis He can make the dry bones live,  
 Can Life and breath impart.  
 Of sinners chief ! Though that's my name,  
 I ask, I seek, I knock !  
 A beggar, blind, and halt, and lame,  
 Lord, Mercy's door unlock !

---

## LVII.

LORD, I was not thy beggar *born*,  
 Though poor—by nature proud !  
 But *now* I feel myself forlorn,  
 And would press through the crowd.  
 I ask remission of my sins,  
 And for this mercy groan ;  
 Salvation's knowledge there begins,  
 To me, Lord, make it known.  
 Incompetent to all that's good,  
 And conscious of my guilt :  
 I ask for cleansing in that Blood  
 Which was for sinners spilt.  
 I read that Christ is Righteousness,  
 Of God to sinners made ;  
 I ask, I seek, this Wedding-Dress,  
 To be in this array'd.

---

## LVIII.

I ASK, I seek, I knock again,  
 Lord, I am very poor ;  
 Let me not seek Thy Face in vain ;  
 Lord, open Mercy's Door !

- 2 If heavinefs doth me diftrefs,  
I ask revival, Lord!  
Forward enable me to prefs,  
And ftrength to me afford!
- 3 Help me to ask, and feek, and knock,  
Till Thou doft answer me;  
To trace the footfteps of Thy Flock,  
And feek till I find Thee!
- 4 Once more I ask, deny me not,  
Nor let me let thee go,  
Until *this* Bleffing I have got,  
Bless me, and *tell* me fo!

---

LIX.

- 1 I ASK the Kiffes of thy Mouth,  
Thy Promifes moft sweet;  
Breathe on me from the cheering *South*;  
Me in Thy Garden meet.
- 2 I ask fuch tokens of thy Grace,  
As longing fouls infpire;  
Such fight of Thy dear marred Face,  
As melts the Soul like Fire!
- 3 I ask Thine Ointments *more* to fmell,  
Thy Name *more* poured forth;  
*More* of Thy Drawing Love to tell,  
And *more* to fpeak Thy Worth!
- 4 I ask my gracious Lord to lie  
All night betwixt my Breasts;  
I ask to feel my Jesus nigh,  
And find—in *Love* He refts!

Amen.

## LX.

Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift  
you as wheat—Luke xxii. 31, 32.

THE roaring lion walks about,  
Seeks whom he may devour ;  
But God can *cast*, and keep him out,  
Repel and crush his pow'r.  
All Satan's wiles to Christ are known,  
Souls tempted are His Care ;  
Jesus hath pray'd for all His own,  
And kept by Him they are.  
To sift them Satan hath desir'd,  
And fiercely he assails ;  
His darts are keen, and often fir'd,  
But Jesus' prayer prevails.  
The Lord doth watch about our bed,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
In darkest paths, by Jesus led,  
We learn to bless his Name !

## LXI.

TEMPTATIONS come, the foe is near,  
Assaults are felt with pain ;  
Distrust, distress, and ev'ry fear,  
Take place, and would remain ;  
But Jesus says—" I've pray'd for thee,"  
Thou art not left alone ;  
This sets the lawful captive free,  
When hope seems almost gone.  
Transgressors Christ was put among,  
And numbered with thieves !  
The worst can sing the sweetest song,  
When sov'reign Grace relieves.

- 2 If heaviness doth me distress,  
I ask revival, Lord!  
Forward enable me to press,  
And strength to me afford!
- 3 Help me to ask, and seek, and knock,  
Till Thou dost answer me;  
To trace the footsteps of Thy Flock,  
And seek till I find Thee!
- 4 Once more I ask, deny me not,  
Nor let me let thee go,  
Until *this* Blessing I have got,  
Bless me, and *tell* me so!

---

LIX.

- 1 I ASK the Kisses of thy Mouth,  
Thy Promises most sweet;  
Breathe on me from the cheering *South*;  
Me in Thy Garden meet.
- 2 I ask such tokens of thy Grace,  
As longing souls inspire;  
Such sight of Thy dear marred Face,  
As melts the Soul like Fire!
- 3 I ask Thine Ointments *more* to smell,  
Thy Name *more* poured forth;  
*More* of Thy Drawing Love to tell,  
And *more* to speak Thy Worth!
- 4 I ask my gracious Lord to lie  
All night betwixt my Breasts;  
I ask to feel my Jesus nigh,  
And find—in *Love* He rests!

Amen.

## LX.

Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift  
you as wheat—Luke xxii. 31, 32.

THE roaring lion walks about,  
Seeks whom he may devour ;  
But God can *cast*, and keep him out,  
Repel and crush his pow'r.  
All Satan's wiles to Christ are known,  
Souls tempted are His Care ;  
Jesus hath pray'd for all His own,  
And kept by Him they are.  
To sift them Satan hath desir'd,  
And fiercely he assails ;  
His darts are keen, and often fir'd,  
But Jesus' prayer prevails.  
The Lord doth watch about our bed,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
In darkest paths, by Jesus led,  
We learn to bless his Name !

## LXI.

TEMPTATIONS come, the foe is near,  
Assaults are felt with pain ;  
Distrust, distress, and ev'ry fear,  
Take place, and would remain ;  
But Jesus says—" I've pray'd for thee,"  
Thou art not left alone ;  
This sets the lawful captive free,  
When hope seems almost gone.  
Transgressors Christ was put among,  
And numbered with thieves !  
The worst can sing the sweetest song,  
When sov'reign Grace relieves.

- 4 Jehovah Jesus is our peace,  
 Peace on His Cross was made!  
 May faith, and hope, and love increase,  
 Blood hath our ransom paid!  
 Hallelujah !
- 

## LXII.

My Grace is sufficient for thee—2 Cor. xii. 2.

- 1 **T**HE thorn is sharp—The flesh perverse,  
 I sink beneath the smart;  
 I cry, I groan, my cries rehearse,  
 And beg it may depart.
- 2 Time after time I beg for ease,  
 No troubles wish to know;  
 This would my carnal nature please,  
 And flesh would have it so.
- 3 In answer to repeated cries,  
 The Lord His message sends;  
 The thorn *remains*—He will chastise,  
 But Grace shall make amends.
- 4 “ My Grace sufficient is for *thee*,”  
 When spoken by the Lord,  
 And by Himself apply’d to me,  
 Doth sweet support afford.
- 5 In utter weakness, if His Strength  
 My *whole* support is made,  
 Though flesh repine, I learn at length,  
 His Cross becomes my shade.
- 6 If guilty fears renew my pain,  
 This is a thorny brier;  
 Till Grace apply Christ’s Blood *again*,  
 Then unbelief’s a liar.

Lord, Help me !



## LXIII.

- 1 **A**T times Christ's Love I dare not doubt,  
But when He hides His Face;  
I cry—My prayer He doth shut out,  
Then who can peace replace?
- 2 Impossibleities are brought,  
And pleaded by the foe;  
Till self's denied, then I'm taught  
'Tis done to keep me low.
- 3 Appearing like a cumber-ground,  
If cutting down I fear;  
Yet in due time Christ's Bowel's sound,  
And Mercy's Voice I hear!
- 4 "His Grace sufficient is for me,"  
Under the worst of ills;  
His Strength is perfect—Grace is free!  
And this the tempest stills.
- 5 Winds blow again, and billows rise,  
And self to *sense* applies;  
Clouds gather, darken all the skies,  
Till faith to Jesus flies.
- 6 Then, though I seem at my wit's end,  
All hope of safety gone!  
He proves an everlasting Friend,  
When other help I've none!
- 7 When I am weak, then am I strong,  
When *lost*, by Jesus sought;  
In darkest night He gives a song,—  
Come, see what God hath wrought!
- Hallelujah!

## LXIV.

O wretched man that I am—Rom. vii. 24.  
Out of the depths have I cried—Psalm cxxx. 1.

- 1 **O**H wretched miserable man,  
Who shall deliver me?  
From sin's vile body, say who can  
A captive sinner free?
- 2 The good I would I cannot do!  
Evil I hate, yet I,  
By sad experience find this true,  
I cannot from it fly!
- 3 'Tis present with me in my *flesh*,  
That is sin's dwelling place;  
Lord Help me!—And my soul refresh  
With Thine Almighty Grace!
- 4 Out of the depths I cry to Thee,  
My voice in mercy hear!  
Oh let Thine Ears attentive be,  
And for my help appear.

## LXV.

Psalm—cxxx. 3.

- 1 **I**F iniquities Thou shouldst mark,  
O Lord! then who shall stand?  
But if I'm walking in the dark,  
Jesus can Light command.
- 2 Thou knowest, Lord, the depths I'm in,  
And Thou canst pluck me thence;  
My heart's the cage of ev'ry sin,  
O God, be my defence!
- 3 There is forgiveness with Thee, Lord!  
And that Thou may'st be fear'd,  
Plenteous Redemption me afford;  
Oh! Let my cries be heard!

From all iniquities redeem  
 My captivated soul;  
 Good in Thy sight, Lord, let it seem,  
 Say, "Of thy plague be whole."

Amen.

## LXVI.

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our  
 sins in His own Blood—Rev. i. 5.

**T**O Him that lov'd us, and wash'd us  
 From sins in His own Blood;

Bore all our guilt, endur'd the curse,  
 For us in judgment stood!

Glory, Dominion, Power, Praise,  
 Unto the Lamb be giv'n!

Poor beggars, come, your voices raise!  
 And sing the song of Heav'n.

Worthy the Lamb is to receive  
 All Glory!—'Tis His due;

Ye chief of sinners *sav'd*, believe  
 The Song belongs to *you*!

## LXVII.

**W**ORTHY the Lamb, sings much-lov'd Paul,  
 For He was slain for *me*!

Once a *Destroyer*—Once a *Saul*—  
 But Grace was rich and free!

Worthy the Lamb, sings David too,  
 With sweet melodious voice;

*Backsliders* Jesus' Praises shew,  
 When broken bones rejoice!

Worthy the Lamb, poor Jonah sings  
 Salvation's of the Lord!

From Hell's deep belly Jesus brings  
*Deserters* by His Word!

- 4 Worthy the Lamb, Manasseh now  
 From thorns deliver'd sings!  
 Loving correction taught him how  
*God humbles haughty kings!*
- 

## LXVIII.

- 1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb sings Magdalene,  
 Samaria's Woman too;  
 They sing, The Lamb for us was slain!  
 And feel the Song is NEW!
- 2 Worthy the Lamb, poor Peter can  
 Sing now—although he thrice  
 Deny'd he ever knew the MAN—  
 But Blood re-tun'd *his* voice!
- 3 Worthy the Lamb, prodigals sing,  
 When famish'd back they come;  
 When Love embraceth, gives the Ring,  
 And bids them welcome home!
- 4 Worthy the Lamb, sings that poor Thief,  
 Who with Christ crucify'd—  
 In dying moments found relief,  
 Believed, Pray'd, and dy'd!
- 

## LXIX.

- 1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb, poor Thomas sings,  
 The Lord is ris'n indeed!  
 Though unbelief had clipt his wings,  
 He *saw*, and then believ'd.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb, Corinthians sing,  
*Part* of a dreadful crew;  
 Wash'd from their sins—freed from the sting—  
 They Jesus' Praises shew.

Worthy the Lamb—though sin pollute,  
 Though some of us were *such*;  
 The Song is *Our's*—We can't be mute  
 When we His Garment touch!

## LXX.

## PRAYER.

- 1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb! Lord, tune my heart  
 To sing the sacred song!  
 Thy precious Grace to me impart,  
 To join the sacred Throng.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb! Incarnate God!  
 Thy Blood can cleanse the Soul;  
 Though I may feel Thy chast'ning Rod,  
 Say, Go in peace—Be whole!
- 3 Worthy the Lamb—Thy Word is past,  
 I dare not let Thee go;  
 More of thy Love I long to taste,  
 More of Thy Grace to know.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb—The sinner's Friend!  
 The Lamb for sinners slain;  
 The Song is New—Will never end—  
 Worthy the Lamb!—Amen!

Hallelujah!

## LXXI.

In the day-time He was teaching in the Temple;  
 and at night he went out, and abode in the Mount  
 that is called the Mount of Olives—Luke xxi. 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul behold! Thy Saviour see!  
 Remember, Christ says, Learn of me;  
 To do *God's* Will was His Delight,  
 He *works* all day, and *prays* all night!

- 2 The way the dear Redeemer trod,  
His children shall be taught of God;  
By nature blind, they so abide,  
Until His Eye becomes their Guide.
- 3 Pour out Thy Spirit, Gracious Lord!  
Into my heart, and Grace afford;  
Enable me to follow Thee,  
And tell me Thou art found of me.
- 4 A barren tree—A cumber-ground—  
From *Thee* alone must fruit be found;  
Lord! ~~all~~ things I can do, if Thou,  
Become my Strength—and teach me how.

---

LXXII.

Mark xiii. 34.

- 1 **IMMANUEL** groan'd with mortal breath—  
His Soul was sorrowful—to death!  
When sinners He to save was sent,  
This was the way the Saviour went!
- 2 Exceeding sorrowful! amaz'd!  
The Lord of Life around Him gaz'd!  
In anguish cry'd—What shall I say!  
When sinners debts He's call'd to pay.
- 3 I *feel* temptations—not a *few*—  
But Jesus *all* temptations knew;  
Compassion He can for me feel,  
When like a drunken man I reel.
- 4 He says to pensive souls—"Fear not,"  
To them that share their Master's Lot,  
Support—Deliv'rance, He will send,  
He is their Brother and their Friend!

## LXXIII.

DEAR Lord! Help me by faith to live,  
 To follow Thee, is Thine to give;  
 And when I'm dark, and feel dismay,  
 Be Thou my Leader and my Way!  
 In weakness, Be my strong Support,  
 My Tow'r to which I may resort!  
 If billows rise, and I sink deep,  
 Saviour! My soul in safety keep.  
 Amen.

## LXXIV.

Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver  
 thee, and thou shalt glorify Me—Psalm l. 15.

IN days of trouble call on Me,  
 Make all thy sorrows known;  
 God says, I will deliver thee;  
 Then unto Jesus groan.

The Cov'nant's made by Sacrifice,  
 By Sacrifice draw near;  
 Blood hath a voice to pierce the skies,  
 And all accounts doth clear.

The Blood of Jesus better things  
 Than Abel's blood doth speak;  
 Sprinkled with Blood, the beggar sings,  
 It binds up hearts that break.

'Tis God the Lord speaks Righteousness,  
 Jehovah is His Name;  
 He'll multiply, and bless  
 Poor mourners sunk in shame!

My soul, if thou canst this receive,  
 Though to thy wit's-end driv'n;  
 All manner of sins, if thou believe,  
 Are, and shall be forgiven!

## LXXV.

1 John i. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD! mine are sins of crimson dye,  
 And long continued in!  
 Yet Thou hast said, who canst not lie,  
 Blood cleanseth from *all* sin.
- 2 Draw me, dear Lord, then I shall run,  
 Although I fear and quake;  
 Cry louder, Soul!—the work's begun,  
 When sleepers are awake.
- 3 The Breath of Life the Spirit gives,  
 He makes the needy sigh;  
 They live because the Saviour lives,  
 And Jesus cannot die.
- 4 He's found of them that sought Him not,  
 If thou by Him art found;  
 Without a wrinkle or a spot,  
 He will present thee sound!
- 5 Give Him no rest, but seek His Face,  
 Until thy voice be praise;  
 This glorifies the God of Grace,  
 And these are Wisdom's ways!
- Hallelujah!

## LXXVI.

If need be ye are in heaviness—1 Peter i. 6.

- 1 **I**F need be ye 're in heaviness,  
 Temptations manifold  
 Shall come, and in them much distress;  
 'Tis in the word foretold.
- 2 This is for trial of precious faith,  
 Which, though it feels the fire,  
 Yet, *in it* pleads what Jesus saith,  
 As Jesus doth inspire.



Sin, Satan, conscience, oft agree,  
 To make me feel the smart;  
 And none but Christ can set me free,  
 Or heal the bleeding heart.

Spirit of Christ! His Blood apply,  
 His Blood is Gilead's Balm!  
 The adversary then must fly,  
 And ev'ry storm be calm.

---

 LXXVII.

IF Jesus hides His precious face,  
 When floods increasing rise;  
 Temptations, in a little space,  
 All other pow'r despise.

I look for help to right and left,  
 But ev'ry refuge fails;  
 Of hope I almost seem bereft,  
 And thus the foe assails:

Where is your God! says fretful sense,  
 Satan roars louder too!

Bruise him *I* can't—nor drive him hence—  
 His charges oft are *true*.

I'm *feeble, faint*, and have no *might*!  
*Poor, blind*, and *halt*, and *lame*!  
 But *all times*, in the darkest night,  
 Immanuel is the same.

---

 LXXVIII.

LORD help me! unto Thee I call,  
 All other hopes are fled;  
 I turn my face unto the wall,  
 Jesus can raise the dead.

- 2 He changeth not—I'm not consum'd—  
His Mercy yet endures!  
Groans with His incense are perfum'd!  
His Blood my bleeding cures!
- 3 He dy'd for sinners!—I am one,  
He says He'll not cast out;  
Lord! other helpers I have none,  
Yet wherefore should I doubt?
- 4 Behold I'm vile!—Receive me, Lord!  
Speak peace to my poor soul;  
By *friends*, by *self*, by ALL abhorr'd,  
Jesus can make me whole!
- 

## LXXIX.

My God, My God, Why hast thou forsaken Me?  
Psalms xxii. 1.—Matt. xxvii. 46.—Mark xv. 34.

- 1 MY God! My God! Oh! tell me why  
Thou hast forsaken Me!  
Thus did the Dear Redeemer cry  
Upon th' accursed Tree.
- 2 O God of Grace!—Thy Spirit send  
To witness in my heart,  
That He who dy'd the sinner's Friend,  
For me endur'd the smart.
- 3 Could nothing less for sin atone?  
Were sins upon Him laid?  
If mine are sought for, Say—"There's none;"  
Say Christ my ransom paid!
- 4 Oh! Let me look on Thee and mourn,  
For I have pierc'd Thee deep!  
To me in loving-kindness turn,  
My soul in mourning keep.

Open thy Bosom, dearest Lord!  
 And let me hide my face!  
 Refuge to me Thou canst afford,  
 My Refuge is Thy Grace.

---

## LXXX.

**L**ORD! Thou canst all things do for me,  
 In thee alone I'd boast;  
 I can do nothing without Thee,  
 Dear Lord! Enlarge my coast!  
 Art Thou my Husband?—Tell me so!  
 Oh! put an end to strife!  
 More let me know Thee!—whom to know  
 Is everlasting Life!

Amen.

---

## LXXXI.

Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in  
 the night—Job xxxv. 10.

**J**ESUS! my Maker and my God,  
 Who giveth songs in night;  
 Teach me to bless Thee for Thy Rod,  
 Thy Judgments all are right.

The song of drunkards was Thy state,  
 When sentence pass'd on Thee,  
 When scorers sat in Judgment's seat,  
 Condemn'd Thee to the Tree!

When gall was given Thee to eat,  
 And vinegar to drink,  
 Thy Flesh became poor sinners' meat,  
 Though theirs corrupted stink.

- 4 When Thou for comforters didst look,  
For pity and found none ;  
Then ev'ry member in Thy Book,  
Was ransom'd—ev'ry one.
- 5 The water-floods flow'd very high,  
Deep called unto Deep !  
Thy Sorrows brought salvation nigh,  
For all Thy chosen sheep.
- 

## LXXXII.

- 1 **T**HOUGH souls redeem'd are often sad,  
Yet Jesus loves the poor ;  
The humble hear thereof—are glad !  
Blood opens Mercy's Door !
- 2 The sorrowful He sets on high ;  
His pris'ners foes are strong ;  
But when the broken hearted cry,  
He turns it to a song !
- 3 Blood singeth Songs to heavy hearts,  
The Cross doth comfort bring ;  
Jesus His Flesh and Blood imparts—  
We feed, and mourn, and sing !
- 4 Worthy the Lamb ! The Song is one,  
On Earth—In Heaven too ;  
Blood is the Song before the throne,  
The Song is ever New.
- 5 Lowest at Thy dear feet I'd fall,  
Oh ! cause Thy Face to shine !  
Worthy the Lamb ! My Lord, My ALL !  
This Song be ever mine !

Amen.

## LXXXIII.

Hosea xiv.

O ISRAEL, to the Lord thy God,  
Though thou hast fall'n, return;  
Lord! Dost Thou thus address a clod?  
Then anger doth not burn.  
Thou kindly say'st—Take with you words,  
Lord help me Thine to take!  
Though I've been serving other Lords,  
Save me for Thine own sake.  
Take all iniquity away,  
Me graciously receive;  
Then I will praise Thee ev'ry day,  
Caives of my lips I'll give.  
Thou say'st, How \* shall I give thee up?  
Or how deliver thee?  
Oh! God! my Saviour drank the cup,  
Then Thou canst pardon me.  
In Thee the fatherless do find  
Mercy and gracious Love!  
To poor backsliders Thou art kind,  
Though Thou for sin reprove.  
Thou say'st, Thou wilt backsliding heal,  
And love them freely too;  
Thine anger turn'd away, reveal!  
Thy Loving kindness shew!

## LXXXIV.

Hosea xiv.

WITH idols what have I to do?  
Lord, Help me all to leave!  
To none but Jesus let me go,  
To Jesus let me cleave.

\* Chap. xi. 8.

- 2 Give wisdom to escape the snares,  
Spread on forbidden ground ;  
On Jesus let me cast all cares,  
From Him my fruit be found
- 3 All iniquities which abide,  
Felt or unfelt within ;  
Vile unbelief, or lust, or pride,  
Ev'ry besetting sin ;
- 4 Take all away ! be as the Dew  
Unto my barren soul !  
Cause me to grow in grace—Renew—  
Revive, Refresh the whole.
- 5 Let Branches spread, and beauty be,  
Where comeliness was none ;  
Make me like the green Olive-tree—  
My smell like Lebanon !
- 6 Thy Ways are right—Stretch forth Thy Hand,  
Subdue my ev'ry foe !  
Oh ! make me wise to understand,  
And prudent Thee to know !

Amen.

---

LXXXV.

Mark vi. 48—to the end.

- 1 **T**OILING in rowing's lab'r in vain,  
Till Jesus Christ arrives ;  
Contrary winds increase our pain,  
We tremble for our lives !
- 2 And when the Lord on waves appears,  
A Spirit, we suppose,  
Is come to multiply our fears,  
And to increase our woes !

Christ seems as though He would pass by,  
 But when by us He's seen;  
 He kindly listens to our cry,  
 Stops!—and is taken in.

He says—"Be of good cheer! 'Tis I"—  
 Poor souls, be not afraid!  
 The winds obey Him—quiet lie;  
 Waves, Billows, smooth are made.

---

 LXXXVI.

REDEEMING Love, 'midst highest waves,\*  
 Upon the Sea did walk;  
 Endur'd the storm† for whom He saves,  
 And with them loves to talk.

When this by sov'reign Grace is done,  
 And His dear Name is known;  
 About the region we can run,  
 And hearing sinners groan:

We bring by prayer, in *beds of love*,  
 Souls who seem sick of sin;  
 And pray that they may healing prove,  
 And Christ be form'd within!

---

 LXXXVII.

## PRAYER.

LORD! say to *me*—Be of good cheer!  
 Apply Thy Words to *me*!  
*Thee only* let me love and fear,  
 The Father, Spirit, Thee!

\* Psalm xlii. 7.      † Psalm lxxxviii. 7.

- 2 And though *I* cannot run about,  
 Like many of Thy saints,  
 To seek and find poor cripples out,  
 Because my nature faints;
- 3 Yet, Lord! accept the widow's mite!  
 Small things do not despise;  
 Enable me by faith to fight,  
 Till Grace confers the prize!
- Amen and Amen.

---

### LXXXVIII.

Heb. xiii. 8.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the end of Conversation,  
 Jesus Christ always the same;  
 In all kinds of tribulation  
 Help is in no other name.  
 Though my feelings often alter,  
 He's the same—He changeth not;  
 Stamm'ring tongues in speech may falter,  
 Yet in Christ be without spot!
- 2 Christ hath said, "I'll ne'er forsake thee!"  
 This is spoken from His Heart;  
 Winds may blow, and billows shake thee,  
 But His Love cannot depart.  
 How can these things be, faith reason!  
 Sense says, I'm mistaken sure!  
 Unbelief promotes the treason,  
 But Christ's Word shall firm endure.
- 3 Help me, Lord, to hold Thee faster!  
 Prove thy Word of Promise true!  
 Keep my soul from sin's disaster!  
 Ev'ry idol lust subdue!



Teach me, Lord, when I'm at lowest,  
 'Tis for good I'm kept so low;  
 Grace sufficient Thou bestowest,  
 Strength in weakness let me know!

Amen.

---

LXXXIX.

Song i. 2.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, Come and bless me,  
 Let Love put an end to strife;  
 Kindly kiss me and care'ss me,  
 Am not I Thy lawful wife?  
 Is my soul not dead to Moses?  
 Hast not Thou my ransom paid?  
 Although sin to wrath exposes,  
 Hath not mine on Thee been laid?

2 Come, Dear Jesus! oh come quickly!  
 Draw me, I'll run after Thee,  
 Though I'm feeble, faint, and sickly,  
 Thou art *all* in *all* to me!  
 Once more, Gracious Lord! I pray Thee,  
 Draw me, Keep me near Thy Side,  
 Let me hold Thee fast and stay Thee,  
 In Thy Love let me abide!

3 Greater Love than this hath no man,  
 Blood hath Jesus' Love display'd,  
 Clothed with the Sun, the Woman  
 On all other Light shall tread.  
 Say not, who'll ascend to Heaven,  
 To bring Jesus from above!  
 God His Faithful Word hath given,  
 Christ is God! and God is Love!

Hallelujah!

## XC.

Isaiah xxxii. 1.

- 1 **A** KING shall reign in righteousness,  
Princes in truth preside;  
A man shall be an Hiding-place,  
And from the wind divide.
- 2 A covert from the tempest too,  
When Sinai's Thunders roar;  
Poor sinners often find it true,  
When they are broken sore.
- 3 Rivers of Water in dry place,  
Immanuel is to those;  
They thirst for Him—they taste His Grace,  
Drink, and forget their woes.
- 4 In Christ believing, they're complete,  
Safely in Him they stand;  
The Shadow of a Rock that's great,  
Found in a weary Land.

## XCI.

Isaiah xxxii. 3.

- 1 **T**HE Eyes shall see and not be dim,  
The heark'ning ears attend,  
To Christ alone—To none but Him—  
Their Everlasting Friend.
- 2 The hasty heart shall understand  
The knowledge of the Lord;  
The stamm'ring tongue, at His command,  
Shall plainly seek His Word!
- 3 And what's His Word?—"Come unto me,  
"Poor heavy-laden guest!"  
Weary of sin—He calleth thee!  
And says, "I'll give thee rest."

O God of Grace! O God of Love!  
 At Thy dear Feet I fall;  
 Thy Loving kindness let me prove;  
 Be Thou my All in All!

Amen.

## XCII.

OPEN my mouth, Lord, wider still,  
 To ask again in faith,  
 The Bread of Life—The hungry fill!  
 Thou dost, the Scripture saith.

The Spirit of Adoption give  
 To dwell within my heart!

In me to groan, in me to live,  
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart!

Thy Spirit never let me grieve!  
 Me to redemption seal!

In ev'ry need my soul relieve,  
 My ev'ry sickness heal!

The Things of Christ, Dear Spirit, take,  
 And to my soul apply!

A beggar Thou a prince canst make,  
 And raise him up on high!

Hallelujah!

## XCIII.

Ephesians v. 19.

POOR sinner, when to sing thou try'st,

If Grace thine heart illumine;

The Name of our Lord Jesus Christ

Will ev'ry song perfume.

G

- 2 Heart melody is understood  
When Jesus is within;  
His precious and peace-speaking blood,  
Must ev'ry song begin.
  - 3 Are guilty fears thine inmates when  
Thy num'rous sins are view'd?  
Yet not consum'd!—Then sing again,  
Be thanks to God renew'd.
  - 4 Speak to thy self, though vile thou art,  
And poor, and blind, and lame:  
Grace, mercy, melody in heart,  
Unite in Jesus' Name.
- 

## XCIV.

- 1 **G**OD so lov'd worms of earth, He gave  
His Son for them to bleed!  
Make melody! Christ came to save  
The lost, who feel their need!
- 2 Eyes to the blind Immanuel is,  
And to the lame He's Feet;  
This makes blind beggars sing, and this  
Is to poor cripples sweet!
- 3 Poor broken hearts, though strange it seems,  
Singing to you belongs!  
Speak to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns,  
And in the Spirit's songs.
- 4 Of sinners chief—the very worst,  
I know not one so base;  
But if my Lord for me was curst,  
Heart melody is—Grace!

Hallelujah!

## XCV.

Ephesians v. 17.

**L**ORD make me wise to understand,  
 What is Thy Mind and Will!  
 Almighty Father!—Give Command,  
 Me with Thy Spirit fill.

Then Thee I'll bless—the Lord Most High—  
 Thanks for all things record;  
 Then will I sing, make melody,  
 In my heart, to the Lord.

Oh! Draw me! Keep me near the Side  
 Of my Redeemer-God!  
 Spirit of Christ, in me abide;  
 Although a worm—a clod!

Father! Thy Will and Christ's are one,  
 Thy Christ, is *my* dear Lord!  
 My *Jesus*—God the *Father's Son*;  
 Spirit, apply The Word!

Amen

## XCVI.

Psalm xxv. 11.—Prayer for pardon of sin.

**P**ARDON mine iniquity, Lord!  
 For it is very great!

For Thy own Names' sake Grace afford;  
 Mercies to me repeat.

Sins of my youth remember not,  
 Nor my transgressions view;  
 According to Thy Mercy blot  
 Them out, and pity shew!

Oh! Keep my soul! Deliver me!  
 Nor let me be ashamed;  
 Let all my trust be plac'd in Thee!  
 Nor other Name be nam'd!

- 4 The light of Life upon me lift !  
 At Thy dear Feet I lie ;  
 Increase my Faith ; it is Thy Gift,  
 Dear Jesus, Hear my cry !
- 

## XCVII.

- 1 **O** LORD, for thy own goodness' sake,  
 Remember me, I pray !  
 Of mercy let my soul partake !  
 Turn not Thy Face away !
- 2 I am a sinner vile and base,  
 Upright art Thou and good ;  
 Therefore wilt sinners teach, embrace,  
 And wash them in Thy Blood.
- 3 The troubles of my heart enlarg'd,  
 Distresses manifold ;  
 Let conscience feel my sins discharg'd !  
 Their numbers can't be told.
- 4 On mine affliction and my pain,  
 In loving kindness look !  
 Blot out my sins ; Let none remain ;  
 Nor let me be forsook !  
 Amen.
- 

## XCVIII.

Psalms xxv. 14.

- 1 **T**HE secret of the Lord is such,  
 With them that Him do fear,  
 That much forgiven loveth much,  
 Jesus to such is dear.
- 2 He will shew them His Cov'nant Love,  
 Who most deserve His frown !  
 And those who long against Him strove,  
 With Loving kindness crown !

Lord, What is man!—Lord, what am I,  
 So long a cumber-ground!  
 Poor sinners, Raise your voices high!  
 For such have mercy found.

Magdalene wept—and well she might,  
 Pollution was her name;  
 But *now* with Christ, in realms of light,  
 She feels no guilt nor shame!

Hallelujah!

---

XCIX.

I Samuel xii. 20.

**F**EAR not, though *all* this wickedness  
 Against the Lord is done;  
 Turn not aside, in soul distress,  
 But follow Him alone.

With all your heart unto Him look,  
 To mourners God is kind;  
 'Tis written in His sacred Book,  
 That they shall comfort find.

Lord, in my heart let this sink deep!  
 Oh! circumscribe it now;  
 Teach me thy good right Way to keep,  
 And at Thy Feet to bow!

Oh! teach me that with Blood I'm bought,  
 And thus remove my pain!  
 Profit, deliv'rance, hath been sought,  
 From other things in vain.

Open mine eyes to read Thy Law,  
 Thy wond'rous Law of Love!  
 My heart, my soul, to Jesus draw,  
 Thy goodness let me prove.

Amen.

## C.

- 1 **T**O follow Thee with all my heart,  
Dear Lord, my soul incline;  
Nor let me from Thy Way depart,  
Oh! Let Thy Will be mine!
- 2 Thy Great Name's sake hath always been  
The Bond of Cov'nant Peace;  
Oh! Let Thy choice of me be seen!  
Dear Lord, my faith increase!
- 3 Say to my soul again, Fear not,  
Fear nothing but the Lord!  
If fiery darts at me are shot,  
Support me by Thy Word!
- 4 Help me at Thy dear Feet to fall,  
And without ceasing pray;  
For ev'ry Help on Thee to call,  
Teach me the *good right Way!*
- 5 Fear not—when spoken, Lord, by Thee,  
Are words of Zion's King;  
And when by Grace apply'd to me,  
I Sion's Songs will sing.  
Hallelujah!

## CI.

Isaiah liii. 6.

- 1 **A**LL we like sheep have gone astray,  
The Way of Peace we have not known;  
But ev'ry one to his own way,  
Have turn'd aside—astray have gone.
- 2 The iniquity of us all,  
Jehovah hath on Jesus laid;  
He bore the curse—tasted the gall—  
When sinners debts by Him were paid.



3 When by Distress and Judgment took,  
     His precious Visage was so marr'd,  
 Astonish'd at Him many look,  
     With broken hearts—that once were hard.  
 4 'Till Love Divine the soul inspire,  
     No form, no comeliness we see!  
 No beauty, that we should desire  
     A Jesus hanging on the Tree!  
 5 Thy Hand to save, Lord, is not short,  
     Let not my sins Thy Face conceal!  
 Make me believe the sweet Report,  
     Thine Arm, Dear Lord, to me reveal!

---

 CII.

Isaiah liii. 3.

DESPIS'D, rejected, was the Lord,  
     A Man of Sorrows, fill'd with grief,  
 His Blood doth healing Balm afford,  
     His Sorrows are our souls' relief.  
 He was chastised for our peace,  
     Conscience is healed with His Stripes;  
 His Wounds, His Bruises, us release,  
     We mourn for Him—Our tears He wipes.  
 Oppress'd, afflicted, He was dumb;  
     When Justice call'd the patient Lamb  
 To slaughter, He said, Lo, I come,  
     To do Thy Will—Lo, Here I am.  
 It pleas'd the LORD Him thus to bruise;  
     He spared not His only Son!  
 Nor did the Son of God refuse  
     To drink the Cup!—God's Will was done!

## CIII.

Isaiah liii. 11.

- 1 **T**HE travail of the Saviour's Soul,  
Redeeming Love hath sweetly seen!  
He's satisfy'd—He bore the whole,  
Justice and sinners stood between!
- 2 He poured out his Soul to death!  
For vile transgressors bled and dy'd!  
And with His precious latest breath,  
Father, Forgive them, Jesus cry'd!
- 3 His Soul an off'ring made for sins,  
Enables him to see his seed;  
Prolongs the days which Love begins,  
God's Pleasure prospers there indeed.
- 4 God's righteous Servant justifies  
Many poor souls—ungodly men;  
He bore all their iniquities,  
Then who is he that dares condemn?

## CIV.

Isaiah liii. 9.

- 1 **C**HRIST with the wicked made His grave,  
And with the rich in death, because  
Justice on him no more could have,  
For in his payment were no flaws.
- 2 To death He poured out His Soul,  
He with the strong the spoil divides;  
By faith He makes poor sinners whole!  
To Him by faith the Spirit guides!
- 3 Dear Lamb of God! Open Thy Book,  
And let me read my Name in heav'n!  
My Lord! My God! To Thee I look!  
By Thee this privilege is giv'n.

Thine is the Power ; The Glory Thine ;  
 Thou canst a Song from beggars raise !  
 Oh ! Let the privilege be mine,  
 And Thine the everlasting Praise !

Amen.

## CV.

Song ii. 3, 1—6.

1 UNDER His Shadow I sat down,  
 His Banner over me was Love !  
 When I had nothing of my own,  
 All things were given me from above.  
 2 The Sun upon my soul hath look'd,  
 And I am very black indeed ;  
 But though severely He rebuk'd,  
 For sinners He vouchsaf'd to bleed !  
 3 And though I felt the deepest guilt,  
 And underwent the blackest shame ;  
 I groan'd—Thou canst, Lord, if Thou wilt,  
 Make clean a leper !—That's my name.  
 4 Hark !—What's the sweet reply ?—I Will !  
 Be clean, poor Sinner !—Go and shew,  
 Unto the Priest Jehovah's Skill,  
 When He creates a soul anew.  
 5 Dear Lord, Let me not be deceiv'd,  
 Thou knowest all I e'er have been ;  
 Within my heart be this receiv'd,  
 That Thy Blood cleanseth from *all* sin.

Amen.

## CVI.

1 UNDER Christ's shadow, with delight  
 A broken hearted sinner fits ;  
 His Fruit is sweet—The depth and height,  
 Of Grace and Love, the sinner fits.

- 2 Great Drops of Blood fell to the ground !  
His Groans, His Cries, His Blood, His Tears,  
Within the bleeding conscience found !  
And silence sinners guilty fears.
- 3 Dipt in His Blood the Promise speaks,  
All manner of sins forgiven are !  
The stony heart His kindness breaks !  
On him is cast the mourner's care.
- 4 Look down upon my soul, Dear Lord !  
And let me taste Thy Fruit most sweet !  
Spirit of Christ—Apply the word !  
And keep me humble at His Feet.

Amen.

---

### CVII.

Speak unto the Children of Israel, that they go forward.  
Exodus xiv. 15.

- 1 **G**O forward! Lord, shew me Thy Way!  
And guide me with Thine Eye!  
I pray Thee, do not say me nay!  
To Thee alone I cry!
- 2 Go forward!—Whither can I go?  
The Way to God is Thee!  
Where shall I find Thee? Let me know!  
Say Thou art found of me!
- 3 To Words of Promise I can look,  
The Letter I can read;  
But 'til the Lamb unseal the Book,  
The Letter's dead indeed.
- 4 To walk in darkness, have no Light,  
Is this Thy children's case?  
Help me to trust Thee in the night!  
And stay upon Thy Grace!

5 Unto the faint Thou givest pow'r,  
 I read this in Thy Word;  
 Be Thou my Strength, my Rock, my Tow'r,  
 Thy promis'd Help afford!

Amen.

---

CVIII.

O that I knew where I might find him.—Job xxiii. 3.

1 **T**HIS morning, Lord, Thy Love I felt,  
 Unless I was deceiv'd;  
 Under Thy Shadow I could melt,  
 But now I seem bereav'd!

2 Oh! now give faith increase of strength,  
 To trust Thee when unseen!  
 To say—He'll turn again at length,  
 Though clouds are now between.

3 Let not mine enemy rejoice,  
 Tell faith I shall arise!  
 Beloved! Let me hear thy voice!  
 Small things do not despise!

4 Vile unbelief distresseth me;  
 Upon the scorpion tread!  
 This monster, Lord, dishonours Thee!  
 Oh bruise the serpent's head!

5 Say to my soul, Be of good cheer,  
 Although the winds are high!  
 Thy Word of Love can cast out fear,  
 Say—Fear not—"It is I."

Amen.

## CIX.

The Wolf also shall dwell with the Lamb.—Isaiah xi. 6.

- 1 **A**M I a wolf?—Is Christ a Lamb?  
Can we together dwell?  
He searcheth hearts, knows what I am,  
And my desert is hell!
- 2 Were He to judge by sight of eyes,  
Or hearing of His Ears;  
A wretch like me He must despise,  
But Grace an Altar rears!
- 3 With Righteousness He'll judge the poor,  
And argue for the meek;  
For beggars open mercy's door,  
Lost sinners save and seek.
- 4 The Girdle of Immanuel's Loins  
Is perfect *Righteousness*;  
And faithfulness His Reins confines  
To give the wedding-dress.

## CX.

Isaiah xi. 6.

- 1 **T**HE Leopard, though by nature wild,  
Shall lie down with the kid;  
Led by Jehovah's Little Child,  
Shall do what Jesus bid.
- 2 The Calf and Lion, 'tis agreed,  
The Little Child shall lead;  
The Cow and Bear together feed,  
And lie down in the mead.
- 3 The Lion with the Ox shall live,  
And with the Ox eat straw;  
And if the Lamb His Blessing give,  
Then *Love* shall be their *Law*.

The Child that's born in Bethlehem,  
 Shall lead to Calv'ry's Mount;  
 Justice will there no more condemn,  
 Blood clears the vast account.

---

CXI.

PRAYER.

TEN thousand talents is my debt,  
 And I have nought to pay;  
 Yet Justice did full payment get,  
 Lord! Turn me not away!

A sucking child let me remain,  
 Dear Jesus, 'tis my prayer;  
 To Thee alone I tell my pain,  
 Oh make my soul Thy care!

Lord! Feed me with eternal Food!  
 Me with Thy Raiment clothe!  
 Nourish my soul with Flesh and Blood!  
 And make me self to lothe.

Oh let me nothing ask amiss!  
 Nor what Thou giv'st abuse!  
 Give precious Faith a cov'nant Kiss,  
 And all things for me choose.

Amen.

---

CXII.

Isaiah xxvi. 3.

THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace,  
 Whose mind is stay'd on Thee;  
 Most gracious Lord, my faith increase!  
 In perfect peace keep *me*.

Enable *me* in Thee to trust,  
 A bruised reed don't break!  
 I am a worm—ashes and dust—  
 Yet unto God I speak!

H

- 3 Is Christ my Peace?—He peace hath made,  
He made it on the Cross;  
Yet, Lord, I'm often sore afraid,  
When waves and billows toss.
- 4 Author of faith; my soul sustain!  
Thy ways are in the deep;  
Within my conscience peace maintain,  
Me close to Jesus keep!
- 5 Speak peace from off Thy Throne of Grace,  
Yea in Thy Judgment's way,  
Reveal Immanuel's marred Face,  
When I for mercy pray!
- 6 Dominion other Lords have had  
Over my sinful soul;  
Yet in His Name let me be glad!  
Say—Go in peace; be whole.
- Amen.

---

CXIII.

Isaiah xxvi.

- 1 **L**ORD, in Thy chambers let me hide,  
Till indignation's gone!  
Lodge me in Jesus' bleeding Side!  
Salvation's there alone.
- 2 All high and lofty thoughts bring down,  
Proud Babel, lay it low;  
Needy and poor, to Thee I groan,  
Thy Footsteps make me know!
- 3 If souls desires are to Thy Name,  
Yea in the darkest night,  
Let not their hope be put to shame,  
Who long for morning light.



To souls in travail, souls in pain,  
 Who long in pangs have cry'd ;  
 Songs in the night give them again,  
 Christ for th' ungodly dy'd.

Jesus was on the Altar laid,  
 The Sacrifice was Blood ,  
 His soul for sin an off'ring made,  
 In sinners place He stood.

With Thy dead Body shall I rise ?  
 Bid me awake and sing !  
 Thou hearest prayer—receive my cries !  
 Say death hath lost his sting.

Amen.

## CXIV.

Lord, to whom shall we go? John vi. 68.

**T**O whom, Lord Jesus, shall we go ?  
 Thou hast the Words of Life indeed ;  
 Oh give me to believe, and *know*,  
 That Jesus did for sinners bleed.

The Living Father did send Thee,  
 And Thou dost by The Father live ;  
 Oh! Give Thy Flesh and Blood to me !  
 Then Life Eternal I receive.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,  
 Dear Son of God ! Incarnate Word !  
 Oh! Let Him take of Thine, My Lord !  
 And make me taste Thy bleeding Love !

Give me Thy Flesh, Dear Son of Man !  
 And let me drink Immanuel's Blood !  
 Man's life on earth is but a span,  
 But Life Eternal's in This Food.

- 5 Mercies I don't deserve the least,  
 Of sinners I believe I'm chief;  
 But sinners on the Lamb can feast,  
 Thy Flesh and Blood is their relief.

---

 CXV.

John vi. 33—37.

- 1 **T**HOU Bread of Life ! my soul refresh !  
 Words of Eternal Life are Thine;  
 Give me to feed upon Thy Flesh !  
 And drink Thy Blood ! 'Tis Heaven's Wine
- 2 This Wine can cheer the heavy heart !  
 This Bread relieve the hungry soul !  
 This precious Food to me impart !  
 Bid me on Thee my burdens roll.
- 3 If Thou wilt in no wise cast out,  
 Then crush all unbelieving strife !  
 Say, Little Faith, " Why dost thou doubt ?  
 " The Lamb will feed and clothe His Wife.
- 4 Increase, Dear Lord, my appetite !  
 To feed on Thee, and long for more !  
 To live upon Thee day and night !  
 With Good Things fill Thy hungry poor !
- 5 Help me by faith to hold Thee fast !  
 Let condescending Love be felt !  
 Make haste, Dear Jesus, Oh make haste !  
 And cause my heart with love to melt !
- 6 All my desires to Thee are known,  
 And though I chatter, scarcely speak ;  
 Thou know'st The Spirit's mind and groan,  
 And bruised reeds wilt never break.

Hallelujah

## CXVI.

Micah vii. 9.

THE indignation of the Lord,  
 My trembling soul endure !  
 I've sinn'd, but He will light afford,  
 And bring me health and cure.

I'll wait till He shall plead my cause,  
 And judgment execute ;  
 Although I've broken all His Laws,  
 To Him commit my suit.

Jesus hath full atonement made,  
 The Spirit this reveals ;  
 Iniquities on Christ were laid,  
 The broken heart He heals.

Spirit of Promise ! Draw me nigh,  
 To hear what Jesus saith !  
 Lift up the blessed Banner high,  
 To shelter Little Faith !

As warfare don't admit discharge,  
 Teach me to wield Thy Sword !  
 Oh ! set my trembling heart at large !  
 Then I shall keep Thy Word.

Amen.

## CXVII.

was brought low, and He helped me.—Psalm cxvi. 6.

LORD, I have been brought very low,  
 And Thou hast helped me ;  
 Whenever heaviness I know,  
 Help me to call on Thee !

Teach me to pray, Thy Will be done !  
 To pray and not to faint !  
 And if my soul can only groan,  
 Give ear to my complaint !

H 3

- 3 Call me a babe, a few months old,  
A little child indeed ;  
With Thy young Lambs my soul infold !  
Me with Thy sucklings feed !
- 4 In all disease, distress, and fear,  
Let me Thy Goodness prove !  
And though no other help appear,  
Reveal Thy Face in Love !
- 5 Lord ! other helpers I have none !  
Do Thou the battle fight !  
Let not my soul appear like one,  
Whose hope is perish'd quite !
- 6 If in the night Thou give a song,  
Thine shall be all the praise ;  
Thy Children, Lord, put me among !  
I'll bless Thee all my days.

Amen.

---

CXVIII.

Therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.  
Psalm cxvi. 2.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, let me not forget  
Mercies of yesterday !  
Though unbelief would make me fret,  
Oh ! put me not away !
- 2 To-day and yesterday the same,  
Jesus, My Lord, Thou art ;  
Proclaim to me Thy *Gracious Name* !  
And dwell within my heart !
- 3 Come over ev'ry mountain, Come !  
Though they are now so high ;  
Be Thou my *All in All* ! My Home !  
I for Thy Presence sigh !

- 4 I for Thy Prefence long and mourn !  
 Thou callest mourners blest ;  
 Return ! Oh God of Love, Return !  
 Lead, guide me into Rest !

Amen.

---

CXIX.

- 1 SUBDUE, Dear Lord, my unbelief !  
 And though the lion roar,  
 Says, truly, I'm of Sinners Chief,  
 Crush his infernal pow'r !
- 2 Thy promise is to guide the meek,  
 Meekness to me afford !  
 Needy and poor, I water seek,  
 Open Thy Rivers, Lord !
- 3 Am I a brand pluck'd from the fire ?  
 Though cloth'd with raiment vile ?  
 Adorn my soul with Thine attire !  
 Let conscience see Thee smile !
- 4 I dare not let Thee go, indeed,  
 Except Thou blest my soul ;  
 My Help in ev'ry time of need !  
 Say—Go in peace—Be whole !

Amen.

---

CXX.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul.—Psalm xlii. 5.

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul ?  
 Disquieted within ?

Although thou art by nature foul,  
 Blood cleanseth from all sin.

My God, my soul is much cast down !

Yet I'll remember still,

Thy mercies unto me made known

At *Sion's Little Hill*.

- 3 Health of my count'nance, and my God,  
Give me a song of praise!  
And though I feel Thy chast'ning rod,  
I'll bless Thee all my days.
- 4 Where is thy God, faith unbelief,  
And many other foes;  
Roar loud, and cry, there's no relief,  
And thus increase my woes!
- 5 Thy waves, Thy billows, over me  
In awful storms are gone;  
Thy Loving-kindness let me see,  
I cry to Thee alone!

---

CXXI.

Pfalm xlii. 7, 8.

- 1 **D**EEP loudly calleth unto deep,  
Thy water spouts I hear!  
Lord! Thou canst me in safety keep,  
When ev'ry danger's near.
- 2 Command Thy Loving-kindness Lord!  
Sweet Day-time let me prove;  
And in the night Thy Song afford,  
Of Thine unchanging Love!
- 3 My God! My Rock! Forget me not,  
While mourning thus I go;  
Oh! Tell me I am not forgot,  
But shall deliv'rance know.
- 4 Thy Light, Thy Truth, Oh send them out,  
And lead me to Thy Hill;  
Thy praise I'll sing—Thy praises shout,  
My earthen vessel fill!

God of my Life! my prayer to Thee  
 Shall ev'ry night ascend;  
 Thy Song shall also be with me,  
 To hear me condescend!  
 Amen.

---

CXXII.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the  
 upright in heart—Psalm xcvi. 11.

TO me, Dear Jesus, make it known,  
 That Light is for the righteous sown;  
 Make plain this Mystery to me,  
 That I am Righteousness in Thee!

Gladness for souls upright in heart,  
 Is also sown—They know the smart  
 Of heavy laden souls indeed,  
 But Jesus did for sinners bleed.

The lowest soul is most upright,  
 The broken heart is Thy delight,  
 Melt mine, Dear Saviour, let me know,  
 How far to meet me Grace can go!

Help me to sing—"Come here and see  
 "What Christ can do—Hath done for me;"  
 Thy Loving-kindness thus proclaim;  
 Merciful, Gracious, is Thy Name!

Open mine heart, mine ears, mine eyes,  
 Unto salvation make me wise!  
 Increase communion with Thee, Lord,  
 And Gladness to my heart afford!

Amen.

## CXXIII.

1 Timothy i. 16.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns!—And all His Will  
He will perform?—Let earth be still!  
Lord make Thy worm a *pattern*, then,  
To shew what Grace can do for men!
- 2 A *pattern* of Long-suff'ring Love,  
The *chief* of sinners then shall prove;  
It fully shall in me be seen,  
For none more vile than me hath been.
- 3 Thy patience, Lord, I long have try'd,  
Beyond what many could beside;  
But God the chief of sinners spares,  
And mercy's uttermost declares!
- 4 Almighty, wonder-working Grace!  
Who choosest things most vile and base,  
Make me a *pattern*!—In me shew,  
What mercy infinite can do!
- 5 Of sinners chief—a *pattern* here!  
Let Loving-kindness cast out fear!  
Thy Word of promise, when I'm sad;  
By Thee apply'd—can make me glad.

## CXXIV.

Psalm lxxx. 7.--17--19.

- 1 **T**URN us again, Lord God of Hosts!  
And cause thy Face to shine!  
Salvation in Thee let me boast,  
Be this Salvation mine!
- 2 If bread of tears must be our food,  
In measure great our drink;  
Although to bear the yoke is good,  
Support me lest I sink!



And if we must be made a strife,  
Unto our neighbours too!  
Give me to live that hidden life,  
Known to Thy chosen few!

If enemies must laugh among  
Themselves, and us deride!  
Give faith support, if not a song,  
And keep me near Thy Side!

Amen.

---

## CXXV.

LORD! shut not out my feeble prayer,  
Oh God of Hosts, Return!  
Upon Thee bid me cast my care,  
When I in darkness mourn!

Oh lay Thine Hand upon the Man—  
The Man of Thy Right Hand!  
Thou mad'st Him strong for *Thee*—He can  
For *me* in Judgment stand.

Thou mad'st Him strong to bear the weight,  
Which Thou on Him didst lay;  
Though sin's account was very great,  
He ev'ry mite did pay.

If Thou on Jesus lay Thine Hand,  
We'll not go back from Thee;  
Without a spot, we then shall stand,  
From ev'ry blemish free.

Dear Jesus! Thou art All in All!  
Revive my feeble frame!  
Quicken my soul!—Then I shall call  
Upon Thy Holy Name!

Amen.

## CXXVI.

Psalm xl. 11.

- 1 **W**ITHHOLD not Thou Thy Mercies, Lord,  
From me a sinful worm !  
Thy Loving-kindnesses afford,  
And save me from the storm.
- 2 Innumerable evils have  
Me compassed about ;  
From all of them The Lord can save,  
Though they the lip shoot out.
- 3 If iniquities me enclose,  
Upwards I cannot look ;  
More than my hairs my inbred foes,  
My heart's of strength forsook.
- 4 Be pleas'd, O Lord, deliver me !  
To help, O Lord, make haste !  
When foes are driven back by Thee,  
I Thy salvation taste.
- 5 Let all that seek Thy Face rejoice,  
Be glad ; in Thee confide ;  
Yea, let them sing, with heart and voice,  
The Lord be magnify'd !
- 6 Let such as Thy Salvation love,  
Continually say so ;  
And when they much affliction prove,  
Great mercies let them know !  
Amen.

## CXXVII.

Psalm xl. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, Help me now, again I pray,  
Helper, Deliv'rer, come ;  
Lead me, and guide me in Thy Way,  
Conduct me safely home !

I'm poor and needy—Think on me ;

And when I feel Thy Rod,

In ev'ry trouble, near me be,

My Help! My Lord! My God!

My soul's Deliv'rer, tarry not,

Nor let me seek in vain ;

The seed of Jacob's not forgot,

When seeking Thee in pain.

If I am hungry, Give me Food ;

If thirsty, Give me Drink ;

Give me Thy Flesh—Thy precious Blood ;

Support me lest I sink !

Amen.

---

### CXXVIII.

Isaiah l. 8.

THE God that justifies is near ;

Who with Immanuel will contend ?

He saith, Let's stand together here,

For God the Lord His Help will send !

Who shall condemn Lambs of Christ's Fold ?

The moth shall eat condemners up ;

They as a garment shall wax old,

For Jesus drank the bitter Cup.

His Back He to the smiters gave,

His Cheeks to them that pluck'd off hair ;

His Face from spitting did not save,

But God the Lord made Him His Care.

Jesus could not confounded be,

Like Flint Immanuel set His Face ;

Was not asham'd upon the Tree !

His Love surmounted all disgrace.

I

- 5 The Lord God gave the Learned Tongue  
 A Word to weary souls to speak;  
 Comfort to mourners, and a song  
 Of Praise, which Blood alone could make!

Hallelujah!

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CXXIX.

Isaiah l. 10.

- 1 **P**OOOR souls in darkness, fearing God,  
 Obeying Jehovah's Servant's Voice;  
 Although you smart beneath His Rod,  
 Trust in His Name, till you rejoice!
- 2 To Jesus look—Upon Him stay!  
 Although you seem to have *no* light;  
 He brings blind sinners by a way  
 Which they know not—but he knows right.
- 3 Lord! Help me now to Thee to look!  
 And in Thy blessed Name to trust!  
 And though for sin Thou dost rebuke,  
 Raise up Thy mourners from the dust!
- 4 A just God, and a Saviour too,  
 Thou art—Besides Thee there is none;  
 Draw me to Thee, and teach me how  
 To stay myself on Thee alone!
- 5 Let all flesh know that Thou, The Lord,  
 My Saviour, My Redeemer art!  
 Stay me upon Thee! Strength afford!  
 Let Grace bind up the broken heart!

Amen.

## CXXX.

God be merciful to me a sinner—Luke xviii. 13.

**G**OD be merciful unto me,  
 Chief of sinners, vile and poor,  
 Gracious Saviour, mercy shew me;  
 Open to me Mercy's Door!  
 Numberless are inbred evils,  
 Half of them I can't express;  
 Sorely too attack'd by devils,  
 Look, Dear Lord, on my distress!  
 Thou hast bid, in days of trouble,  
 Troubled souls to call on Thee;  
 Thy sweet Words to me redouble,  
 And be glorify'd by me;  
 When Thou hast my heart enlarged,  
 Thy Commandments' Way I'll run;  
 When my burdens are discharged,  
 Then the race is soon begun.

Amen.

## CXXXI.

Song i. 4.

**D**RAW me, Jesus, I'd run faster,  
 More Thy Kindness let me taste;  
 To Thy Bosom keep me chaster,  
 By Thee let me be embrac'd!  
 Draw me closer, Draw me nearer,  
 Purify my heart by faith!  
 Make my union with Thee clearer,  
 Let me *feel* what mercy faith!  
 Lord! This one thing don't deny me,  
 In Thy House, Oh let me dwell!  
 When if troubles sorely try me,  
 I'll to Thee my sorrows tell.

- 3 In Thy Temple, when enquiring,  
 Oh! Be Thou my constant Guide!  
 More to love Thee still desiring,  
 Keep me near Thy Bleeding Side!  
 Amen.

---

 CXXXII.

Give Him no rest.

- 1 **L**ORD, if new born souls are crying,  
 Hung'ring, Thirsting after Thee;  
 On Thy precious Blood relying,  
 Refuge be Thou unto me!  
 Groans by Thee are not refused,  
 Undertake and plead my cause;  
 Answer for me, when accused,  
 Though I've broken all Thy Laws!
- 2 Thou the Law hast magnified,  
 Made it Hon'able indeed;  
 As this cannot be denied,  
 Say for me Thy Heart did bleed!  
 Ev'ry step to Glory guide me,  
 Let me find Thy Mouth most sweet!  
 Underneath Thy Garment Hide me!  
 Let me sleep at Thy Dear Feet!  
 Amen.

---

 CXXXIII.

Isaiah xliii. 25, 26.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is He that blotteth out  
 Transgressions such as mine;  
 Not for my sake, but for His own,  
 'Tis Love! 'Tis Grace divine!

Lord! Is it so?—Shall sins no more  
Remember'd be by Thee?  
Then Grace and Mercy sets Thy poor  
From condemnation free.

Enable me to eat Thy Word,  
Bid Faith stretch forth the hand;  
To put thee in rememb'rance, Lord,  
This is Thy own Command.

My sins are many, foul, and base,  
But Mercy's very great;  
Though blotting out hath taken place,  
The precious Words *repeat!*

Blood blots out sin—Grace makes it known,  
Salvation's freely giv'n;  
The Blood of God! Jehovah's Son!  
This precious Gift is Heav'n!

By faith believ'd—By faith embrac'd,  
Thy Promises are sweet;  
More of Thy Goodness let me taste,  
And sit at Thy dear Feet!

Amen.

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### CXXXIV.

Pfalm xl. 7.

IN Thy rich Volumé, Lord, I find  
Thy Fellow, and Creation's Lord,  
To do Thy Will declar'd His Mind,  
That He'd come! God! Th' Incarnate Word!  
Then help me, Lord, to Thee to look,  
Depending on Thy Spirit's Grace;  
Whene'er I open Jesus' Book,  
Reveal Thy Love in Jesus' Face!

- 3 Spirit of Christ, to me impart  
 His Grace!—His Ointment let me smell!  
 Possess my soul, and in my heart  
 Dear Jesus! by Thy Spirit dwell!  
 Amen.

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 CXXXV.

John xiv. 16.—xv. 26.—xvi. 7.

- 1 OH Righteous Father! condescend  
 To send the Comforter with speed;  
 Spirit of Jesus! Grace extend,  
 To help in ev'ry time of need!
- 2 Almighty Comforter!—Most High!  
 Within my heart in Love remain;  
 Within my conscience testify  
 That Christ, The Lamb, for me was slain!
- 3 Wash'd in His Blood, pronounce me clean,  
 This Blessing God alone can give;  
 Help me on Him alone to lean,  
 And feel, because He lives, I live!  
 Amen.

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 CXXXVI.

Isaiah xliii. 25.—xliv. 22, 23.

- 1 JEHOVAH saith, Return to me,  
 And this sweet reason gives—  
 Return, for I've redeem'd thee!  
 Returners God receives.
- 2 Transgressions blotted out begins  
 The Declaration here!  
 Thick cloud! Thy foul, thy num'rous sins,  
 Shall never more appear!



3 Sing, O ye Heav'ns, the Lord hath done  
 Whatever seem'd Him good;  
 He spared not His own dear Son,  
 Sin's blotted out with Blood!

4 Ye lower parts of earth, O shout!  
 Mountains and Forests sing!  
 Sing ev'ry Tree! Sin's blotted out!  
 By Jacob's Glorious King!

5 Jesus the Law hath magnify'd,  
 Sav'd sinner! spread His Fame;  
 The Lord Himself hath glorify'd,  
 In Israel! Praise His Name!  
 Hallelujah.

---

CXXXVII.

Ephesians vi. 8.

TO own the worst, yet hope the best,  
 Is this to be made free?  
 The Grace of Christ will bear the test,  
 For sinners vile as me!  
 Poor trembling soul! Confess the worst,  
 If worst thou canst define;  
 Justice Divine made Christ a Curse,  
 For sins as black as mine!  
 Hallelujah.

---

CXXXVIII.

Zech. xiv. 7.—Isaiah xxx. 26.

AT ev'ning time it shall be light,  
 So saith My Lord and King;  
 Then Help me, Lord, by faith to fight,  
 Till death hath lost its sting!

- 2 Thy Loving-kindness manifest,  
 Hath Jesus dy'd for me?  
 On Thy dear Bosom let me rest,  
 Oh! Draw me close to Thee!  
 Amen.

---

 CXXXIX.

Isaiah liii. 3.

- 1 **A** MAN of Sorrows was my Lord,  
 Acquainted with all grief;  
 Lord Help my soul to eat the Word!  
 Though I'm of sinners chief.
- 2 When sins upon the Lord were laid,  
 He bore them on the Tree;  
 Our sorrows carry'd—Ransom paid,  
 The lawful captive's free!
- 3 The Lord blots out, for His own sake,  
 Transgressions as a cloud;  
 Sins, as a thick cloud, Blood can make,  
 Though Satan roareth loud.
- 4 Lord! Humble me at Thy dear Feet,  
 Mercy is all Thy own;  
 Thou canst a beggar kindly meet,  
 And seat him on Thy Throne.

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 CXL.

Heb. x. 23.

- 1 **FAITHFUL** is He that promised,  
 He will do what He says,  
 We smart, then to His Throne are led,  
 The child afflicted prays.

The Lord His Word will not revoke \*,  
 Then wherefore should I doubt ?  
 The bruised reed shall not be broke,  
 Nor smoking flax put out.  
 Sin's not remember'd, faith the Lord †,  
 Nor never shall no more !  
 The Promise comfort doth afford,  
 Although the lion roar.  
 He walks about, seeks to devour ‡,  
 His darts occasion pain ;  
 Jesus applies *His* Word with pow'r,  
 Then I relief obtain !

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 CXLI.

Mark ix. 23.

ALL things are possible to those  
 Who can believe the Lord ;  
 He all our wants and weakness knows,  
 He's faithful to His Word.  
 On Him He bids us cast our care §,  
 All cares—of ev'ry kind ;  
 Till this is done, we never are  
 Unto His Will resign'd.  
 He tells us *all* things work for good ||,  
 And when we this believe ;  
 The Truth is witness'd by His Blood,  
 The Truth cannot deceive !  
 Afflictions, Crosses, cause complaint ¶,  
 He says, Pour out your heart ;  
 He giveth pow'r unto the faint,  
 And strength He doth impart \*\*.

\* Isaiah xlii. 3.      † Isaiah xliii. 25.—Heb. viii. 12.

‡ 1 Peter v. 8.      § 1 Peter v. 7.      || Romans viii. 28.

¶ Isaiah xxvi. 16.—Psalm lxii. 8.      \*\* Isaiah xl. 29.

## CXLII.

Luke xv. 8, 9, 10.

- 1 **D**EAR friends and neighbours hither come,  
 And with me bless the Lord;  
 The Shepherd brings the lost sheep home,  
 And mercy doth afford!
- 2 Rejoice with me, for I have found  
 The *piece* which I had lost!  
 My Dear Redeemer's Bowels' found  
 When I am tempest tofs'd.
- 3 One sinner mourns—Angels rejoice,  
 So saith my Lord and King;  
 Dear Jesus! Tune my heart and voice,  
 With Angels now to sing!
- 4 Thy Silver Pieces multiply,  
 Love Tokens give to me!  
 If Thou for me could'st bleed and die,  
 Oh let me live to Thee!
- Amen.

## CXLIII.

Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

- 1 **T**HE Lord God is a Sun and shield,  
 He'll Grace and Glory give;  
 Grace during war, to keep the field,  
 Glory with Him to live.
- 2 From strength to strength His chosen go,  
 In Zion they appear;  
 His Grace, His Love, they there shall know,  
 They are to Jesus dear.

Upon The Face of Christ God looks,  
And Mercy smiles on men;  
Though children's folly he rebukes,  
Yet Grace will turn again!

His Courts are amiable indeed,  
When longing souls are faint;  
'Tis there He will the hungry feed,  
And nourish ev'ry faint.

Hallelujah!

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CXLIV.

Lamentations i. 12—18.

WAS ever sorrow like to mine?  
Dear Saviour, is it Thy Design  
To hide from me Thy precious Face?  
Then sorrow must increase apace.

Lord! Help me! Unto Thee I cry!  
Come, quickly, ere Thy mourner die!  
Again Thy gracious smiles renew,  
Again to me be as the Dew!

I'm but a babe—a suckling, Lord,  
Thy consolations now afford;  
Oh! Let me suck! Be satisfy'd!  
And milk out Blood from Thy dear Side!

Thy Grace, Thy Favour, lately felt,  
Again I long for! Come, and melt  
My stony heart, and let me prove,  
Thou changest not—For God is Love!

Amen.

## CXLV.

Psalm xxxii. 8.

- 1 **G**OD saith, " I'll guide thee with mine Eye,"  
 Jehovah Jesus cannot lie;  
 But how canst Thou put *me* among  
 The children, and give me a song?
- 2 Lord, put Thy Fear within my heart!  
 And from Thee let me not depart!  
 My Father, cause me to call Thee,  
 And pleasant child do Thou call me.
- 3 Not for my sake, but for Thy own,  
 Do this, dear Lord, and make it known;  
 Then I for shame my face shall hide,  
 And humble at Thy Feet abide.
- 4 Lord! Be it so! Thy Word fulfil!  
 Make me submissive to Thy Will;  
 And when I feel returning pain,  
 Help me to cry to Thee again!  
 Amen.

## CXLVI.

Luke xxii. 44.

- 1 **I**MMANUEL sweat great drops of Blood,  
 When in the sinner's place He stood;  
 Bought rebels with the Blood of God,  
 When He alone the Wine-press trod.
- 2 Thy Feet, Dear Saviour, let me kiss,  
 Thy sorrows are a sinner's bliss;  
 Indulge my soul to mourn for Thee,  
 And feel Thy Blood was shed for me!

reveal Thy precious marred Face,  
 Thy healing Stripes let conscience trace;  
 The shame and spitting let me view,  
 And dur'd for me, and feel it true!  
 Lowliness of heart this to believe,  
 Remove and let my soul receive,  
 Such gracious Tokens of Thy Love,  
 As God gives children from above!  
 Amen.

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 CXLVII.

Romans x. 10.

A SINNER fav'd on Christ relies,  
 His Righteousness the Lord applies,  
 The heart believes to righteousness,  
 The mouth doth Righteousness confess.  
 God's precepts all are pure and right,  
 To do His Will was Christ's Delight;  
 The Law is holy, just, and good,  
 He broke the Law—Christ shed His Blood.  
 The Gospel saith—Behold the Man!  
 And, taught of God, poor sinners can  
 Look unto Jesus, and rejoice,  
 When nothing else can tune the voice!  
 The Gospel with the heart believ'd,  
 By chief of sinners Christ receiv'd,  
 His Blood and Righteousness embrac'd,  
 That God is gracious then we taste.

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 CXLVIII.

Matthew xiv. 31.

POOR little Faith!—Why dost thou doubt?  
 And cry, My prayer He shutteth out?  
 Hear what the Lord Himself doth say,  
 He bids thee without ceasing pray.

- 2 Lord! Help my soul to Thee to cry,  
Upon Thy Mercy to rely;  
Again to Thee commit my suit,  
The prayer of the poor destitute!
- 3 Thou help in trouble canst afford,  
Receive me graciously, My Lord!  
Thou say'st, Thou wilt not such despise,  
Nor cast out comers, in no wise.
- 4 Oh let my soul give Thee no rest,  
Until Thy presence prove me blest;  
Receive me graciously, and be,  
My Refuge—Hiding-place to me!
- Amen.

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 CXLIX.

Luke xviii. 1.

- 1 **CHRIST** says—"Pray always, and not faint  
Oh Lord, increase my strength!  
Thy Love no one can fully paint,  
Its height, depth, breadth, or length.
- 2 It passeth knowledge—Let me find  
And *feel* that it is so;  
Be to the chief of sinners kind,  
This Blessing let me know!
- 3 The Spirit of Adoption, Lord,  
Send down into my heart;  
This precious privilege afford,  
Nor let Him e'er depart!
- 4 Oh make me now a little child,  
Thy Love to me commend;  
I am by nature black, defil'd,  
Thy Spirit quickly send.
- Amen.



## CL.

Luke xviii. 13.

GOD be merciful unto me,  
 Chief of sinners, base and vile;  
 Gracious Saviour, mercy shew me,  
 Once again upon me smile.  
 Though sin shall not have dominion  
 Over weaklings under grace;  
 When the foe gives his opinion,  
 He says, That is not my case.  
 Dearest Lord! Hast Thou not told me,  
 Thou art He that blotteth out  
 My transgressions?—Then uphold me;  
 Of Thy Love let me not doubt!  
 When Thy mouth gave me that sweet kiss,  
 “Sin’s remembered no more;”  
 Oh, Remember—Faithful Witness!  
 Had not Justice clear’d the score?  
 Lord! Renew Thy gracious Token;  
 Speak again to my poor heart!  
 Can Thy promises be broken?  
 Wilt Thou from Thy Word depart?  
 Though Thy Ground I long encumber,  
 Yet Thou hast not cut me down;  
 And though I seem useless lumber,  
 I cannot endure Thy Frown!

## CLI.

2 Corinthians xii. 9.

CHRIST’s Grace is sufficient  
 Poor mourner for thee;  
 It is not deficient, though helpless thou be;  
 Draw near when He calls thee,

- Whate'r be thy case\* ;  
 When troubles befall thee,  
 Let Him see thy face.
- 2 Pour out thy whole heart †,  
 All mis'ries unfold ;  
 Confess ev'ry sinart,  
 Leave nothing untold ;  
 A Refuge the Lord is,  
 To mourners indeed,  
 And precious His Word is,  
 In all times of need.
- 3 Unsearchable Grace,  
 And Riches in Christ,  
 The needy may trace,  
 The poorest are nigh't ;  
 When brought low and sinking,  
 Unto Him they cry ;  
 He on them is thinking,  
 Deliv'rance is nigh.
- Hallelujah !

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 CLII.

1 Timothy, 1, 2.

- 1 **G**RACE, Mercy, and Peace,  
 Dear Father bestow ;  
 Now let faith increase,  
 In Grace let me grow !  
 Thy Grace, Love, and Favour,  
 In Mercy make known ;  
 Smell Christ a Sweet Savour,  
 And send Blessings down.

\* Psalm l. 15.      † Psalm lxii. 8.

2 The sweet peace of God  
 Doth knowledge surpass;  
 If I feel Thy Rod,  
 Let me taste Thy Grace!  
 Then tasting Thou 'rt gracious,  
 To Thee I shall come;  
 And when sin's vexatious,  
 Groan to be at Home.

3 My ignorance Lord,  
 Unspeakable 'tis;  
 Thy Wisdom afford,  
 That I may not miss  
 The prize of high calling,  
 Of God in my King!  
 But at His Feet falling,  
 His High Praises sing!

Amen.

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CLIII.

Job xxxv. 10. Psalm xlii. 3.

SONGS in the night the Lord can give,  
 Songs in the night His poor receive;  
 Songs in the night, to mourners sweet,  
 Songs in the night at Jesus' Feet.

Songs in the night God can give me,  
 Songs in the night are—Grace is free!  
 Songs in the night, when children mourn,  
 Songs in the night—He will return!

Songs in the night suit broken hearts,  
 Songs in the night when fear departs,  
 Songs in the night are, Christ is nigh!  
 Songs in the night—Heart melody!

- 4 Songs in the night to Christ are known,  
Songs in the night, when mourners groan,  
Songs in the night are, Christ hath dy'd!  
Songs in the night—Christ crucify'd!
- 

## CLIV.

- 1 SONGS in the night, in *darkest* night  
Christ says, upon Me stay;  
With Jesus' weapons faith must fight,  
And *look*, and *wait* for day.
- 2 Songs in the night, if nights are *cold*,  
All things must work for good;  
Upon the promise faith takes hold,  
And warms the heart with blood!
- 3 Songs in the night, no *stars* appear!  
The waves and billows roar!  
But Jesus doth the vessel steer,  
And faith desires no more.
- 4 Songs in the night—in *shortest* days,  
Though nights are *dark* and *long*;  
If precious faith on Jesus stays,  
My soul obtains a song.
- 5 Songs in the night—no bread is left,  
Provisions well nigh gone!  
But when of other help bereft,  
Faith feeds on Christ alone.
- 6 Songs in the night, Lighten the ship;  
Though wheat's thrown over board!  
Though Providence of all may strip!  
Faith lives upon the Lord!
- Hallelujah!

## CLV.

2 Timothy ii. 19. Job xxiii. 10.

THE Lord knows ev'ry one that's His,  
 And all the ways they take ;  
 Not one eternal Life shall miss,  
 Though many slips they make.  
 He'll never blot out of His Book  
 Souls bought with Jesus' Blood ;  
 The righteous shall not be forsook,  
 The Lord is just and good.  
 There is none righteous, no not one,  
 We all have gone astray ;  
 The way of peace we have not known,  
 It is not nature's way ;  
 But Jesus is the Righteousness  
 Of God to sinners made !  
 God sent His Son, He came to bless  
 Us—and our debts He paid !  
 Hallelujah !

## CLVI.

Job xiv. 15.

IF man die, shall he live again ?  
 Say, How can these things be ?  
 Who can bring pleasure out of pain ?  
 Lord ! This is taught by Thee.  
 All days of my appointed time  
 I'll wait till my change come ;  
 Thy blood can cleanse from ev'ry crime,  
 And Grace conduct me home.  
 Thou shalt call, and I'll answer thee,  
 The work is all Thine own ;  
 Thy Goodness Thou canst make me see,  
 When under grief I groan.

- 4 Life thou createst after death,  
 And Life eternal too;  
 And ev'ry new created breath  
 Doth Thy Salvation shew.

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 CLVII.

Psalm xli. 10.

- 1 **B**E still, my soul—Know Christ is God,  
 Christ, hung upon the Tree!  
 He purchas'd sinners with His Blood,  
 The Church of God is free.
- 2 I am a sinner vile, 'tis true,  
 But though of sinners chief,  
 All my transgressions Jesus know,  
 When blood obtain'd relief.
- 3 He blotted out transgressions when  
 Upon the Cross He hung;  
 Be still, my soul, Look up again!  
 His praises shall be sung.
- 4 Lord! Let me glory in Thy Cross!  
 Close to thy Side be kept!  
 All things besides are dung and dross,  
 Let all away be swept!

Amen.

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 CLVIII.

Heb. x. 9.

- 1 **A**LL Righteousness did Christ fulfil,  
 For sinners liv'd and dy'd;  
 To do His Heav'nly Father's Will,  
 Jesus was crucify'd!

- 2 It was Jehovah on Him laid  
All our iniquities!  
For sin His Soul an off'ring made,  
Hence all our mercies rise.
- 3 Manasseh, Magdalene, The Thief,  
Yea, persecuting Saul,  
Chosen of God, Though sinners chief,  
Approach \* his Throne they shall.
- 4 My soul! Let Jesus hear *thy* voice!  
He says, Look and be fav'd!  
If thou approach Him, 'tis His choice,  
Thou on His Hands art 'grav'd!  
Hallelujah!

## CLIX.

1 John ii. 12.

- 1 DEAR little Children, unto you  
The Holy Ghost doth speak;  
Your sins forgiven are 'tis true,  
Only for Christ's Name's sake.
- 2 Though babes, the Father ye have known,  
Though little children still;  
Young Men and Fathers stronger grown,  
You know the Father's Will.
- 3 Let therefore that in you abide,  
Which from the first you heard;  
Nothing shall ever you divide  
From Jesus lov'd and fear'd.
- 4 The unction from the Holy One  
Within your heart resides;  
Teaching from man *alone* seek none,  
The Holy Spirit guides.

\* Psalm lxxv. 4.

## CLX.

Isaiah xliii. 25.—xliv. 22.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH's He that blotteth out  
Thy foul transgressions as a cloud;  
As a thick cloud thy sins, though doubt  
Spring up, and Satan roareth loud.
- 2 Not for thy sake, but for His own,  
The Lord this mercy to thee shews;  
His Love to thee He thus makes known,  
His Favour to thy soul renews.
- 3 He will remember sins no more,  
Though thou abhor thyself for them;  
Although the adversary roar,  
The God of Grace will not condemn.  
And will the Mighty God Most High  
Dwell with poor contrite hearts on earth?  
Draw me, Dear Saviour! Bring me nigh!  
More let me shew thy praises forth!  
Amen.

## CLXI.

Song vi. 13.—vide also, Living Testimonies, p. 123.  
Published by Mr. Huntington.

**L**OVE Tokens are from Jesus' Mouth,  
Sweet Promises apply'd;  
Embraces warm, breath'd from the south,  
Free converse with His bride.  
Withdrawings, Silence, and Reserve,  
To Jealousy provoke;  
Then who can be content to starve?  
Though anger may not smoke.



- 3 Love Tokens, when they are renew'd,  
Doubtful suspicions check;  
And mutual satisfaction shew'd,  
Cause sleepy Lips to speak.
- 4 Unparallel'd indulgences  
Can't brook soul-cutting flights;  
Yet where's the soul that don't feel this,  
In dark and gloomy nights!
- 5 In frequent visits—Christ is nigh,  
Smiles from the Mercy-Seat;  
Yet oft again, He *seemeth* shy,  
Till we our groans repeat.
- 6 Sweet union, when experienced,  
We cry—Our Mountain's strong;  
He hides His Face!—Our comfort's fled!  
And then we cry—How long?
- 7 Whenever absence taketh place,  
Banquets of Wine are gone!  
Waters of Marah flow apace,  
And Lamentation's known!
- 8 The best House-keeping sometimes proves  
The Bridegroom is at Home;  
But though His Bride He dearly loves,  
Yet fasting times will come.
- 9 Sweet Harmony is known, and Love,  
And strong contention too;  
The *Better* and the *Worse* we prove,  
And find the Record true.

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 CLXII.

2 Cor. iv. 16, 17, 18.

1 **T**HOUGH our outward man do perish,  
Christ don't suffer us to faint;  
Day by Day renew'd, He'll cherish,  
Th' inward man of ev'ry saint;

For we know our light affliction  
Is but for a moment sent;  
Ev'ry rod, by His Direction,  
Sweetly speaks—and says—Repent.

- 2 Light afflictions work out glory,  
Though we worthless worms have been;  
Glory weighty—not a story,  
While we look not at what's seen.  
Precious faith (one grain can do it)  
Looks to Jesus Christ for *all*!  
Life eternal's His, we know it,  
And for this we groan and call!

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CLXIII.

1 Corinthians i. 23.

- 1 **WE** preach Christ Jesus crucify'd,  
A stumbling block to Jews;  
Mere foolishness to human pride,  
To sinners sav'd—Good News!
- 2 Christ Jesus crucify'd we preach,  
To broken hearts 'tis sweet;  
Christ crucify'd can sinners teach  
Where mercy they can meet.
- 3 Christ crucify'd—The Mercy Seat  
From which Jehovah speaks;  
Sinners to Golgotha retreat,  
He loves the heart He breaks.
- 4 Under His shadow sinners sit,  
His Banner o'er them Love!  
'Tis so because God sees it fit,  
This poorest sinners prove!
- Hallelujah!

## CLXIV.

1 Peter ii. 7.

TO souls that believe,  
 How precious is Christ !  
 He'll sinners receive,  
 Bring farthest off nigh't !  
 Where much is forgiven,  
 He'll make them love much ;  
 He'll take them to heaven,  
 Though he scourgeth such.

This precious Day's Man  
 In our place did stand !  
 On both parties can,  
 And doth lay His Hand ;  
 The Work undertaken,  
 He finish'd indeed ;  
 Not one is forsaken  
 For whom He did bleed !

His most precious Blood,  
 Redeemed His Sheep ;  
 The Blessed Lamb stood,  
 In Floods that were deep !  
 From vain conversation,  
 By Blood He doth save  
 His own Holy Nation,  
 They Heaven shall have.

Hallelujah !

## CLXV.

1 Cor. i. 21.

BY the foolishness of preaching  
 God saves them that do believe ;  
 And The Holy Spirit's Teaching  
 Never will nor can deceive.

L

- When the Gospel is proclaimed,  
 By Ambassadors of peace ;  
 Jesus' precious Name is named,  
 And the Lord gives the increase.
- 2 Words apply'd by God the Spirit,  
 To the hungry thirsty soul ;  
 Groaning under sins demerit,  
 He'll on Christ his burdens roll ;  
 Then he cries " at Christ's feet lay me !  
 " No where else can I find rest !"  
 Let me trust Him, though He slay me !  
 How to help me He knows best.
- 3 Though He slay me, I'll trust in Him,  
 Is repeated o'er and o'er ;  
 All else loss, if I but win him,  
 He to Heaven is the door !  
 By This Door poor sinners enter,  
 Into God's dear fold of sheep ;  
 Lord ! Remove all *peradventure* !  
 Me receive, and safely keep !

Amen.

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 CLXVI.

Isaiah xxvii.

- 1 JESUS says, He will watch over,  
 Keep His vineyard night and day ;  
 With His Feathers Children cover,  
 And keep evil far away.  
 Though, at times, He seem to leave them,  
 'Tis to shew them what's within ;  
 He'll return—He'll not deceive them,  
 Nor shall hell the victory win.

If they cry—My time's departed \*,  
 I am cut off from His sight!  
 He relieves the broken hearted,  
 Ten degrees sends back the light †!  
 But if strangers come enquiring,  
 Why the sun's returned back;  
 Oh take heed, lest vain aspiring,  
 Should again the conscience rack!  
 Flesh seducing worldly treasures  
 Shew their vanities amain!  
 But the world's deceitful pleasures,  
 Only can redouble pain!  
 Then from God some faithful message,  
 To ourselves our hearts makes known;  
 This discover'd 'tis a presage,  
 He'll correct—Though not disown ‡!

## CLXVII.

1 Timothy i. 15.

SOME of thy children, Lord, have thought  
 That they of sinners chief have been;  
 But I believe my soul is taught,  
 That I'm the worst that e'er was seen.  
 None but Thyself can search the heart,  
 None but The Lord the reins can try!  
 None but Thyself could e'er impart  
 One ray of Hope, to bring me nigh.  
 And could Jehovah say to *me*  
 I blot out sins for mine own sake!  
 Then 'tis a proof that Grace is free!  
 He from the dust the poor can take!

\* Isaiah xxxviii.

† Isaiah xxxix.

‡ Leviticus xxvi. 44—45.

- 4 Dear Jesus! Keep my spirit chaste  
 To Thy dear side! There let me find  
 The Fountain open'd—And there taste  
 That Thou art gracious, loving, kind!  
 Amen and Amen!

## CLXVIII.

2 Cor. xii. 9. 1 Peter ii. 3.

- 1 **I**S Grace sufficient, Lord, for me?  
 Then Grace is infinite!  
 Let me find Grace, dear Lord, with Thee!  
 Mercy is Thy Delight \*.
- 2 Oh keep me humble—Keep me low!  
 But let me not repine!  
 Mercy on me freely bestow!  
 The Glory shall be Thine!
- 3 My wants and weakness much increase,  
 Reveal Thy Gracious Face!  
 More let me know of Christ my peace!  
 More let me taste Thy Grace.
- 4 And when I taste Thou gracious art,  
 Oh! Let me not forget  
 Thy Benefits! but with my heart,  
 Thy throne again beset!

Amen.

## CLXIX.

Romans xi. 5. ix. 11—16.

- 1 **E**LECTION of Grace,  
 Make known to me, Lord!  
 Oh! Help me to trace,  
 Thy *Love* in Thy Word.

\* Micah vii. 18.

Grace is independent,  
 Election is free !  
 Am I of Thy Remnant ?  
 Hast Thou chosen me ?

2 Election contains  
 The whole of God's heart \*,  
 Election obtains  
 What no one can part ;  
 God's Love in Christ Jesus,  
 In *time* 'tis made known ;  
 Sin, Satan, may seize us,  
 God rescues His own !

3 God's choice did precede  
*All* works, bad or good !  
 Foresaw each misdeed,  
*All* was understood ;  
 Yet goodness prevailing,  
 Before man was made,  
 Provided for failing,  
 And chose Christ our head !

4 Election chose Christ †,  
 For sinners to die !  
 Who'rt thou that reply'st  
 Against the Most High ?  
 If He the clay taketh,  
 And from the same pit,  
 Such vessels He maketh  
 As to Him seems fit.

5 Give diligence then ‡,  
 And unto Him groan ;  
 Groans He'll not condemn,  
 The Grace is His own ;

Jeremiah xxxii. 33. 41. † Isaiah xlii. 3. ‡ 2 Peter i. 10.

Lord! Help *me* to trace Thee!  
 Upon Thee I call!  
 Dear Saviour, Embrace me!  
 Then I shall not fall!

Hallelujah!

## CLXX.

Pfalm cxxi. 4.

- 1 **I**SRUEL's Keeper will not slumber,  
 He that guards us never sleeps;  
 Though I seem but useleſs lumber,  
 Night and day my ſoul he keeps.  
 Gracious Saviour, haſt Thou lov'd me  
 With an everlaſting love \*?  
 Then, though treach'rous Thou haſt prov'd me,  
 I muſt Loving-kindneſs prove.
- 2 Lord! Thy Thoughts are not like my thoughts †  
 Nor are my ways like to Thine;  
 Elſe forgiveness ne'er in Thy Thoughts,  
 Could be found for ſins like mine;  
 But as Heav'ns than earth are higher,  
 And as mercy's Thy Delight;  
 Draw me, Jeſus! Bring me nigher!  
 What Thou doſt is always right.
- 3 Thou canſt ſpeak a word in ſeaſon ‡  
 Unto ev'ry weary ſoul;  
 Over-rule my carnal reaſon!  
 Cleanſe the leper, if he's foul!  
 Speak, Dear Saviour, kindly to me!  
 Say, in Thee I am all fair!  
 Though I'm black when others view me,  
 Bid me caſt on Thee my care!

Amen.

\* Jeremiah xxxi. 3. † Iſaiah lv. 8—9. ‡ Iſaiah l. 4.



## CLXXI.

2 Corinthians xii. 9.

**I**S Grace sufficient, Lord, for me ?  
 Then Grace is infinite in Thee !  
 Am I not cast out from Thy sight ?  
 Then Mercy, Lord, is Thy Delight !  
 Grace, Mercy, Peace, Dear Lord are Thine,  
 In Mercy then upon me shine !  
 Be Thou my Peace !—Wash'd in Thy Blood,  
 Then Peace with God is understood.  
 My soul, why art thou thus cast down ?  
 To Jesus make thy sorrows known ;  
 Grace is sufficient, Jesus saith !  
 Almighty Lord ! Increase my faith !  
 Thy Strength in weakness is display'd,  
 Have sins upon my Lord been laid !  
 Then let me not in darkness grope !  
 Lord Jesus Christ ! Be Thou my Hope !  
 Amen.

## CLXXII.

**G**RACE sufficient is a sweet song,  
 When the Lord says, 'tis for thee ;  
 Grace sufficient is a meet song,  
 For a sinner vile as me.  
 Grace sufficient, beyond measure !  
 Height, and Depth, and Breadth, and Length !  
 Grace sufficient ! Christ my Treasure !  
 Christ my Righteousness, and Strength !  
 Grace ! The Corner Stone is tried !  
 Grace the Top-stone ! Grace alone !  
 Grace in sinners magnified,  
 Grace to chief of sinners shown !

Sinners sing! The Lord is gracious!  
 Beggars cry! Give Him no rest!  
 Grace, beyond all thought is spacious!  
 Deepest debtors know it best!  
 Hallelujah!

## CLXXIII.

- 1 **G**RACE sufficient's always ready,  
 In temptation to sustain;  
 I am feeble, weak, unsteady,  
 Grace sufficient doth remain.  
 If I cry, I am forsaken!  
 Groaning is by Jesus heard;  
 Grace sufficient—sense mistaken,  
 When forsaking most is fear'd.
- 2 Grace sufficient speaks to mourners;  
 Unto sinners vile and base,  
 To backsliders, if returners,  
 Grace sufficient suits each case.  
 Grace sufficient, no beginning  
 Ever knew, nor never ends;  
 Though I ev'ry day am sinning,  
 Grace abounds, and Love commends \*!  
 Hallelujah!

## CLXXIV.

- 1 **G**RACE sufficient, Grace abounding,  
 E'er the world's foundation's laid;  
 Grace sufficient—hell confounding,  
 E'er man was a captive made!  
 Grace sufficient—Grace was given;  
 When the time was fully come,  
 God sent forth His Son from Heaven,  
 To seek and bring rebels home.
- \* God commendeth His love unto us, Romans v. 8.

Grace sufficient humbles mortals,  
Lays them low at Jesus' Feet ;  
Grace sufficient opens portals,  
Where the Lord doth sinners meet !  
Grace sufficient keeps us humble,  
Grace can crush the foot of pride ;  
Grace upholdeth when we stumble,  
Grace sufficient is our Guide !  
Hallelujah !

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## CLXXV.

GRACE sufficient keeps us crying,  
When the days of trouble come ;  
Keeps the troubled soul relying  
On the Lord till called home.  
Grace sufficient never sleepeth,  
But is watchful every hour ;  
Grace sufficient safely keepeth,  
Else the lion would devour.  
Grace sufficient's never weary,  
Though the night is sometimes long ;  
Though the wilderness be dreary  
Grace sufficient gives a song.  
Grace sufficient teacheth leaning  
On the Dear Redeemer's Breast ;  
Then, by Grace, the soul is weaning,  
From this world—'Tis not our rest.

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## CLXXVI.

GRACE sufficient, God's own option,  
Calls, and makes poor sinners hear ;  
Gives the Spirit of Adoption,  
In due season brings them near.

- Grace sufficient, by the Spirit,  
 Dwells in sinners broken hearts ;  
 Grace alone and not man's merit,  
 This rich privilege imparts.
- 2 Grace sufficient heals backsliding,  
 When like sheep we run astray ;  
 Grace sufficient, still presiding,  
 Brings us back, and marks the way !  
 Grace sufficient persevering,  
 Loving loves us to the end ;  
 Grace sufficient is endearing,  
 Grace can iron sinews bend !

Hallelujah.

---

CLXXVII.

- 1 **G**RACE sufficient knoweth all things,  
 And declares they work for good ;  
 Sense and reason may miscale things,  
 But by Grace they're understood.  
 Grace sufficient says, as days are  
 So our strength shall also be ;  
 Grace sufficient says God's ways are  
 Not like our's, and Grace is free.
- 2 Grace sufficient can support us,  
 When of means we seem bereft ;  
 Rods and crosses cannot hurt us,  
 While of Grace we are not left.  
 Grace sufficient calls death sleeping,  
 And makes sleep in Jesus sweet ;  
 Grace sufficient safely keeping,  
 Till the warfare is complete.

Hallelujah.

## CLXXVIII.

My Strength is made perfect in weakness, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 **C**HRIST's strength's perfect made in weakness,

Yet I'm discontent when weak ;

Christ is health to souls in sickness,

Yet I pine when I am sick !

Christ prevents the thorn from fest'ring,

Yet I want it taken out ;

I for ease myself am pest'ring,

Jesus says—Why dost thou doubt ?

2 Dearest Lord, Grace is sufficient,

Thou hast often told me so ;

Let not my faith be deficient !

More of Thy Strength let me know !

In Thee, though in tribulation,

Let me glory—not repine !

Trust in Thee in ev'ry station,

Trust to Thy Strength, not to mine !

Amen.

## CLXXIX.

Jeremiah ii. 31.

**H**ATH God e'er been a wilderness

To Israel or his seed ?

No, He's in ev'ry soul distress,

Their Help in time of need.

When I am barren, dark as night,

To whom shall I complain ?

If loathsome too, in my own sight,

To whom reveal my pain ?

To whom can I go ?—Gracious God !

In Christ alone is fruit ;

Then though I feel Thy chast'ning Rod,

To Thee I make my suit.

- 4 My God! Thy Goodness let me prove! \*  
 Me let it pass before!  
 Proclaim thy Name!—Thy Name is Love!  
 Thy Love let me adore!
- 5 Asham'd, confounded, for my ways, †  
 I am, indeed, my Lord!  
 Mercy alone shall have the praise,  
 Mercy to me afford!

Amen.

## CLXXX.

Song i. 2.

- 1 **W**ITH Thy mouth, Dear Jesus, Kiss me!  
 For Thy Love exceedeth Wine!  
 Though correction must not miss me,  
 Never let my soul repine!  
 Thine is everlasting favour,  
 And no variation knows;  
 Thy Good Ointment's precious favour  
 From Thy Bleeding Bosom flows!
- 2 Oh Give Thy poor beggar power,  
 With Thee at Thy Throne to plead!  
 Be my hiding place, my Tower,  
 Refuge in all times of need.  
 Let not unbelief distress me!  
 Lord! I dare not let Thee go!  
 Nor cease crying till Thou bless me,  
 And rebuke the subtil foe!
- 3 Bless me with a contrite spirit,  
 Sweet adoption let me prove;  
 Resting wholly on Christ's merit,  
 Let me feel that God is Love!

\* Exodus xxxiii. 19.

† Ezekiel xxxvi. 32.

Out before Thee my heart pouring,  
Near Thee let my soul abide !  
Though the Heavens may seem low'ring,  
Let not clouds from Thee divide !

Amen.

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CLXXXI.

Romans v. 8.

**G**OD His Love to us commendeth,  
Grace and Love are magnify'd,  
While we're sinners, Jesus sendeth,  
And for sinners Jesus dy'd !  
Enemies thus reconciled,  
Justified by His Blood ;  
Principalities are spoiled,  
Christ in sinners place hath stood !  
Sinners sav'd from wrath through Jesus,  
Reconciled by His Death ;  
His atonement doth release us,  
When it is receiv'd by faith.  
Lord ! Pour out Thy Holy Spirit  
Into every longing soul !  
Now apply Immanuel's merit !  
Blood can bleeding hearts console !  
And although Thy Law did enter,  
That offence might much abound ;  
Help me on Thy Love to venture !  
Grace much more than sin is found !  
Though sin unto death hath reigned,  
Grace reigns to eternal Life !  
Oh let Grace, through faith unfeigned,  
Purge from unbelieving strife !

Amen.

M

## CLXXXII.

1 Timothy i. 2.

- 1 **G**RACE, Mercy, Peace, Christians, to you,  
From God the Father sent;  
And from the dear Lord Jesus too,  
The Temple's Vail is rent!
  - 2 Grace, Mercy, Peace, all work for good,  
And all their blessings flow,  
Through the rich Fountain of Christ's Blood,  
No other Way they know.
  - 3 Grace, Mercy, Peace, Lord, give to me!  
The vilest of the vile!  
Though I the chief of sinners be,  
Grace, Mercy, Peace, can smile!
  - 4 Grace, Mercy, Peace, can sinners reach,  
Meet them who are far off;  
Grace, Mercy, Peace, God's Heralds preach,  
Though Satan's preachers scoff.
  - 5 Though dead in sin, corrupt in heart,  
And blinded are our eyes;  
Grace quickens sinners, makes us smart,  
Then Mercy, Peace, we prize.
- Hallelujah!

## CLXXXIII.

- 1 **G**RACE, Mercy, Peace, do Glory bring  
To God upon the Throne;  
Grace, Mercy, Peace, poor sinners sing!  
This Song to them is known!
- 2 'Tis Grace alone, that Mercy sends,  
Plucks brands out of the fire;  
Mercy to sinners, Grace extends,  
Then Peace is our desire.



Jesus hath dy'd, Grace faith He lives,  
 Mercy to Jesus guides;  
 Peace in the conscience Jesus gives,  
 Salvation there abides.  
 Grace, Mercy, shew that Christ is Peace,  
 Sinners the Truth receive;  
 Then cry—Oh Lord! my faith increase!  
 So soon as they believe!  
 Grace, Mercy, Peace, bring sinners nigh,  
 And groans to Christ are sweet;  
 Lord! Help *me* louder yet to cry,  
 When hind'rances I meet!  
 Hallelujah!

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 CLXXXIV.

Romans viii. 28.

ALL things together work for good,  
 To sinners bought with Jesus' Blood;  
 Lord! on Thee let me cast my care!  
 Be sober, and watch unto prayer!  
 If more of self I yet must know,  
 In self abasement keep me low!  
 But help me then to Thee to groan!  
 And leave me not to pine alone!  
 If in Thine House I'm seeking Thee,  
 Christ in His Temple let me see!  
 Enquiring there, Oh let me find  
 Thy gracious Ear to me inclin'd!  
 Support me! Let me hear Thee say,  
 Strength shall be always as my day!  
 Tell me my soul hath nought to dread,  
 Let Loving kindness pave the Bed!

- 5 Lord Jesus! Guide me with Thine Eye,  
 Left sin and satan should decoy!  
 Oh! keep me from the fowler's snare!  
 And make my feeble soul Thy care!  
 Amen.
- 

## CLXXXV.

1 Corinthians ii. 2.

- 1 CHRIST crucify'd is all I need,  
 This was the great Apostle's creed;  
 For this the bleeding conscience pants,  
 And this is all the sinner wants.
- 2 Lord Jesus! Could'st Thou die for *me*?  
 For *me* embrace the cursed Tree?  
 For *me* be made a Lump of sin?  
 Open thy side! and take me in!
- 3 Hast Thou for *me* prepar'd a place?  
 Unsearchable indeed is Grace!  
 Rebuke the adversary, Lord!  
 Lift up Thy Standard, Keep Thy Word!
- 4 Unto Thy Throne give me access!  
 Adorn me with Thy Righteousness!  
 Receive me graciously, and say  
 That Thou dost hate putting away!  
 Amen.
- 

## CLXXXVI.

1 Peter i. 6.

- 1 TEMPTATION's path the pilgrim goes,  
 And manifold they are;  
 How to deliver Jesus knows,  
 Then to His Throne repair.

n troubles God faith, "call on me \*!"

Make all thy sorrows known!

He says, "I will deliver thee!"

He hears the pris'ner groan.

Watch unto prayer—Be sober too †,

And for deliv'rance hope;

The word of promise must be true,

Though we in darkness grope.

Lord! Let me now pour out my heart †!

My groaning don't despise!

In *all points* Thou hast suffer'd smart!

And Thou canst sympathize!

The adversary walks about §,

Seeks whom he may devour;

Lift up Thy standard! Keep him out!

For Thou alone hast pow'r!

Amen.

# CLXXXVII.

Acts xv. 9.

**L**ORD! Purify my heart by faith!

By faith that is in Thee!

What my Lord to His servant saith,

In Love make known to me!

Why am I yet on praying ground?

Why am I not cut down?

Lord, let me hear Thy Bowels sound!

Upon me do not frown!

I chief of sinners am, I know,

Oh! wretched, wretched man!

But unto whom should sinners go?

If Christ *will* help, He *can*.

† Psalm l. 15.

† 2 Peter iv. 7.

† Psalm lxii. 8.

§ 1 Peter v. 8.

- 4 Lord! Help me then to Thee to cry!  
 Reveal Thy gracious Face!  
 At Thy dear Feet I needs must lie,  
 Until I taste Thy Grace.
- 5 Discouragement indeed I find,  
 The foe says, where's thy God!  
 Yet if Thou wilt to me be kind,  
 I'll bless Thee for Thy Rod!
- Amen.

## CLXXXVIII.

I Chronicles xvii. 5.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's God from Egypt brought  
 His chosen Jacob's seed;  
 None of the Judges e'er were taught  
 That God a House did need.
- 2 With them He walked, with them went,  
 Watched o'er them night and day;  
 If they must go from tent to tent,  
 Jehovah walk'd that way!
- 3 No house of Cedars did He seek,  
 My soul, remember this!  
 The Lord of Life is lowly, meek,  
 And beggars He can kiss!
- 4 Though Great and Terrible's His Name,  
 And Egypt found it so;  
 To seek the blind, the halt, the lame,  
 Immanuel stoopeth low!
- 5 A Shepherd, David's Lord and Son  
 Became, and counted cost;  
 By Him His Father's will was done,  
 He seeks and saves the lost!
- Hallelujah!

## CLXXXIX.

1 Samuel ii. 1.

**L**ORD, Give Thy beggar Hannah's song,  
 To sing to Thee with heart and voice!  
 Exalt my Horn! and make it strong!  
 In Thee, my Rock, let me rejoice!  
 I've stumbled long, Gird me with strength!  
 From earthly toys let hunger cease!  
 Let me be brought to live at length  
 Upon Thy Word! My faith increase!  
 Barren I long enough have been!  
 Make marriage union with Thee clear!  
 Let fruitfulness, dear Lord, be seen;  
 And seven let the barren bear!  
 Amen.

## CXC.

1 Samuel ii. 6.

**J**EHOVAH kills, and makes alive,  
 Brings down, and bringeth up;  
 Eternal Life is Thine to give,  
 Be Thou alone my Hope!  
 Raise up thy poor from nature's dust,  
 Lift up Thy beggar too!  
 Upon Thy Throne set them Thou must,  
 For all Thy words are true!  
 Inheritance unto me grant!  
 Grace is Thy glorious Throne!  
 Thou keep'st the feet of ev'ry saint,  
 They all to Thee are known.

## CXCI.

Pſalm xlii. 3—10.

- 1 IF Jeſus ſuffers me to droop,  
The foe ſays where's your God ;  
To me, Almighty Saviour ſtoop !  
If I muſt feel Thy Rod.
- 2 Though I may ſay, my way is hid,  
My judgment paſſed o'er ;  
Deſpair in trouble, Lord, forbid !  
Be Thou my Hiding Tow'r !
- 3 The hidings of Thy precious Face,  
Are terrible indeed !  
Renew the tokens of Thy Grace !  
Oh ! Turn again with ſpeed !
- 4 Forſaken was Thy bitter cry,  
When dying on the Tree ;  
To Thee for refuge, Lord, I fly,  
Did'ſt Thou not die for me ?
- 5 Oh ! Shew to me Thy Printed Hands !  
Reveal Thy Wounded ſide !  
More let me feel Thy Loving Bands !  
And ſafe in Thee abide !

Amen.

## CXCII.

Romans vii. 19.

- 1 EVIL I would not, yet I do it,  
Good I would, but cannot do !  
Paul knew this, and if I know it,  
I my conflicts then may ſhew.  
Sin, I find, within me dwelleth,  
What I would not do ſin does ;  
He that feels the conflict telleth  
What's within, and mourning goes.

If I feel that I am wretched,  
 Paul felt this as well as me;  
 From within his groans were fetched,  
 Yet deliv'ed Paul shall be.  
 Lord! I beg the same sweet Blessing!  
 Thou canst make Thy mourners sing!  
 Though sin is my soul distressing!  
 Jesus can deliv'rance bring!  
 Lord! Thou hast the vict'ry gained,  
 For such wretched souls as mine!  
 Tell me what Thou hast obtained,  
 Shall be mine as well as Thine!  
 Oh! Enable me to hold Thee  
 Fast, and never let Thee go!  
 But by faith and prayer enfold Thee,  
 'Till Thou blest, and tell me so!  
Amen.

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### CXCIII.

Genesis xviii. 14. Jeremiah xxxii. 27.

**A**LMIGHTY Lord! God of all flesh,  
 Immanuel is Thy Name;  
 Thou canst the feeblest soul refresh,  
 Put unbelief to shame!  
 Is any thing for Thee too hard?  
 Thou dost the Question ask;  
 But Satan, who the vessel marr'd,  
 Sets unbelief the task.  
 Too hard for Thee?—Lord! Ask again!  
 And for Thyself reply!  
 If conscience bleed—Purge out all stain!  
 Christ did for sinners die!

- 4 If servile fear arise from guilt,  
 Jesus can make me free !  
 For chief of sinners blood was spilt,  
 'Tis not too hard for Thee !  
 Hallelujah !
- 

## CXCIV.

- 1 **G**OD of all flesh ! Incarnate Word !  
 Made Flesh with us to dwell !  
 Thy Blessing to my heart afford !  
 Thy Love in me reveal !
- 2 To take my nature ! Flesh become !  
 And for poor sinners bleed !  
 May seem impossible to some,  
 But 'tis a sinner's creed !
- 3 O'er me to watch, year after year,  
 And gracious wait to be !  
 Then Mercy shew, and bring me near,  
 Is not too hard for Thee !
- 4 Though unbelief, and nature's pride,  
 To this would not submit ;  
 Grace can subdue—The spoil divide !  
 And Jesus sees it fit !  
 Amen.
- 

## CXCV.

Isaiah xlix. 7. Mark xv. 29.

- 1 **J**ESUS was despis'd by scorners,  
 Satan doth the proud deceive ;  
 But poor souls, in secret corners,  
 Jesus can and will receive.



If the Holy Ghost's anointing  
 Makes the soul take up the Cross,  
 'Tis the Way of God's appointing,  
 All things else are dung and dross.  
 God hath said, I will uphold thee,  
 With my Right Hand's Righteousness;  
 But when by the Spirit told thee,  
 Satan will his rage express.  
 Michael mock'd when David danced,  
 But her pride was soon cast down;  
 God's Beloved He advanced,  
 From the shepcote to a Crown!  
 Jesus! merciful and gracious,  
 Be Thy sufferings my relief!  
 Thy dear Name is very precious,  
 To a soul of sinners chief!  
 Take away all iniquity!  
 Slaughter'd Lamb, Thou learnedst how;  
 When in Love, and in Thy pity,  
 Thou Thy dying Head didst bow!  
 Hallelujah!

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 CXCVI.

Mark xv. 28.

CHRIST was number'd with transgressors,  
 And the Scripture was fulfill'd;  
 If of Him we are possessors,  
 Then upon the Rock we build.  
 Nature passeth by and railleth,  
 Haughty sinners Christ despise;  
 None a suff'ring Christ bewaileth,  
 But the souls for whom He dies.

- 2 Thieves and chief-priests both reviling,  
 Cry'd Himself He cannot save;  
 When through death, He death was spoiling,  
 He His Life a Ransom gave.  
 Jesus was of God forsaken,  
 That He might bring sinners nigh!  
 He's from pris'n and judgment taken.  
 Beggars dwell \* with Him on High!  
 Hallelujah!

## CXCVII.

Mark xv. 31.

- 1 JESUS with a loud voice crying,  
 Then He gave His Spirit up!  
 God the Church † of God was buying  
 When He drank the Bitter Cup!  
 Out of Darkness Light hath shined,  
 God alone could make it so;  
 Righteousness with Peace combined,  
 Free the Lawful Captives go!
- 2 Oh! my soul! seek for no reason,  
 But the Love of God alone!  
 Other reasons are High Treason,  
 And assault Jehovah's Throne!  
 Chief of sinners I have long been,  
 Sunk in complicated guilt;  
 But to *such* † this hath a Song been,  
 Blood of God for sinners spilt!  
 Hallelujah!

\* 1 Samuel ii. 8. † Acts xx. 28.

† 1 Corinthians vi. 11.

## CXCVIII.

Mark xvi. 7.

GO your way, and tell Christ's scholars,  
 That the Lord is ris'n indeed!  
*Peter too!*—One of His followers,  
 Peter! Christ from death is freed!  
 Magdalene had kept seven devils,  
 Yet she must be first to find  
 Jesus risen! all her evils  
 Are forgiven!—Out of mind!  
 Thomas thinks the News deceiving,  
 Resurrection he denies;  
 Till He *sees*, and *then* believing,  
 My Lord and my God he cries  
 Oh! Dear Saviour! Draw me nearer!  
 Open Thy Dear Side to me!  
 Shew Thy precious Nail prints clearer!  
 Sinners fav'd are ris'n with Thee!  
 Hallelujah!

## CXCIX.

Matthew v. 6.

BLESSED are the souls that hunger  
 And thirst after Righteousness;  
 They shall hold on, and grow stronger,  
 Hungry souls the Lord will bless.  
 Jesus saith they shall be filled,  
 He is Righteousness to them;  
 Ev'ry Tempest shall be stilled,  
 God acquits—Then who'll condemn?  
 Surely in the Lord shall one say,  
 I have Righteousness and Strength;  
 Zion's mourners, Pray! Let none say,  
 God hath me forgot at length.

To the Lord, in ev'ry station,  
 Issues from disirefs belong;  
 To the Lord ascribe Salvation!  
 Christ my Strength and Christ my Song!  
 Hallelujah!

---

## CC.

Matthew x. 30. Luke xxi. 18.

- 1 **L**ORD! If Thou my hairs hast number'd,  
 And not one shall be destroy'd;  
 Keep my mind from being cumber'd!  
 At Thy Feet let me abide!  
 Help my soul to be committing,  
 At all times, to Thee my way!  
 Thou know'st best for me what's fitting,  
 Be my Helper ev'ry day!
- 2 If I must feel sharper scourging,  
 Let Thy stripes prove me a son!  
 If from iniquity purging,  
 Let me say—Thy Will be done!  
 And though under burdens groaning,  
 Much impatience may be felt;  
 Prove Thou art not me disowning!  
 And with Love my bosom melt!
- Amen.
- 

## CCI.

Joel ii. 32. Acts ii. 21. Romans x. 13.

- 1 **W**HOE'ER shall call upon the Name  
 Of Jesus Christ the Lord;  
 To save such beggars Jesus came,  
 Salvation He'll afford.

Whoe'er in Jesus Christ believes,  
 Shall never be ashamed;  
 The heart His Righteousness receives,  
 'Tis with the mouth proclaim'd.

Lord! Help me now to eat Thy Word!  
 And to me make it sweet!  
 Alas to take The Spirit's Sword,  
 When enemies I meet!

Whene'er by faith in heart I look  
 To Christ ris'n from the dead;  
 The Foot can never be forsook,  
 Where Jesus is the Head.

Lord Help me!

---

CCII.

Hebrews iv. 13—16.

JESUS enter'd into Heaven,  
 Naked, open all things are  
 Unto Him—And by Him's given  
 Leave to pour out hearts in prayer.  
 He in all points hath been tempted,  
 Our infirmities He feels;  
 Though from sin He was exempted,  
 Our's have compassed His Heels.

Let us therefore boldly enter,  
 And besiege the Throne of Grace!  
 Nedy sinners, boldly venture!  
 Here Our High Priest shews His Face!  
 Grace and Mercy—Peace is wanted,  
 All is promised indeed;  
 God is faithful—*All* is granted!  
 Christ, our Help, in times of need.

Lord Help me!

## CCIII.

Hebrews ii. 9.

- 1 **T**HE King of Israel tasted death,  
To overcome the grave;  
He saved others, but Himself  
From dying did not save.
- 2 Joy set before Him from above,  
The Lord of Glory dy'd!  
Almighty Power yields to Love!  
And Christ was crucify'd.
- 3 The cross endur'd, The shame despis'd,  
Immanuel lifted up!  
Finish'd the Work which God devis'd,  
And drank the Father's cup!
- 4 Dear Son of God! was this for me?  
Didst Thou for me endure  
Jehovah's Curse upon the Tree?  
To bring me health and cure?
- 5 Once more Thy marred Face reveal!  
Tell me sin's blotted out!  
Father! Apply the Spirit's Seal!  
Let Love abolish doubt!

Amen.

## CCIV.

Isaiah lix. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN Satan comes in like a flood,  
This pow'rful enemy  
Knows in my flesh there's nothing good;  
Nor can I this deny.
- 2 Lord let Thy Spirit now lift up  
The Standard of Thy Cross!  
Say Thou for me didst drink the Cup!  
All else is dung and dross.

Thy Promises to me renew !  
 Prevail with Thee I must !  
 Sin, Satan, unbelief subdue,  
 Christ dy'd for the unjust.  
 Apply again Thy word of Grace !  
 Strengthen my faith and hope !  
 Rebuke the foe ! Reveal Thy Face !  
 Lest I in darkness grope !  
 Weaker than water though I am,  
 Jesus Almighty is ;  
 To Thee I look, Dear Slaughter'd Lamb !  
 Thy Suff'rings are my Bliss !  
 Amen.

---

 CCV.

John i. 29.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God—Most High !  
 Who taketh sins away !  
 To broken contrite hearts He's nigh,  
 Whene'er they groan or pray.  
 Behold the Lamb of God, who *now*  
 Dethrones the monster sin !  
 Though carnal wisdom knows not how  
 He doth the work begin.  
 My sins, transgressions, ev'ry crime,  
 To Jesus *all* is known ;  
 Behold the Lamb ! Now is the time !  
 Look unto Him alone !  
 To day, He saith, Look unto Me !  
 Ends of the earth, be sav'd !  
 Help me, Dear Lord, to look to Thee !  
 Say, on Thy Hands I'm grav'd !

- 5 John knew thee not, till he was taught \*  
 By God the Holy Ghost;  
 Teach me that I by Thee am sought!  
 Who seeks and saves the lost!

Amen.

---

 CCVI.

John iii. 4.

- 1 CAN man be born again when old!  
 Enter again the womb  
 Of nature's mother, when she's cold,  
 Dead, buried, in the tomb?
- 2 Lord Jesus, Thou say'st marvel not,  
 Ye must be born again;  
 'Tis ev'ry saved sinner's lot,  
 To feel the new-birth pain.
- 3 The Blessed Spirit kindly blows  
 Wherever He doth please;  
 He ev'ry chosen vessel knows,  
 And makes them feel the breeze.
- 4 Teachers of Israel all are blind,  
 'Till Jesus opens eyes;  
 Dead, 'till the Spirit's quick'ning wind  
 Commands the dead to rise.
- 5 Lord! Let *me* feel Thy Spirit's Pow'r!  
 Not only raise the dead!  
 But bless me with an heav'nly show'r!  
 Feed me with Living Bread!

Amen.

\* John i. 23.



## CCVII.

Psalm xlii.

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul !  
Disquieted within ?

Upon the Lord thy burdens roll,  
His Blood atones for sin.

Hath He *once* said He blotteth out  
Transgressions such as thine !

Oh ! Little Faith ! Why dost thou doubt ?  
Jesus again will shine.

Dear Saviour ! Open now Thy Breast !  
Reveal Thy Face to me !

My soul, Return unto thy Rest,  
His Count'nance thou shalt see.

Then why, my soul, art thou cast down ?  
Why doth distress remain ?

Hope thou in God ! For though He frown,  
Yet He will turn again.

Once more, O Lord, I cry, How long  
Wilt Thou conceal Thy Face ?

Oh ! Give me in the night Thy Song  
Of Mercy ! Judgment ! Grace !

Amen.

## CCVIII.

Psalm lxii. 3.

CONTINUALLY, by day and night,  
The foe says, where's thy God ?  
Oh God ! For me the battle fight !  
And smite him with Thy Rod !

- 2 Enable me by faith to stand,  
Until day-time I see!  
Thy Loving-kindness then command,  
Say, Thou hast loved me!
  - 3 The voice of Joy—The voice of Praise—  
Unto my soul restore!  
Then with Thy Chosen I will raise  
One Eben-ezer more!
  - 4 Why should the Sword be in my bones,  
Since it hath pierced Thee?  
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans!  
And make them Songs to me!
  - 5 God of my Life, my prayer receive!  
And turn my cries to songs!  
Salvation Thou alone canst give,  
It unto Thee belongs.
- Lord Help me!

---

### CCIX.

Psalm lxix. 5.

- 1 **T**HOU knowest, Lord, my foolishness,  
Sins are not hid from Thee;  
My soul with pard'ning mercy blest!  
Thou canst deliver me.
- 2 Deep mire I sink in—Waters deep!  
Floods overflow my soul!  
Save me, O God, in safety keep  
My soul when billows roll!
- 3 Cast me not off in mine old age!  
Strength fails! Forsake me not!  
Mine enemies against me rage,  
Deeply against me plot!

4 Almighty Jesus! Now I'm old,  
 Grey-headed, weak, and poor;  
 At Thy dear Throne let me be bold!  
 Lord, Open Mercy's Door!

5 Great and sore troubles I have seen,  
 Oh! Quicken me again!  
 Thou hast to me a Refuge been,  
 In Thee let me remain!

Amen.

---

CCX.

Isaiah xl. 1.

1 COMFORT ye, Comfort ye my own,  
 My people faith your God:  
 Unto Jerusalem make known,  
 She shall with peace be shod.\*

2 Her warfare is accomplished,  
 Iniquity's forgiv'n;  
 Sin's blotted out, cannot be read!  
 Nor she to prison driv'n.

3 The voice cries in the wilderness,  
 Jehovah's Way prepare!  
 Make straight God's Highway, 'tis no less,  
 The Desert is His care.

4 Each Valley shall exalted be,  
 Mountains and Hills made low;  
 Crooked made straight—This they shall see,  
 Rough places plain shall know.

5 The Glory of the Lord reveal'd,  
 All flesh shall see indeed;  
 Sin pardon'd—pardon shall be seal'd  
 The Lord hath this decreed!

Hallelujah!

\* Ephesians vi. 15.

## CCXI.

1 Peter iv. 7.

- 1 **T**HE end of all things is at hand,  
Be sober, watch in prayer;  
This is The Holy Ghost's command,  
Lord! make it more my care!
- 2 Shall doubts and darkness have an end?  
The fowler cease to catch?  
Lord, into me Thy Spirit send?  
Help me to pray and watch!
- 3 Shall ignorance be done away?  
Shall I know as I'm known?  
Lord! Help me more to watch and pray!  
And more to Thee to groan!
- 4 Shall I see Jesus as He's seen?  
And Him *my* Saviour see?  
See Him without one cloud between  
Immanuel and *me*!
- 5 Dear Lord! Thou know'st what darkness is,  
Thou didst in darkness die;  
Day-spring to sinners comes from this,  
For more of *this* I cry!  
Lord Help me!

## CCXII.

- 1 **T**HE end of unbelief is near,  
Though in my flesh it dwells;  
The end of guilt; and slavish fear,  
Christ's Blood apply'd expels.
- 2 The end of all temptations too,  
The whole shall be destroy'd;  
Jesus, the tempter did subdue,  
When He for sinners dy'd.

- 3 The end of sorrow draweth nigh,  
Sighing shall flee away ;  
Poor sinners sav'd shall dwell on high !  
And night give place to day !
- 4 There hung'ring, thirsting's known no more !  
The Lamb enthron'd doth feed  
His once despised hungry poor,  
For whom His Heart did bleed !
- 5 Lord Jesus Christ—Increase my faith !  
Increase Thy Spirit's groan  
Within my heart ! for Scripture saith,  
His mind to God is known.

Amen.

---

CCXIII.

- 1 LORD Jesus ! Humble let me lie,  
And kiss Thy precious Feet !  
Oh ! Draw me, bring me, keep me nigh !  
By what means Thou seest meet.
- 2 Where Thou art, shall I be ? remain ?  
And never more go forth ?  
Never Thine absence mourn again ?  
But always sing Thy Worth ?
- 3 Shall I no more lament my sins !  
But sing, They're wash'd away !  
Sweet obligation here begins !  
And never shall decay.
- 4 Shall I be put among the Sons,  
And feel myself a son ?  
Among Thy chosen Hidden ones ?  
And find that I am one ?

- 5 Shall I look up and see That Face,  
Which shame and spitting bore!  
And sing the highest notes of grace?  
Grace! Grace! for evermore!
- 6 Lord Jesus! let me humble lie,  
And kiss Thy precious Feet!  
Oh! Draw me, bring me, keep me nigh!  
By what means Thou seest meet.
- Amen.

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### CCXIV.

Song viii. 13.

- 1 **T**HOU that dwellest in the Gardens,  
The Companions hear'ners are;  
Unto Thy Sweet Voice for pardons,  
Multiply'd, Proclaimed there.  
Cause me, Saviour, now to hear it!  
With my heart to entertain,  
All Thou say'st, to me endear it!  
Say The Lamb for me was slain!
- 2 If instruction, or correction,  
Shall accompany Thy voice;  
Consolation, or Protection,  
Give submission to Thy Choice.  
This one thing grant me, Dear Saviour,  
Make my heart Thy Dwelling-place!  
Let not all my past behaviour,  
Cause my Lord to hide His Face!
- 3 Let Thee go, my Lord, I would not,  
Until Thou hast blessed me;  
Hold Thee fast indeed I could not,  
Were it not the will of Thee.

If Thou seem to bid me quit Thee,  
And should'st plead the Break of Day;  
Thy own precious words besit me,  
Thou say'st—Do not faint, but pray!  
Amen. Lord Help me!

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## CCXV.

John xix. 5.

IF Jesus in my bosom lies,  
A Crown of Thorns he wears!  
Sweet Consolation's in His Cries,  
On Him I cast my cares.

Are Thorns a curse?—Christ made a curse,  
Doth ev'ry Blessing bring!  
Christ was made sin!—Could not be worse!  
His Righteousness I sing!

Was Christ expos'd to every shame?  
My soul, Behold the man!  
The Word made Flesh! Oh! Bless His Name!  
It was Jehovah's Plan!

Could Love do more? Or was there need?  
He's mock'd, and scourg'd, and crown'd!  
Yes! Though at ev'ry pore He bleed,  
He must in Blood be drown'd!

Sin's wages must be paid, and death,  
Must for our sins atone;  
Christ bow'd His Head, resign'd His Breath,  
For sins—but not His own.

The Dear Redeemer then restor'd,  
What He took not away;  
'Tis finish'd, was the dying Word!  
There's not one mite to pay!  
Hallelujah!

O

## CCXVI.

Jeremiah l. 20.

- 1 **I**N those days, and in that same time,  
An end of sin was made;  
Israel's are sought for, but each crime  
Upon the Lord was laid.
- 2 Pris'ners of Hope, to This Strong Hold \*  
Turn ye, for Help is there!  
At Jesus' Throne of Grace be bold!  
Your groans to God are dear.
- 3 He groan'd in Spirit, when for you  
He poured out His Heart!  
Every Sorrow Jesus knew,  
When He for sin did smart.
- 4 Ask of the Lord the latter rain,  
He shall make bright the cloud;  
Grass in the field His poor obtain,  
Though He resist the proud.
- 5 By Cov'nant Blood out of the pit,  
His pris'ners forth are sent;  
The Lord proclaims, and sees it fit,  
And Justice is content!

Hallelujah!

## CCXVII.

Matthew xv. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD! Who can help a helpless worm?  
And such a worm am I!  
Hast Thou not been in every storm?  
To Thee for Help I cry!
- 2 In Thine own Body on the Tree,  
If Thou my sins hast borne;  
Look down in mercy, Lord, on me!  
Why should I seem forlorn?

\* Zechariah ix. 12.



I feel myself a cumber-ground,  
 Lord, dig about the root !  
 From Thee alone can fruit be found,  
 From Thee let me find fruit !  
 Among the dead let me not seek  
 For Thee, the Living Bread !  
 Thine Heart is lowly, loving, meek,  
 Thy Skirt upon me spread !  
 Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness !  
 Feed me with Flesh and Blood !  
 All else is *nothing*—yea 'tis *less*,  
 In Thee is ev'ry Good.

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 CCXVIII.

Isaiah lxiii. 1—3. Revelation xix. 13.

THY Vesture, Lord, is dipp'd in Blood !  
 Thy Raiment Thou hast stain'd !  
 Alone in Battle Thou hast stood,  
 The Victory Thou hast gain'd.  
 In all points Thou hast tempted been,  
 So faith Thy blessed word ;  
 All my temptations Thou hast seen,  
 Support me ! Help me, Lord !  
 Thou knowest all my feeble frame,  
 Rememb'rest I am dust ;  
 Christ dy'd for such—despised shame !  
 The *Just* for the *unjust* !  
 Then, Lord, rebuke the subtle foe !  
 Increase my faith in Thee !  
 Thy Strength in weakness let me know !  
 Say, Christ hath dy'd for me !

- 5 If Thou my sins hast blotted out,  
 And Mercy told me so!  
 Grace! Grace! unto it let me shout!  
 And bid me forward go!

Amen.

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CCXIX.

Luke xi. 9. James i. 5.

- 1 **W**ISDOM, O Lord! I feel I want,  
 Let it be given me!  
 More let me know Thee, Lord! and grant,  
 That I may more *love* Thee!
- 2 In my flesh dwells no Righteousness,  
 I can do nothing good;  
 Oh clothe me with Thy Wedding-dress!  
 And wash me in Thy Blood!
- 3 I can't look up, I am so vile,  
 Dear Lord! on me look *down*!  
*In Thee* may God *upon me* smile!  
*On Thee* He once did frown!
- 4 To do God's Will Thine Ear was bor'd,  
 Lord! Help me to believe!  
 His Will is done when Thou'rt ador'd;  
 My prayer, Oh Lord! receive!
- 5 Am I a brand pluck'd out of fire?  
 My filthiness remove!  
 Give change of raiment—rich attire!  
 Thy Righteousness and Love!

Amen.

## CCXX.

LORD Jesus ! Let me eat Thy Flesh,  
And drink Thy precious Blood !  
With Thy sweet presence me refresh !  
Feed me with heav'nly food !  
Thyself hast bid me *ask* and *seek*,  
Thyself is all I need ;  
Thy Name is Jesus. Lowly, Meek,  
Thou didst for sinners bleed !  
Thou bid'st me ask, and seek, and knock,  
Thou knowest I am weak ;  
Oh ! set my feet upon the rock !  
In mercy to me speak !  
Poor needy seekers, Lord, must plead  
Thy own unchanging word ;  
And in Thy Book, to such, I read,  
The Lord will help afford.  
Open to me Thy pierced Side !  
There let the thirsty drink !  
At Thy dear Feet let me abide !  
Nor lower let me sink !  
Amen.

## CCXXI.

POOREST of beggars, Lord, I come,  
Thou knowest this is truth ;  
Be Thou my Kinsman !—Take me home !  
Embrace poor widow *Ruth* !  
Redemption's right belongs to Thee,  
All my estate is gone !  
But if Thou hast redeemed me,  
Then Thou and I are *one*.  
O 3

- 3 A Moabitess Thou canst take,  
And when to Thee she's wed,  
The poorest sinner Thou canst make  
The part'ner of Thy Bed!
- 4 Oh! call the Elders to the Gate,  
And there reveal Thy mind!  
Thy Goodness unto me relate!  
And favour let me find!
- 5 Dear Son of David! Jesse's Root!  
Jesus! My God and Lord!  
From Thee let all my branches shoot!  
Thy Sap to me afford!

Amen.

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CCXXII.

- 1 **R**UTH went a courting in the night,  
Laid at the Feet of Boaz;  
Pressing necessity did right,  
Hence Jesse's stem arose.
- 2 At Thy dear Feet, Lord, let me lie!  
Cover me with Thy skirt!  
I ask, I seek, I knock, I cry!  
Let me with Truth be girt!
- 3 Peculiar circumstances come  
Into my troubled mind!  
Nothing but trouble's known at home,  
'Till Ruth finds Boaz kind.
- 4 Old nature's darkness, Satan's rage,  
Would keep my soul away;  
But Thou say'st in the sacred page,  
Faint not, but always pray.

- 5 Lord! bless me now! Bid me lie still,  
 Until the morning shine!  
 Then grant submission to Thy Will!  
 Thy Will, Dear Lord, be mine!

Amen.

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CCXXIII.

Psalms cxvi. 12.

- 1 **WHAT** shall I render to the Lord  
 For benefits to me?  
 Salvation's Cup will me afford  
 Strength still to call on Thee.
- 2 Lord, Jesus Christ—That is Thy name\*,  
 The Name on which I call!  
 For evermore Thou art the same,  
 Uphold me! lest I fall!
- 3 Thy Name in Israel, Lord, is great †,  
 Is aught for Thee too hard?  
 Thy precious Tokens, Lord, repeat!  
 The destitute regard!
- 4 In overwhelming dismal gloom ‡,  
 If tempted to despair;  
 Say in Thy Bosom there is Room!  
 There let me cast my care!
- 5 In thy fight very precious is §  
 The death of ev'ry faint;  
 Dear Lord, let me experience this!  
 Give pow'r unto the faint!

Amen.

\* Hebrews xiii. 8. † Jeremiah xxxii. 17—27.

‡ Psalm lxxvii. 2, 3, 4. § Psalm cxvi. 15.

## CCXXIV.

Psalm civ. 15.

- 1 **W**INE maketh glad the heart of man,  
Oil makes his face to shine;  
And strength'ning Bread Immanuel can  
Give to an heart like mine.
- 2 The Vine was planted in the Earth,  
And Jesus Christ was nam'd!  
The Word made Flesh! And at His Birth,  
Glad Tidings was proclaim'd!
- 3 To save His people from their sins,  
Immanuel must be born!  
Become, ere He the Battle wins,  
A single grain of corn!
- 4 The Grain of Wheat must also die,  
And fruitful *Thus* become!  
Atonement must bring sinners nigh,  
If Heav'n must be their Home.
- 5 My gracious Lord! Thou art the Vine!  
The gladd'ning Wine Thy Blood!  
Refresh my soul with this Best Wine!  
And make Thy Flesh my food!
- 6 Strengthen my heart with Living Bread,  
That down from Heaven came!  
Reveal Thyself, my Life, my Head!  
For Jesus is Thy Name!

Amen.

## CCXXV.

Matthew v. 3—10.

- 1 **BLESSED** are the poor in spirit,  
Heaven's Kingdom now is theirs ;  
Jesus' Throne they shall inherit \* ,  
And shall soon forget their cares.  
Blessed are all Zion's mourners,  
For they shall be comforted ;  
Though they're now despis'd by scorers,  
They are unto Jesus wed.
- 2 Blessed are the meek and lowly,  
They are unto Jesus dear ;  
Him they shall inherit wholly,  
Unto Him their Title's clear.  
Blessed are the hungry, thirsty,  
Longing after Righteousness ;  
Moses long enough hath curst ye,  
Christ gives you the wedding-dress.
- 3 Blessed are the merciful, for  
Mercy they shall all obtain ;  
Christ is their Great Sacrificer ;  
And for them the Lamb was slain !  
Blessed are the pure in heart, for  
They shall see their Saviour God ;  
And behold how He did smart for  
Them, when He the Wine-press trod.
- 4 Blessed are the dear peace-makers,  
Children of their God indeed ;  
Christ *their* peace, of Him partakers,  
They have all that sinners need.

\* 1 Samuel ii. 8.

Blessed are the persecuted,  
 If for Righteousness alone;  
 Righteousness to them imputed,  
 Jesus' Kingdom is their own.

Hallelujah!

## CCXXVI.

Matthew v. 11.

1 **BLESSED** are ye when reviled,  
 When you're persecuted too;  
*Falsly* slandered—undefiled,  
 Jesus Christ is near to you;  
 Then rejoice, although you're smarting,  
 Very great is your reward;  
 Be exceeding glad, for part in  
 Persecution prophets shar'd.

2 Salt of earth, not lost your favour,  
 Of the world ye are the light;  
 All you have, you owe to favour,  
 Beg your candle may shine bright!  
 Glorify your Father in Heaven!  
 Let your works be truly good!  
 Then all praise to Him be given,  
 Who hath wash'd you in His Blood.

Amen.

## CCXXVII.

Psalms xliii. 1.

1 **JUDGE** me, O God, and plead my cause,  
 Though my accusers charge  
 My soul with breaking all Thy Laws,  
 Oh! set my feet at large!



- 2 If taken in the very act, \*  
 My soul's adultery prov'd; †  
 Though I acknowledge ev'ry fact, †  
 Yet say Thou me hast lov'd! §
- 3 Stoop down, Dear Lord! Write on the ground! ||  
 Write, Christ for me hath dy'd!  
 Say Justice hath a ransom found!  
 The Bridegroom for the Bride!
- 4 Into my heart send out Thy Light, ¶  
 Let Truth proclaim Thy Grace!  
 Let Them lead me, in darkest night,  
 To Jesus' marred Face!
- 5 Sweet Form! Much comeliness I see  
 In Christ, when in the dark!  
 To Calv'ry's Holy Hill bring me!  
 Thine Altar—and mine Ark!

Amen.

## CCXXVIII.

Psalm xliii. 2.

- 2 GOD of my Strength, cast me not off!  
 Why should I mourning go?  
 Oppressive adversaries scoff,  
 And much increase my woe!
- 2 Earth may be mov'd, and mountains quake,  
 Deep Seas o'erwhelm them all;  
 Waters may roar—And Billows shake,  
 But Zion cannot fall.

\* John viii. 4.      † Jeremiah iii. 1.      † Jeremiah  
 iii. 13      § Jeremiah xxxi. 3.      || John viii. 6.  
 ¶ Psalm xliii. 3.

- 3 God Jesus in the midst of Her,  
Her Refuge and Her Rest;  
Foundation fixed cannot stir,  
Built on Him She is blest.
- 4 Lord! fix my feet upon *This* Rock!  
Uphold me with Thy Hand!  
Then though mine adversaries mock,  
I shall in safety stand.
- 5 Thy mercies let me not forget!  
Mercy the heart can melt;  
Deeper I feel myself in debt,  
When mercy most is felt.
- Lord Help me! Amen.

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### CCXXIX.

He shall testify of me.—John xv. 26.

- 1 **S**ENT from the Father by the Son,  
Spirit of God most High!  
The Father's Work by Jesus done,  
Within me testify!
- 2 Glorify Christ! In me make known  
Jehovah's Love and Grace!  
And in my bosom sigh and groan,  
When Jesus hides His Face.
- 3 Ingraft within my heart the Word:  
Within me kindly dwell!  
Spirit of Christ! Almighty Lord!  
Shew me Immanuel!
- 4 Let tender mercy be display'd  
In ev'ry longing heart!  
The Blood of Jesus Peace hath made;  
That peace to me impart!

Eternal Spirit, 'tis through Thee  
 Christ's off'ring sweetly smells;  
 To God sweet favour!—Say to me,  
 His Love all Wine excels!

Amen.

---

CCXXX.

SPIRIT of Truth! Jehovah! Lord!  
 Be Thou my constant guide!  
 To Jesus lead me by Thy word!  
 In Him let me abide!

Spirit of Wisdom! Gracious God;  
 To my rememb'rance bring,  
 That Jesus hath the Wine-press trod,  
 My great High-Priest and King!

Spirit of Counsel, Faith, and Might,  
 Of Godly Fear, and Grace!  
 Increase in me that Life and Light,  
 Which Jesus Christ embrace.

Spirit of Promise! fix Thy Seal!  
 To me this earnest give,  
 Within my heart, by faith reveal,  
 Christ Jesus! Then I live.

Spirit of Understanding! Come!  
 Within my conscience shine!  
 Dwell in my heart! conduct me home!  
 The Glory shall be Thine!

Amen!

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CCXXXI.

SPIRIT of Life! I cry to Thee!  
*Revive* me with Thy Breath!  
 Thy Law of Love in Christ makes free  
 From Law of sin and *death*.

- 2 Spirit of Supplications grant  
Me Grace to pray indeed!  
Thou knowest, Lord, my ev'ry want,  
Let Grace supply my need!
  - 3 Give me to feel Redeeming Love,  
Flow through Redeeming Blood!  
To mourn for Jesus, and to prove,  
That Bitterness is good.
  - 4 Spirit of Love! constrain a worm  
To love my gracious Lord!  
Refuge to find, in ev'ry storm,  
Within th' Incarnate Word.
  - 5 Spirit of God! possess my heart!  
Adoption witness there!  
This precious privilege impart!  
To make my sonship clear.
  - 6 Water of Life! my Thirst relieve!  
And let me thirst no more!  
This Water Jesus says He'll give,  
This Blessing I implore!
- Amen.

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CCXXXII.

1 Timothy i. 5.

- 1 **O** GOD my Saviour! God of Grace!  
Lord Jesus Christ, My Hope!  
Let me behold Thy precious Face!  
And not in darkness grope!
- 2 If I must fight the fight of Faith,  
The fight of Faith is good;  
Give me The Spirit's Sword, which faith,  
Sin's purged with Thy Blood!

Help me this Weapon now to wield!  
Fast in Thee let me stand!  
My Lord! My God! Be Thou my Shield!  
Give Faith a stronger hand!

Upon Thee, Lord, let me depend,  
For ev'ry thing I want!  
From ev'ry evil me defend,  
And ev'ry Blessing grant.

Make me more urgent at Thy Throne,  
And teach me what to ask!  
And when I scarce can speak or groan,  
Let prayer not prove a *task*!

Amen.

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CCXXXIII.

If I must fight, Lord, teach me how  
Upon Thee to take hold;  
Always at Thy Dear Feet to bow,  
And at Thy Throne be bold!

Eternal Life is Thy own Gift,  
This Blessing to me give;  
The Light of Life upon me lift!  
And *in* Thee let me live!

If I Thy precious Name profess,  
Make my profession good!  
Christ in my heart let me possess!  
And feel I'm bought with Blood!

Find my slothful, treach'rous heart  
Would rather sleep than fight!  
Would sooner seek false peace than smart,  
Or watch and pray by night!

- 5 Dear Lord! The warfare is Thy own!  
 The Battle's fought by Thee!  
 All conqu'ring Jesus! make it known!  
 And vict'ry give to me!

Amen.

---

CCXXXIV.

2 Timothy ii. 2.

- 1 **L**ORD, Help me hardness to endure,  
 If I am call'd to fight!  
 Thou only Vict'ry canst ensure,  
 Turn darkness into light!
- 2 Entangled with this life's affairs  
 For soldiers is not good;  
 Upon Thee let me cast my cares,  
 By Thee they're understood.
- 3 And if my Lord hath chosen me  
 To be a soldier here;  
 From anxious troubles set me free!  
 Save me from slavish fear!
- 4 If Thou for masteries bid me strive,  
 Let me strive lawfully!  
*In* Thee and *for* Thee let me live!  
 And find it gain to die!
- 5 Let me with cords of Love be bound,  
 While struggling in this life;  
 And with Thy Loving-kindness crown'd,  
 When death shall end all strife!

Amen.

## CCXXXV.

Isaiah liv. 2.

CORDS of Love, Dear Jesus, lengthen!  
 Much forgiven loveth much;  
 Stakes of Faith, Dear Saviour, strengthen!  
 I shall then Thy Garment touch.  
 Let discouragements be moyed,  
 And the bloody issue stay'd!  
 Let me feel myself beloved!  
 All my sins upon Thee laid!  
 Age, infirmity, and sorrow,  
 When I look to Thee alone;  
 Nothing caring for to-morrow,  
 Thou canst sweeten ev'ry groan.  
 Am I thine? Oh! welcome make me!  
 Speak a word in season now!  
 Into Thy Dear Bosom take me!  
 Melt my heart! Thou knowest how!  
 Amen.

## CCXXXVI.

Romans i. 16, 17.

LORD! Let me not be ashamed  
 Of the Gospel of Thy Christ!  
 But whene'er His Name is named,  
 Dew of Heaven make it moist!  
 Unto ev'ry poor believer  
 May the pow'r of God be known!  
 Of Salvation the receiver,  
 Jew or Grecian, He's Thy own.  
 Righteousness of God revealed,  
 And from faith to faith made plain;  
 Beggars by Thy Spirit sealed,  
 Shall by faith alive remain.

- May Thy Grace be now received,  
 For obedience unto faith !  
 With my *heart* be this believed,  
 As Thy Blessed Spirit saith.
- 3 When from House to House Christ preaching,  
 Thy Dear Lab'ers still are sent ;  
 May Thy Holy Spirit's Teaching  
 Prove their Strength for Thee is spent !  
 Ev'ry Son with Jesus *one* is,  
 Lord Thy Righteousness reveal !  
 Let Thy Living Testimonies  
 Now receive the sacred seal !
- Amen.

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 CCXXXVII.

Song viii. 7.

- 1 **I**F waters could have quenched Love,  
 Mine must have put it out ;  
 The floods of sin against it strove,  
 My wicked heart was stout.
- 2 But Love's Immanuel's precious Name,  
 And Jesus cannot change ;  
 Love everlasting is the same,  
 Though prodigals may range.
- 3 Love waiteth to be gracious, when  
 The prodigal departs ;  
 Meets him when he returns again,  
 Kisseth him when he smarts !
- 4 Love, ev'ry rival doth despise,  
 It can't be bought or sold ;  
 Love higher than my sins can rise,  
 And fetch me to the fold !



As Thee, Lord, none can be so kind,  
 As me there's none so vile ;  
 Sin fought for Justice cannot find,  
 If Christ upon me smile !

Hallelujah !

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CCXXXVIII.

Isaiah xlii. 3.

- 1 **B**REAK not the bruised reed, Dear Lord !  
 Quench not the smoking flax !  
 To mourning souls Thine Help afford,  
 Whose heart's like melted wax !
- 2 Strengthen the hand of faith when weak,  
 Confirm the feeble knees !  
 Let me groan when I cannot speak !  
 Not fettle on my Lees !
- 3 Say to the fearful heart, Be strong !  
 Bid me fear none but Thee !  
 Thou in the night canst give a song,  
 Give Zion's songs to me !
- 4 Open blind eyes ! shine bright and clear !  
 Let me behold Thy Face !  
 Deaf ears unstop !—More let me hear  
 Thy voice ! and sing Thy Grace !
- 5 Have pity on the halt and lame !  
 Make me leap like an hart !  
 And when I'm dumb, let Thy Dear Name  
 Heart melody impart !

Amen,

## CCXXXIX.

Isaiah xxxv. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the barren wilderness  
Cause waters now to flow!  
Streams in the desert give, and bless  
My soul, and tell me so!
- 2 Let parched ground become a pool!  
In thirsty land be springs!  
To me, a poor wayfaring fool,  
Grace only blessings brings.
- 3 In dragons-habitations, where  
Each furious beast hath lain;  
Let grass, and reeds, and rushes there  
Grow up, and long remain!
- 4 In *Thine* Highway make *me* a way!  
By me let it be found!  
Save me from all that leads astray!  
Or seeks forbidden ground!
- 5 Upon Thy Promise let me rest!  
Be Thou my sure Defence!  
No lion nor no rav'nous beast,  
Permit to drive me thence!

Amen.

## CCXL.

Isaiah xxxv. 10.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! Hast Thou ransom'd me?  
Then bid my soul return,  
And come to Zion—Come to Thee,  
Whene'er I grieve or mourn!

- 2 With oil of joy anoint my head !  
And in my heart make known,  
That Thou hast suffer'd in my stead ;  
And call my soul Thy own !
- 3 Sorrow and sighing, bid them flee !  
And cause them to depart !  
Glad in the Lord, from terror free,  
Make me within my heart !
- 4 Open *my* bosom ! Shew me *Thine* !  
Thy precious pierced Side !  
Let Bleeding Love be felt in mine !  
And there let Love abide !
- 5 Answer for me, when like a flood,  
The enemy comes in !  
Lift up Thy Standard, dipp'd in Blood !  
Which cleanseth from all sin !  
Amen.

## CCXLI.

Ephesians v. 25.

- 1 NO spot, nor wrinkle, no not one  
Shall in the Bride be found ;  
To Christ presented—She's His own,  
In Him complete and found.
- 2 Christ lov'd His Church, and therefore gave  
Himself, His Life for it ;  
To sanctify, and cleanse, and save,  
And wash it, He thought fit.
- 3 The Spirit's Water, by the word,  
Washing and cleansing proves ;  
The Church is glorious, Christ ador'd !  
She loves because He loves !

- 4 Holy, unblemish'd, she's embrac'd,  
Presented to Himself;  
The foulest harlot rendered chaste!  
Wash'd from her filth and pelf!
- 5 Lord! in Thy Bosom let me lay!  
I'm black!—But Thou art good!  
Tell me I'm fair! Sin's put away!  
Because I'm wash'd in blood!
- Amen.

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### CCXLII.

Job xvii. 1. Song i. 5—16.

- 1 **T**HOUGH my breath stink, and is corrupt,  
Thy mouth, Dear Lord, is sweet!  
If Thou with me hast kindly supp'd,  
Then let me kiss Thy Feet!
- 2 Thy Flesh hath suffer'd more than Fire,  
To make it food for me;  
Allure me, Lord!—Let my desire  
Be only unto Thee!
- 3 Thy Blood by Justice was drawn forth,  
It is Thy Kingdom's Wine!  
Who can shew forth Thy Praise and Worth?  
Be that Employment mine!
- 4 If Thou for my foul sins could'st bleed,  
If Thou for me could'st die!  
Thou wilt not say Thou hast no need  
Of such poor worms as I\*.
- 5 Almighty God! Is Christ my ALL?  
His blessed Spirit send  
Into my heart, then I shall call  
Thee Father—without end!
- Amen.

\* 1 Cor. xii. 21.

## CCXLIII.

Ephesians iii. 8. Unsearchable Riches of Christ.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,  
Infinite Pity too,  
I find I'm needing ev'ry hour,  
But Christ can all things do.
  - 2 I was brought low—Infinite Love \*  
With power helped me ;  
Infinite Pity's Bowels move,  
Help centers, Lord, in Thee.
  - 3 For help upon Thee I will call,  
As long as here I live ;  
Before Thy Throne help me to fall,  
While Thou hast Grace to give !
  - 4 And if poor souls who Jesus fear †,  
Are brought at times to me ;  
Help me, Dear Lord, when they come near,  
To tell what's done by Thee ;
  - 5 What's done by Thee for *my* poor soul,  
The poorest of the poor ;  
'Till they on Thee *their* burdens roll,  
And sleep on Thy corn floor ‡.
- Amen.

## CCXLIV.

Psalms cxix. 135.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, make Thy Face to shine  
Upon my soul again ;  
None but Thy Face can comfort mine,  
None else remove my pain.

\* Psalm cxvi. 2, 6. † Psalm lxvi. 16. ‡ Ruth iii. 14.

- 2 Mine iniquity, Lord, is great \*,  
For pard'ning Love I pant !  
Thy precious *Name* to me repeat !  
*Jesus* is all I want !
- 3 Have mercy on me ! To me turn †,  
For I am desolate !  
Afflicted, like a dove I mourn,  
When she hath lost her mate !
- 4 The troubles of my heart enlarg'd ‡,  
To Thee I'll pour them out ;  
Tell me my debts are all discharg'd !  
Let me Salvation shout !
- 5 Oh keep my soul ! Deliver me ! §  
Let me not be ashamed !  
Help me to put my Trust in Thee !  
No other Name be nam'd !
- Amen.

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### CCXLV.

Eccles. ix. 19.

- 1 **A** FEAST for Laughter is prepar'd,  
Lord ! Feed me, with Thy Flesh !  
My groaning hear ! My cry regard !  
Me with Thy Blood refresh !
- 2 Money can answer *all* demands,  
Thy Head is finest gold ! ||  
Deep in Thy debt Thy beggar stands,  
Say Thou for me wast sold !
- 3 Then let me not in prison lie,  
Justice hath Thee enlarg'd ; ¶  
Thou hast ascended up on high,  
Thy debts are all discharg'd.

\* Psalm xxv. 11. † xxv. 16. ‡ xxxv. 16. § xxv. 20.  
|| Song v. 11. ¶ Psalm lxxviii. 18.

For wretched rebels Thou hast gain'd  
 Gifts, which Thy Grace doth tell;  
 This privilege they have obtain'd—  
 God can with beggars dwell!

Then give my sorrowing soul a song!  
 God of Salvation, come!  
 If rebels Thou canst dwell among,  
 Let me find Thee at home!

Amen.

---

CCXLVI.

Isaiah liii. 3.

**W**AST Thou despised, Lord, for me?  
 For me wast Thou abhor'd?

Oh! Draw me closer unto Thee!

Lengthen Thy loving Cord!

Stronger than death was Jesus' Love,  
 He ev'ry Sorrow knew!

Let me Thy Loving kindness prove!

And feel the Record true!

Hast Thou my Grievs and Sorrows borne?  
 Carry'd my sins away?

Didst Thou for me know shame and scorn?

Then in my bosom lay!

Did my transgressions cause Thy wounds?

Thy Bruises?—And Thy Stripes?

Then Loving kindness knew no bounds!

The beggar's tears it wipes!

Oh! realize in my poor soul,

Thy suff'rings, Lamb of God!

Bid me on Thee my burdens roll!

Thou hast the Wine press trod!

Amen.

## CCXLVII.

Isaiah liii. 6.

- 1 **F**AR from Thee, Gracious Lord, I've stray'd  
All of us have done so;  
Iniquities on Thee were laid,  
More of this let me know!
- 2 Thou wast oppress'd, afflicted sore!  
Yet open'dst not Thy mouth!  
Oh! Tell me Thou hast paid my score!  
Breathe on me from the South!
- 3 From Judgment taken, and cut off,  
Out of the Living Land;  
Though Jews may stumble, Greeks may scoff,  
On This Rock let me stand!
- 4 Was Thy soul poured out to death  
For sinners vile as me?  
Then sweeten, Lord, my stinking breath,  
When poured out to Thee!
- 5 Thou knowest how to justify  
Ungodly souls like mine;  
If Thou for me didst bleed and die,  
Then all my sins were Thine.

Hallelujah.

## CCXLVIII.

Titus i. 2.

- 1 **G**OD cannot lie—He promised,  
For wretched ruin'd man,  
Eternal Life in Christ the Head,  
Before the world began.



Although the mountains shall depart,\*  
 And hills shall be remov'd,  
 God never will forsake the heart,  
 That once hath been belov'd.

Christ is God's Covenant of Peace, †  
 He's by the Father giv'n;  
 The *Love* that gave *Him cannot cease*,  
 Nor *His* from *Him* be driv'n.  
 Hallelujah.

---

 CCXLIX.

Isaiah liv. 11.

**A**FFLICTED, tempest-tossed soul,  
 Not comforted as yet;  
 On Jesus Christ thy burdens roll,  
 Thou peace in Him shalt get.

Gather together thy foes will,  
 But God saith Not by Me;  
 All weapons form'd, by Satan's skill,  
 They shall condemned be.

Establish'd in Christ's righteousness,  
 Far from oppression then;  
 Terror no longer shall distress,  
 Nor near thee come again.

Jehovah Jesus, God's Dear Son,  
 Is Righteousness alone;  
 The Father's Will by Him is done,  
 He suffered for His own.

Then seek Him while He may be found,  
 Call on Him while He's near;  
 For seeking souls His Bowels sound,  
 Their groans to Him are dear!

Hallelujah!

\* Isaiah liv. 10. † Isaiah xlii. 6.—xlix. 8.

## CCL.

Luke xi. 5.

- 1 **A**UTHOR and finisher of faith,  
Help me to look to Thee!  
To understand what Jesus saith,  
To such a worm as me.
- 2 Art Thou in bed?—Lord, is it night?  
The children with Thee there?  
From Thy own Word I find it right,  
To cry till Thou shalt hear.
- 3 Dear Lord! I know 'tis very late,  
But I've no bread at home;  
My conscience feels my barren state,  
Therefore to Thee I come.
- 4 Oh do not say Thou canst not rise,  
Because the Door is shut!  
Thy own Instruction I must prize,  
Thy words into me put!
- 5 If I am knocking at Thy Door,  
'Tis Thou giv'st faith the hand;  
Thou know'st I'm poorest of the poor,  
I knock at Thy command!
- 6 Open, Dear Jesus! Let me find,  
Thou art the God of Truth!  
At midnight unto me be kind!  
As Boaz was to Ruth.

Amen.

## CCLI.

Luke xi. 5.

- 1 **T**HE Lord says ask—He also says,  
It shall be given you;  
None but the needy beggar prays,  
And beggars find it true.

If asking seem not to succeed,  
 Immanuel bids me seek;  
 Says, he that seeks shall find indeed,  
 Though seekers may be weak.

Asking and seeking long remain,  
 But Christ hath bid me knock;  
 He never spake one word in vain,  
 Immanuel is a Rock.

His Work is perfect, and His Word  
 Cannot deceive the poor;  
 It is the Holy Spirit's sword,  
 And He can open the Door.

Christ hath been tempted in all points,  
 Like us, but without sin;  
 Made sin for us—If Grace anoints,  
 Faith must the battle win.

Lord Help me!

---

CCLII.

1 Peter ii. 2. 1 John ii. 12.

MILK diet, Lord, for babes is good,  
 Open Thy Breast for me!  
 Let me suck pardon through Thy Blood!  
 And kiss Thee on the Tree!

If young men must have stronger meat,  
 The Lamb must be their Fare;  
 Their warfare hath been, shall be great,  
 Oh! Make their souls Thy care!

Let Father's knowledge still increase,  
 More of Thy Love to know!  
 Unto us all give Thy sweet Peace,  
 And cause us more to grow!

- 4 The hand, the feet, dear to the Head,  
 For ever must remain;  
 Then feed us all with Living Bread!  
 Let this our souls sustain!
- Another taste of Milk I crave,  
 Sincere Milk let it prove!  
 If by Thy Blood Thou babes wilt save,  
 Let me taste Bleeding Love!
- Amen.

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CCLIII.

Isaiah xliii. 18.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER not the former things,  
 Consider not the things of old;  
 New things a ransom'd sinner sings,  
 Though he for nought himself had sold!
- 2 A new Thing, done by God alone,  
 Redeemed sinners this shall know;  
 He'll make a way for all His own,  
 In which they after Him shall go.
- 3 His Way's made in the wilderness,  
 And in the desert Rivers flow;  
 Beasts of the field shall this express,  
 Owls, dragons, honour Him below.
- 4 Unto His chosen, drink He'll give,  
 He for Himself hath formed them;  
 They shall shew forth His praise and live,  
 He'll bless, He will not them condemn.
- 5 Lord! Dost Thou say to me behold?  
 Into my heart, Blest Spirit shine!  
 Lead me and guide me to Christ's fold!  
 The blessing mine! The Glory Thine!
- Amen.

## CCLIV.

Isaiah lvii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE High and Lofty One, Most High!  
 Whose Name is Holy! God alone!  
 Inhabiteh Eternity,  
 Yet dwells with ev'ry contrite one!
- 2 For ever He will not contend,  
 Neither will He be always wroth;  
 Mercy to mis'ry He'll extend!  
 And sinners sav'd themselves shall lothe.
- 3 Thou seeest my ways, Dear Saviour, heal  
 My sin-sick soul, and make me sound!  
 Oh! lead me also! make me feel  
 My num'rous sins in Blood are drown'd!
- 4 Comforts to mourning souls restore!  
 Create the Fruit of my lips peace!  
 Speak peace to all Thy humble poor!  
 Peace! Peace! Oh! never let it cease!
- 5 To him far off—To him that's near,  
 To both shall peace created be;  
 Jesus is unto mourners dear,  
 Speak peace again, Dear Lord, to me!  
Amen.

## CCLV.

Deut. xxxiii. 27.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! my Refuge be!  
 The foe my soul alarms!  
 In Mercy, Lord, place under me  
 Thine Everlasting Arms!

- 2 Saviour ! The enemy thrust out !  
 And say, destroy them all !  
 Sin, Satan, Thou alone canst rout,  
 Before Thee let them fall !
- 3 And if it yet must come to pass,  
 That rough ways I must go ;  
 Oh ! let my shoes be iron and brass !  
 Thy peace cause me to know !
- 4 As my days, so let my strength be !  
 This Thou hast promised ;  
 Thy Grace, Thy love make known to me !  
 By Thee let me be led !
- 5 In safety, Lord, I needs must dwell,  
 If *in* Thee I am found ;  
 How to secure me Thou canst tell,  
 Let Grace to me abound !  
 Amen.

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 CCLVI.

Deut. xxxiii. 29.

- 1 **L**ORD, call me happy ! sav'd by Thee !  
 Be Thou my Help and Shield !  
 From sin and Satan set me free !  
 To them let me not yield !
- 2 Give me to wield Thy Spirit's Sword,  
 Whene'er assaults are made ;  
 This Weapon unto faith afford !  
 And furbish well the Blade !
- 3 Be Thou mine Excellency when  
 My enemies are strong !  
 They shall be all found liars then,  
 And Grace shall be my song !

- 4 Grace, Mercy, Peace, and Righteousness,  
Are in the Lord alone;  
With these Thou canst a sinner bless,  
The Gift is all Thy Own.
- 5 Upon High Places let me tread!  
Let foes be liars found!  
My Lord! My Righteousness! My Head!  
Oh! let Thy Bowels sound!
- Amen.

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### CCLVII.

Romans v. 6.

- 1 OH God, when we were without strength,  
Christ for th' ungodly dy'd!  
The height, the depth, the breadth, and length,  
Of Love was magnify'd!
- 2 The God of Grace His love commends  
To sinners!—such am I,  
While we were sinners, Christ He sends,  
And Christ for such did die!
- 3 If enemies were reconcil'd  
To God by Jesus' Death;  
Then principalities were spoil'd,  
When He resign'd His Breath.
- 4 Much more, being justify'd by Blood,  
We shall be sav'd from wrath,  
Through Him that *lives*, and sees it good,  
That *we* should *live* by faith.
- 5 Sin hath abounded—but 'tis true,  
Grace did much more abound!  
Thus mercy did to mis'ry shew,  
How Grace's Bowels sound!
- Hallelujah!

## CCLVIII.

Isaiah xliii. 26.

- 1 **L**ET's plead together, faith the Lord,  
Dear Saviour—Be it so!  
Help me by faith to plead Thy word!  
And never let Thee go!
- 2 I am a sinner—that's the worst  
That can of me be said;  
But Jesus was for sinners curst,  
When sins on Him were laid.
- 3 Poor sinners plead!—Christ dy'd for us!  
Dear Jesus! I plead this!  
For me, My Lord, the point discuss!  
Mercy let me not miss!
- 4 Of sinners chief!—If thus I'm charg'd,  
I own the charge indeed!  
But Justice Jesus hath enlarg'd, \*  
And He for such did bleed.
- 5 The wages of my sins, I read,  
Is an unquenched fire;  
The Lamb was roasted—This I plead!  
His payment was entire!  
Lord Help me!

## CCLIX.

Romans v. 7.

- 1 **F**OR good men some might dare to die,  
If any good there be;  
Not so the Saviour—sinners cry,  
He dy'd for such as we!

\* Acts ii. 24.



- 2 The Law hath enter'd, that offence  
 Might thereby much abound;  
 Justice with nothing could dispense,  
 But Grace a Ransom found!
- 3 Abounding Grace open'd the Heart  
 Of Jesus Christ the Lord!  
 We sinn'd, and He endur'd the smart!  
 What He took not, restor'd!
- 4 Open Thy precious Bosom now!  
 Let me like John lie there!  
 Thy Head, Dear Jesus, kindly bow!  
 Draw me! and keep me near!
- 5 The Blood that flow'd from Thy pierc'd side,  
 Is ointment poured forth!  
 In Thee, My Lord! let me abide!  
 And feel and speak Thy Worth!
- Amen.

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 CCLX.

1 Thessalonians v. 17.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Saviour, hear my prayer!  
 Bow down Thine Ear to me!  
 To cry to Thee let me not spare!  
 Thy Throne of Grace is free.\*
- 2 Thou say'st, "Thy count'nance let me see, †  
 "And let me hear thy voice!"  
 Thy constant beggar let me be,  
 If beggars are Thy choice.
- 3 To me, a reed shaken with wind, ‡  
 In Loving-kindness look!  
 To such poor souls Thou canst be kind,  
 I read it in Thy Book.

\* Hebrews iv. 16. † Song ii. 14. ‡ Isaiah xlii. 3.

- 4 Is Mercy, Lord, Thy own Delight? §  
 Let Mercy then be mine!  
 The Sun of Righteousness is bright,  
 Within my conscience shine!
- 5 And though I'm black, pronounce me fair,  
*In Thee* without a spot!  
 Upon Thee let me cast my care!  
 My Lord, deny me not!

Amen.

## CCLXI.

Psalm xix. 13.—cxix. 133.

- 1 **K**EEP me, Lord, from all delusion!  
 And from all presumptuous sins!  
 Evil works are all confusion,  
 Faith in Thee the battle wins.  
 Thou art able, Lord, to save me,  
 Righteousness is Thine to give:  
 If it please Thee, Thou shalt have me,  
*In Thee, For Thee* let me let me live!
- 2 Burdens *on Thee, me* shall humble,  
 Let me all upon Thee roll!  
 In Thy ways let me not stumble!  
 Though I'm sick, bid me be whole.  
 Jesus! Justice hath demanded  
 Payment, and obtain'd it too!  
 Grace beyond sin is expanded,  
 Ev'ry Word of God is true.
- 3 Unto Thy Stripes now appealing,  
 I, who am of sinners chief;  
 Must apply for constant healing,  
 Blood alone can yield relief.

\* Micah vii. 18.

If Thy precious Body's striping,  
 Be unto my soul apply'd;  
 Though I feel Thy med'cines griping,  
 Still my Song is—Christ hath dy'd!  
Hallelujah!

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## CCLXII.

Revelation vii. 16.

**H**UNGER no more, nor thirst no more,  
 Shall faved souls befall;  
 The Lamb hath food for them in store,  
 And He doth feed them all.

They want no other Sun but Him,  
 Nor longer need the moon;  
 Their eyes no longer can be dim,  
 In His Eternal Noon.

No more they're wand'ring to and fro,  
 Nor longer seeking rest;  
 Where'er the Lamb goes they shall go,  
 And ev'rywhere be blest.

Each sinner fav'd enjoys a crown,  
 A Crown of Glory too;  
 At Jesus' Feet they cast them down,  
 And sing a song that's new.

Worthy the Lamb of Blessing, Praise,  
 All Glory is His due!

In me, Dear Lord! This sonnet raise!  
 Let me Thy praises shew!

Amen.

## CCLXIII.

2 Timothy ii. 19.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou knowest where to place me,  
 Chief of sinners cost Thee most;  
 In Thy Bosom, Lord, embrace me!  
 There in Thee, of Thee I'll boast.\*  
 Though the adversary roaring, †  
 Seeketh whom he may devour;  
 Peace in conscience is restoring,  
 When my heart to Thine I pour. ‡
- 2 Say to me I'm thy Salvation! §  
 Draw me, then I'll run to Thee;  
 Call me with Thy Holy Nation;  
 Say Thou hast redeemed me!  
 Strengthen precious faith to hold Thee,  
 'Till I hear Thee say to me,  
 Sinner sav'd, "Behold, Behold me!"  
 Pierced *for*—Though pierc'd *by* thee!

Amen.

## CCLXIV.

Jeremiah xxxi. 21.

- 1 **L**ORD, Though marks may be defaced,  
 And Love tokens seem remov'd;  
 By Thee they can be replaced,  
 This Thy chosen oft have prov'd.  
 Let me then set up my way-mark,  
 And when favour'd make high heaps;  
 Though withdrawals make the day dark,  
 Over mountains Jesus leaps!

\* Psalm xxxv. 2. † 1 Peter v. 8. ‡ Psalm lxii. 8.  
 § Psalm xxxv. 3.

Gracious Saviour! be my Teacher!  
 Taught of God Thy children are;  
 May Thy Spirit be Thy Preacher!  
 And Thy Flesh and Blood my Fare!  
 Holy Ghost! of Christ Revealer,  
 Oh! Reveal to me His Love!  
 In my conscience be the sealer!  
 And dwell in me—Holy Dove!  
 Grant Thy Spirit—Righteous Father!  
 Jesus saith this Thou wilt do;  
 All Things else deny me rather!  
 But this Mercy to me shew!  
 Holy Father! Holy Jesus!  
 Holy Spirit! God of Grace!  
 God Almighty! Come and bless us!  
 Every Good Thou canst replace.  
 Hallelujah!

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 CCLXV.

Isaiah xliii. 25.

THE Lord saith, I, ev'n I, am He,  
 That blotteth out thy sins;  
 Old Nature saith, How can it be?  
 And strife with God begins.  
 But shall I with my Maker strive?  
 Forbid it, Gracious Lord!  
 Eternal Life is Thine to give,  
 This Gift to me afford!  
 Give Heartfelt Union, Lord, with Thee!  
 And precious faith increase!  
 Spirit of Jesus! dwell in me!  
 And witness Christ my Peace!

R 2

- 4 How it can be Thou hast declar'd,  
Just God and Saviour too;  
If nothing is for Thee too hard,  
This mercy to me shew!
- 5 Justice in Thee is glorify'd,  
The Lord would have it so;  
The righteous Law is magnify'd,  
In this Grace let me grow!
- Amen.

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CCLXVI.

John vi. 44—65.

- 1 IF all that come to Thee, dear Lord,  
Are by the Father taught;  
Fulfil in me the precious word,  
Let me to Christ be brought!
- 2 Spirit of Jesus! Draw me now!  
For unto Thee I cry!  
Cause me to come! Thou knowest how,  
Constrain me! bring me nigh!
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, I *feel* my want,  
Dear Lord, within me groan!  
Water of Life! if I am faint,  
My wants to Thee are known.
- 4 But, Lord, although I feel my need,  
I feel my heart is hard!  
Did Jesus for the needy bleed?  
My groanings, Lord, regard!
- 5 The foe says I am too far off,  
Have gone astray too long;  
But though the adversary scoff,  
Grace! Grace! give me a song!
- Amen.

## CCLXVII.

1 John ii. 8.

- 1 **D**ARKNESS past, and true Light shineth,  
 How can these things be faith sense!  
 Who is it that thus divineth?  
 Who with feelings can dispense?  
 Keep me, Lord, from all deception!  
 Truth alone can make me free;  
 Of Thyself grant me reception!  
 Light and Truth are both in Thee.
- 2 When I'm darkest make me lightest,  
 When I'm nothing be my ALL!  
 In my trouble Grace shines brightest,  
 If on Thee I'm led to call.  
 Bless my soul, and keep me near Thee!  
 Watching constantly in prayer!  
 Make me love Thee! make me fear Thee!  
 Make my soul Thy constant care!  
 Amen.

## CCLXVIII.

Genesis xxv. 22.

- R**EVEAL to me, Dear Lord, Thy will,  
 In ev'ry doubtful point!  
 Thou canst my empty vessel fill,  
 My soul with oil anoint.
- My heart is nothing but deceit,  
 And desp'rate wickedness!  
 A clean heart in me, Lord, create;  
 Me with Thy Spirit bless!
- What Thou wouldst have me do tell me,  
 In nature's darkest hour;  
 I can do nothing without Thee,  
 Oh! let me feel Thy pow'r.
- R 3

- 4 Enable me, unfeignedly,  
Unto Thee to draw near!  
From all that loves and makes a lie,  
Lord! Keep my conscience clear!
- 5 Give precious faith a cov'nant look!  
And keep me near Thy Throne!  
Reveal Thy Love! Unseal Thy Book!  
And call my soul Thy own.  
Amen.
- 

## CCLXIX.

Isaiah lix. xix.

- 1 **O**H Lord! Behold how like a flood  
The enemy comes in!  
Lift up Thy Standard, roll'd in blood,  
Lest he the battle win.
- 2 Spirit of Jesus! Thou alone  
Canst put the foe to flight;  
To Thee I cry! within me groan!  
For me the battle fight!
- 3 Weaker than water, Lord, I am,  
The foe knows this is true;  
Lift up Thy Standard, Holy Lamb!  
For me the foe subdue.
- 4 Spirit Jehovah! Hear my cry,  
Apply the Blood of Christ;  
'Tis that alone makes Satan fly,  
For me the foe resist.
- 5 Zion's Redeemer! Come to me!  
And dwell within my heart;  
For ever let me look to Thee,  
Never from Thee depart.  
Amen.



## CCLXX.

Exodus xxxiii. 14.    Isaiah xli. 18.

- 1 **L**ORD! indulge me! Help I crave!  
Thy sweet presence let me have!  
In Thee let me seek and find,  
Help for body, soul, and mind!
- 2 If a sense of sin remain,  
Love can break the captive's chain;  
If I heaviness must prove,  
Let correction be in Love!
- 3 In one moment Thou canst make  
Me a visit; kindly take  
All iniquity away!  
Leave me not one mite to pay!
- 4 Saviour! Love me freely too!  
Loving-kindness to me shew!  
Draw me with Thy Loving Cords!  
Make me feel what Blood affords!
- Amen.
- 

## CCLXXI.

John xii. 45.—xiv. 8—9.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Mercy! God of Grace!  
Reveal Thy Love to me!  
Thy Love in Jesus let me trace!  
In *Him* Jehovah see!
- 2 Thy Love o'ershadov'd Mary's Womb,  
When Jesus was conceiv'd!  
Embalm'd His Body in the Tomb,  
And Love His Soul receiv'd.

- 3 But Oh! What Hand on Him could lay  
Iniquities like mine!  
Father! Doth not Thy Spirit say,  
The wond'rous Deed was Thine?
- 4 His Heart was pierced by Thy Sword!  
Father! Thy Will was done!  
Enable me to eat the Word!  
Shew Thyself in Thy Son!
- 5 The Words He spake, The Works he wrought,  
Were Thine, Almighty God!  
Though He with hell the battle fought,  
When He the Wine-press trod.
- 6 Christ says He'll in no wise cast out,  
Thy Will and His are one;  
Almighty Father! let me shout  
Jehovah's Grace alone!

Amen.

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CCLXXII.

Colossians iii. 16.

- 1 OH may the Word of Christ  
Dwell richly in my heart!  
If precious faith Thou often try'st,  
Oh God, this Grace impart!
- 2 In Psalms and Hymns and Songs,  
Help me with Grace to sing!  
Singing to sinners sav'd belongs,  
Me to Thy Concert bring!
- 5 Thy Love, Thy Fear, Thy Grace,  
Within my heart reveal  
Shew me Immanuel's marred Face,  
Me to Redemption seal!

- 4 Whate'er in Word or Deed  
 I think, or speak, or do,  
 In His Name who for sin did bleed,  
 Let me Thy Praises shew!
- 5 To God the Father Praise;  
 In Jesus' Name be giv'n!  
 Up from the dust Thy beggar raise!  
 And guide me safe to Heav'n!

Amen.

## CCLXXIII.

Genesis xviii. 14. Jeremiah xxxii. 17—27.

- 1 **T**HOUGH all seems hard to me,  
 Is aught too hard for God?  
 All Things are possible to Thee!  
 Dear Lord! Revive a clod!
- 2 Satan's a subtle foe,  
 And sin's a constant grief;  
 But Christ did all temptations know,  
 And He can give relief.
- 3 If trials long must last,  
 Succour to me afford!  
 Till ev'ry sin and sorrow's past,  
 Then let me *see* Thee, Lord!
- 4 See Jesus *as* He *is*!  
 See and be like Him too!  
 To see Thee, Lord, is Heaven's bliss!  
 This Blessing to me shew!
- 5 Revive my drooping mind!  
 Speak Peace to my poor soul!  
 Let me in Thee all Blessings find!  
 On Thee my burdens roll

Amen.

## CCLXXIV.

Isaiah lxi. 2.

- 1 **T**O comfort all that mourn,  
This is Jehovah's will;  
To me, Dear Lord, in mercy turn!  
Display Thy Love and skill!
- 2 Whatever be my grief,  
It can't be hid from Thee;  
Sin is the worst—Thy Blood's relief!  
Say it was shed for me!
- 3 My Everlasting Light! \*  
My God! my Glory too!  
Dispel the dark and gloomy night!  
Thy Face in mercy shew!
- 4 If planted by Thy Hands, †  
Thou shalt be glorify'd!  
Love is the whole of Thy Commands,  
In Love let me abide!
- 5 Let not my sun go down, †  
Till days of mourning end!  
In sorrowing make rejoicing known!  
My Everlasting Friend!

Amen.

## CCLXXV.

John vi. 29.

- 1 **T**HIS is the Work of God,  
Believe on His Dear Son;  
For sinners He the Wine press-trod,  
God's work by Him was done.

\* Isaiah lx. 19. —† lx. 21. —‡ lx. 20.

- 2 Dear Lord ! Give me a sign,  
That I believe on thee !  
Say to my soul that I am Thine !  
That Thou hast loved me !
- 3 Love puts an end to strife,  
Oh ! Let me eat Thy Flesh !  
Thou art The precious Bread of Life,  
With This my soul refresh !
- 4 Thou art That Living Bread,  
Which down from Heaven came !  
Thou livest now, who once was dead,  
Immanuel is Thy Name !
- 5 Thy Flesh is Meat indeed,  
And Drink indeed Thy Blood ;  
This Food I ev'ry moment need,  
Oh ! Let me *Taste* Thee Good !
- Amen.

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### CCLXXVI.

Isaiah xliii. 25.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, for Thine own sake,  
Dost Thou blot out my sins ?  
Me to Thy Blessed Bosom take !  
There blotting out begins.
- 2 Thou heaviness didst know,  
When sins were laid on Thee ;  
With Thee to Calv'ry let me go !  
Thy Death is Life to me !
- 3 Keep me from all deceit !  
Oh Let me kiss Thy Feet !  
If I to Golgotha retreat !  
My soul in mercy meet !

- 4 Satan bids me despair,  
Because I am so vile;  
Hast Thou for me pour'd out a prayer?  
Then, Lord, upon me smile!
- 5 Oh keep me night and day!  
Watch over me for good!  
Tell me my sins are purg'd away,  
By Thy most precious Blood!

Amen.

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CCLXXVII.

Of whom I am chief. 1 Timothy i. 15.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! The sharpest Thorn  
That ever pierced Thee,  
Was mine, if Thou for me hast borne  
The curse upon the Tree.
- 2 The longest Furrow too,  
That e'er Thy Body bore,  
Was mine, (Thou knowest this true)  
If Thou hast clear'd my score.
- 3 Of stripes, the last and worst,  
That e'er by Thee was known;  
If Thou for me by Law wast curst,  
For me was undergone.
- 4 The spitting and the shame,  
To which Thou wast expos'd;  
For me, the vilest sinner came,  
My sins Thy Feet enclos'd!
- 5 The Buffetings endur'd,  
Reproach and every woe;  
Pardon for sinners hath procur'd,  
Bless me! and tell me so!

Amen.

## CCLXXVIII.

1 Theff. v. 17. Romans viii. 26.

**L**ORD! Teach my soul to pray!  
 And what to pray for too!  
 And though I know not what to *say*,  
 To beg what Thou wilt *do*!  
 Make me my ign'rance know!  
 My blindness make me see!  
 In self acquaintance make me grow,  
 And more in Love to Thee!  
 And when I cannot speak,  
 Nor unto Jesus look;  
 Do Thou the cursed fetters break!  
 Let me not seem forfook!  
 Rebuke the tempter, Lord!  
 When he calls me his own!  
 And when Thou dost not words afford,  
 Within me for me groan!  
 Oh! Let my *heart* be brought  
 To say Thy will be done!  
 And by Thy Blessed Spirit taught,  
 All self-indulgence shun!  
 — Amen.

## CCLXXIX.

1 Theff. v. 18.

**I**N ev'ry thing give thanks!  
 Lord, Help me! Teach me this!  
 Let me not break Thy Spirit's Ranks!  
 Nor His Instructions miss!  
 S

- 2 If Thy correcting Rod  
Be very sorely felt;  
Let me not fret! But oh! my God!  
In real contrition melt!
- 3 As I am not cut down,  
Not cast into the fire;  
Though indignation may be known,  
Let me Thy Grace admire!
- 4 In every step direct  
My often slipping feet!  
In all temptations me protect!  
Help me as Thou seeest meet!
- 5 Keep me from carnal ease!  
It is a dang'rous snare!  
And when the foe my flesh would please,  
Make me Thy special care!  
Amen.

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### CCLXXX.

Isaiah xii. 3.

- 1 **L**ORD! Help me now to draw  
From Thy dear bleeding side,  
Water to quench the fiery law!  
Me to This Fountain guide!
- 2 To me Thy Love reveal!  
Give precious faith a view  
Of Thine Almighty Spirit's Seal!  
And prove the Record true!
- 3 From Thy Salvation's Wells  
Doth Living Water flow;  
How to draw out Thy Spirit tells,  
This Secret make me know!



- 4 Oh! let me praise Thee, Lord!  
 And call upon Thy Name!  
 Help me to take and eat Thy Word!  
 And celebrate Thy Fame!
- 5 Yea, *This* day let me say,  
 Oh! Lord! I will praise Thee!  
 And sing Thine anger turn'd away!  
 Thou, Thou wast wroth with me!  
 Amen.

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 CCLXXXI.

Romans vii. 18, 19, 20.

- 1 I CAN do nothing good,  
 In my flesh evil dwells;  
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy precious Blood,  
 To me Glad Tidings tells!
- 2 It cleanseth from all sin,  
 Thy Spirit This records;  
 All blessedness doth here begin,  
 This ev'ry Good affords.
- 3 Lord, Help me to stand fast  
 In this sweet Liberty!  
 Let all to come, and all that's past,  
 Be charged upon Thee!
- 4 Thy Law of kindness write  
 More deeply in my heart!  
 Thou know'st the adversary's spight;  
 Quench ev'ry fi'ry dart!
- 5 Thy Law is but one word,  
 And that sweet Word is Love!  
 Spirit of Christ, Thine Help afford!  
 Dwell in me, Holy Dove!  
 Amen.

## CCLXXXII.

1 Theff. iv. 3.

- 1 **W**HATEVER be Thy Will,  
Dear Lord, concerning me,  
In mercy bid my soul stand still,  
And Thy Salvation see!
- 2 If by Thy Spirit led  
From under Sinai's Law;  
Preserve my soul from slavish dread!  
Save from the lion's paw!
- 3 Let Flesh be crucify'd!  
Oh! Tell me I am Thine!  
Let me feel Thou for me hast dy'd!  
And my Beloved's mine!
- 4 Give me Thy Spirit's Fruit!  
Love! Joy! and precious Peace!  
Long Suff'ring, Gentleness, recruit!  
Goodness and Faith increase.
- 5 Meekness and Temp'rance give!  
Against such there's no Law;  
*In Thee and For Thee* let me live!  
And all things from Thee draw!
- 6 Vain glory trample down,  
If flesh to this aspire;  
My soul with Loving-kindness crown!  
Be this all my desire!

Amen.

## CCLXXXIII.

Romans iv. 5.

**L**ORD! Give me one song more!  
 Lord Jesus, let it be,  
 That Thou with Blood hast clear'd my score!  
 And justified me!

Call me a blessed man!  
 Though an ungodly one!  
 I cannot work—But if I can  
 Believe, the work is done.

*Thy* Righteousness is *mine*,  
 If unto me 'tis giv'n;  
 The Gift of Righteousness is *Thine*,  
 The consequence is Heav'n.

This Gift let me receive!  
 Dear Lord! deny me not!  
 Give precious Faith! Bid me believe!  
 Pronounce me without spot!

With everlasting Love  
 Say Thou hast loved me!  
 The precious Blessing let me prove,  
 By feeling I love Thee!

Amen.

## CCLXXXIV.

Galatians ii. 20.

**S**OULS crucify'd with Christ,  
 Still feel the old man lives;  
 But Christ lives in them, to resist  
 The old man when he strives.

S 3

- 2 The life liv'd in the flesh,  
By faith in God's dear Son,  
The Grace of Jesus shall refresh!  
Until the battle's won.
- 3 The conflict may be sore,  
Though dead to Moses' Law;  
The adversary still will roar,  
But faith will succour draw.
- 4 I am a sinner still,  
But Christ for sinners dy'd;  
And 'tis His Heav'nly Father's Will  
That such be justify'd.
- 5 Christ hath been made a curse,  
Was hang'd upon the Tree;  
No sinner e'er deserved worse,  
The lawful captive's free!  
Hallelujah!

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### CCLXXXV.

Exodus xvii. 12.

- 1 **H**OLD up my hands, Lord Jesus Christ!  
Lest Amalek prevail!  
Though Moses may the foe resist,  
His hands *alone* must fail.
- 2 Moses is not destroy'd by Thee,  
He *sits* upon the Stone;  
Hast Thou fulfill'd the Law for me?  
Then keep me near Thy Throne!
- 3 If Amalek discover spight  
Until the sun goes down;  
Jesus! For me the battle fight!  
And make the cause Thy own.

- 4 If Thou the Spirit's Sword shalt wield,  
 And Amalek destroy;  
 My soul shall then an Altar build,  
 JEHOVAH-nissi cry!
- 5 Aaron and Hur, High Priest and Prince!  
 Supported Moses' Hands;  
 Dear Lamb of God! my soul convince,  
 Complete in Thee she stands!  
 Amen.

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 CCLXXXVI.

Exodus xiii. 21.

- 1 TO travel both by day and night,  
 Was Israel's early way,  
 Pillar of Fire! Thou wast their Light  
 By night, and cloud by day!
- 2 Perverse they were, and murmur'd much,  
 Though Thou didst go before;  
 But Loving-kindness, Lord, was such,  
 As with their manners bore!
- 3 Away the Pillar was not took,  
 Though they rebellious were;  
 Thy People could not be forsook,  
 They unto Thee were dear.
- 4 Lord! write Thy Love within my heart!  
 And leave me not I pray!  
 Never from Thee let me depart!  
 Nor from Thee turn away!
- 5 Though Satan doth my soul pursue,  
 Let him not overtake!  
 Thy Blood can ev'ry foe subdue,  
 Save me for Thine own sake!  
 Amen.

## CCLXXXVII.

Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7.

- 1 **O**H Lord, proclaim Thy gracious Name,  
     Jehovah Jesus, unto me!  
 Merciful, Gracious, Now the same,  
     As when expiring on the Tree!
- 2 Long suff'ring Love, abundant Grace,  
     Goodness and Truth to me make known!  
 Mercy for Thousands let me trace!  
     And find that Mercy all my own!
- 3 Iniquity, transgression, sin,  
     Forgiving for Thy own Name's Sake!  
 Thou didst alone the Battle win,  
     Thy soul for sin an off'ring make!
- 4 The guilty by no means are clear'd,  
     Jesus for such a curse was made;  
 Let condemnation not be fear'd!  
     Tell me my sins on Thee were laid!  
   Amen.

## CCLXXXVIII.

Romans iii. 5.

- 1 **D**OTH my unrighteousness commend  
     The Righteousness of God?  
*Jehovah* did His *Jesus* send,  
     And He the Wine-press trod.
- 2 Was God unrighteous when He took  
     Vengeance of His dear Son?  
 When on the Cross He was forsook,  
     Until His work was done?

- 3 The Righteousness of God, by faith  
Is *given*, and receiv'd;  
God gives it, and the Spirit saith,  
'Tis with the heart believ'd.
- 4 Propitiation God set forth, \*  
The Blood of Christ the Lord;  
Declares His Righteousness and Worth,  
When Faith receives the Word.
- 5 His Righteousness He doth declare,  
And that He might be just,  
His own Dear Son He did not spare;  
He was for sinners curst! †  
Hallelujah

## CCLXXXIX.

Romans iv. 4, 5.

GOD can th' ungodly justify,  
Reward is all of Grace;  
Oh! Let my faith on Thee rely!  
Thy Promises embrace!

With unbelief I long have striv'n,  
My sins are crimson red;  
Say iniquities are forgiv'n!  
And sins are covered!

That man is blest to whom the Lord  
Will not his sins impute;  
Speak to my heart! apply Thy Word,  
And unbelief refuse!

Oh place Christ's Work to my account!  
I can't be just with less!  
Then, though Thou know'st my sins amount,  
Thou can'st th' *ungodly* bless.

\* Romans iii. 25, 26. † Galatians iii. 13.

- 5 I cannot work, nor is there need,  
 'Tis him that worketh not,  
 For whom the Lord of Life did bleed;  
 Declare me without spot!

Amen.

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CCXC.

James v. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD! when I'm *sick*, teach me to pray!  
 When *merry*, how to sing!  
 Be this my privilege *ev'ry day*!  
 Communion with my King!
- 2 If *sickness* come, 'tis sent by Thee,  
 If *health*, it is Thy Gift!  
 In *both* Thou art instructing me,  
 My heart to Thee to lift.
- 3 And though I know not, *as I ought*,  
 What of Thee I should crave;  
 Let me, by Thy Good Spirit taught,  
 Ask just what I should have!
- 4 If *sick*, or *well*, Give *Groans* or *Psalms*!  
 Then I'll pour out my heart!  
 Keep with Thee, both in storms and calms,  
 In comfort, and in smart.
- 5 If Thy chastising Rod I feel,  
 Tell me correction's Love!  
 And though the serpent bruise Thy heel,  
 Let me Thy Kindness prove!

Amen.



## CCXCI.

In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,  
Colossians ii. 9.

- 1 **M**EASURE \* the Temple! Gracious Lord!  
Where must my soul begin?  
Is Christ the Temple? Was the Word †  
Made flesh, to die for sin?
- 2 Jehovah Jesus! Mighty God!  
Eternal Prince of Peace!  
Thy word is Thy own measuring Rod,  
All other Measurers cease.
- 3 How High! How Deep! How Broad! How long!  
Is Thine unmeasur'd Love!  
How long the cords! The Stakes How Strong!  
No knowledge this can prove. ‡
- 4 Infinite Love alone could stoop,  
Quite *low* enough for me;  
Thy children may in darkness droop,  
But not so *low* as Thee!
- 5 My faith increase! Give me the *Reed*!  
And bid my soul arise;  
And measure, how much Love must bleed,  
To bring me to the skies.
- Hallelujah.

## CCXCII.

Revelation viii. 3. 10. Hebrews xiii. 10.

- 1 **I**S there an Altar, whence a groan  
Can unto God ascend?  
Yes! Jesus is before the Throne,  
The groaning sinner's Friend.

\* Revelation xi. 1. † John i. 14. — ii. 21:  
‡ Ephesians iii. 19.

- 2 Can this be measur'd? Lord, Thou know'st,  
And none can tell but Thee;  
*Infinite* Mercy counted cost,  
Less will not do for *me*.
- 3 Oh! Let me plead Thy precious Blood;  
Thy perfect Righteousness;  
Before the Throne the Plea is good,  
If Thou present th' Address.
- 4 Lamb that was slain, Open Thy Book,  
And let me read my name;  
Then I shall never be forsook,  
Nor Hope be put to shame.
- 5 Give me to hope, quietly wait, \*  
For Thy Salvation, Lord;  
To be content in ev'ry state,  
With what Thou dost afford.

Amen.

## CCXCIII.

Psalm cvii. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, lead me forth by the right way,  
And teach me how to go;  
I beg Thy Teaching ev'ry day;  
And more the Way to know.
- 2 Souls wand'ring in the wilderness,  
Do often seem alone;  
And think no other knows distress,  
Such as to them is known.
- 3 If hungry, thirsty, very faint,  
And yet rebellious too;  
Words cannot their affliction paint,  
Nor can they grief subdue.

\* Lamentations iii. 26.

Heart labour doth no help afford, \*  
 Help me to cry to Thee;  
 Bring out of darkness by Thy word!  
 Deliv'rer Thou must be.

Send forth Thy Word, and heal my soul, †  
 Jesus! Thy Word is Grace!  
 If I on Thee my burdens roll,  
 Destruction can't take place.  
 Lord Help me!

---

 CCXCIV.

Pfalm cvii. 27.

REEL to and fro, and stagger much,  
 Poor troubled souls may do;  
 Then they cry to the Lord, and *such*,  
 He bringeth safely through.

At *His* command, the stormy wind †  
 May lift up mighty waves;  
 Yet crying souls shall find Him kind,  
 From all distress He saves.

Jesus His poor doth set on high,  
 They are His Little Flock;  
 He hears the broken hearted cry,  
 And sets them on the Rock.

Oh Lord! Thy beggar let me be,  
 As long as here I dwell;  
 How from the dunghill to lift me,  
 And *when* Thou best canst tell.

Grace, Mercy, Peace, in Thee are hid,  
 Speak Peace to me, my Lord!  
 Though I from Thee have oft backslid,  
 Return's Thy gracious word!

Hallelujah!

\* Pfalm cvii. 12—14. ——— † 20. ——— † 25.

## CCXCV.

Hebrews vii. 25.

- 1 **A**BLE to save for evermore,  
Great High Priest, such art Thou;  
Oh! let my soul Thy Grace adore,  
And taste Salvation *now*!
- 2 Though Holy, Harmless, Undeſil'd,  
From ſinners ſeparate;  
On *ſinners* Thou in Love haſt ſmil'd,  
Yet *ſin* doſt ever hate.
- 3 Higher than Heavens, *Lord of all*!  
Unchangeable Thy Love;  
Before Thy Throne of Grace I fall,  
Mine Interceſſor prove!
- 4 When I confeſs my ſins to Thee,  
Purge conſcience with Thy Blood;  
Make Interceſſion too for me,  
And make the Lamb my Food!
- 5 Thou art the Lamb! Thou art The Prieſt!  
Upon Thee let me live!  
Eternal Life, Lord Jeſus Chriſt!  
Is Thine alone to give.

Amen.

## CCXCVI.

Hebrews vii. 27.

- 1 **T**HOU haſt no ſin, Lord, of Thy own,  
No ſacrifice didſt need;  
Juſtice and judgment are Thy Throne,  
Yet Thou for ſins didſt bleed.

Tempted in all points Thou hast been, \*  
 Like as Thy brethren are;  
 Yet sin in Thee was never seen,  
 But their sins Thou didst bear!  
 Enable me boldly to come †  
 Unto Thy Throne of Grace!  
 Call me Thy own!—Be Thou my Home!  
 My heart ‡ Thy dwelling place!  
 For sinners Christ once offer'd up  
 Himself a Sacrifice;  
 For sinners drank the bitter cup,  
 And utter'd bitter cries!  
 The *just* hath dy'd for the *unjust*,  
 To bring poor sinners nigh;  
 Lord! Help me more in Thee to trust,  
 More on Thee to rely.

Amen.

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CCXCVII.

Colossians i. 20.

LORD! Hast Thou made peace  
 Through Blood of Thy Cross?  
 Faith in Thee increase,  
 All else is but dross.  
 To God reconcile me  
 By Thy precious Blood,  
 Let nothing beguile me,  
 Thou art all that's Good.  
 I'm viler indeed,  
 Than many for whom!  
 Thy Bosom did bleed,  
 Yet, Lord, bid me come!

Hebrews vi. 15.—† vi. 16.—‡ 2 Corinthians vi. 16.  
 Ephesians iii. 17.

Unblameable make me,  
Through Thy precious death;  
In Mercy's arms take me,  
And save me from wrath!

- 3 It hath pleased God  
In Thee fulness dwells;  
To worms, to a clod,  
Grace mysteries tells;  
Thy Blood on me sprinkle!  
Thy Righteousness give!  
Without spot or wrinkle,  
In Thee let me live!

- 4 The myst'ry is great,  
That hope I should have;  
Thy Blessing repeat,  
Thy Presence I crave;  
Thou canst by *Love* win me,  
And *in* me remain;  
Dwell, Saviour, within me!  
My Hope and my Gain!

Amen.

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CCXCVIII.

Hebrews xii. 5.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, am I a son?  
Dost Thou in me delight?  
Let my heart say, Thy will be done!  
The Lord's Will must be right.
- 2 Oh! Let me not despise  
The chaf'ning of the Lord!  
Although I smart, The Lord is wise,  
It profit must afford.

He loves whom He corrects,  
 Chastiseth whom He loves;  
 Supports in trouble, and protects,  
 And Loving-kindness proves.

Lord! Help me then to bear,  
 With thankfulness Thy Rod!  
 Upon Thee casting all my care,  
 My Saviour and my God!

Lift up hands hanging down,\*  
 Strengthen the feeble knees;  
 Let straight paths for my feet be known,  
 My weakness Jesus sees.

Amen.

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CCXCIX.

2 Corinthians ix. 8.

ABLE to make all Grace abound,  
 God is towards His poor;  
 And those that greatest Grace have found,  
 Will find they want the more.

None but Thyself, O God, can see  
 How much Thy Grace I need;  
 None but The Lord can give to me  
 Grace, my poor soul to feed.

*Always, an all sufficiency,  
 In all things Thou canst give;  
 Ability is all in Thee,  
 From Thee let me receive!*

In me let Thine abounding Grace  
 Work ev'ry work that's good!  
 In all Things, and in ev'ry case,  
 Keep conscience purg'd with Blood!

\* Hebrews xii. 12.

- 5 Thy precious seed in my heart sow,  
 Then *He* that sows shall reap;  
 If Thou abundant Grace bestow,  
 Dumb sing! and *Lame* shall leap!  
 Amen.

## CCC.

2 Corinthians ix. 9.—Psalm cxii. 9.

- 1 SAVIOUR! Thou hast dispers'd abroad,  
 Unto Thy poor hast giv'n  
 Thy Righteousness;—Commandment's broad,  
 'Tis with Commandment ev'n. †
- 2 For evermore it must remain,  
 Let it be always mine!  
 It frees the soul from guilty pain,  
 And all the Glory's Thine.
- 3 In darkness there ariseth Light, ‡  
 To souls redeem'd with Blood;  
 God gives them songs in darkest night,  
 The Lamb becomes their Food.
- 4 The greater, Lord, I see my debt,  
 If Thou hast paid it *all*,  
 The greater Glory Thou shalt get,  
 When I before Thee fall.
- 5 If evil tidings oft are brought §  
 By Satan to mine ear,  
 Oh! Let me, by Thy Spirit taught,  
 Trust Thee! Thee only fear!  
 Amen.

\* Psalm cxix. 96. † Romans viii. 4. ‡ Psalm cxii.  
 § Psalm cxii. 7.



## CCCI.

Romans xi. 17, 18.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus Christ, Thou art the Root,  
 Thou art the Olive Tree;  
 Without Thee there can be no fruit,  
 'Tis found alone from Thee. \*
- 2 By nature I am barren, wild,  
 The vilest of the vile;  
 My heart, my conscience is defil'd,  
 Canst Thou upon me smile?
- 3 Thy Goodness then let me behold,  
 Towards a sinner base;  
 Infinite Love cannot be told,  
 But let me sing Thy Grace!
- 4 If nat'ral branches were not spar'd,  
 Because of unbelief;  
 Canst Thou in Mercy, Lord, regard  
 A wretch, of sinners chief!
- 5 LOVE is Thy NAME! and Grace the song  
 Of all whom Grace doth save;  
 Thy Hidden ones put me among,  
 And keep me low, I crave!

Amen.

## CCCII.

Matthew xv. 26.

- 1 **O**H Lord, Thou say'st it is not meet  
 To take the children's bread,  
 And cast it unto dogs to eat,  
 Truth, Lord;—Yet dogs are fed.

\* Hosea xiv. 8.

- 2 The crumbs which from the table fall,  
The dogs will eat, and prize;  
Lord help me! Still for help I call,  
To Thee repeat my cries!
- 3 By nature I'm a child of wrath,  
Thy Paul said such was *He*; \*  
*Even as others*—yet by faith,  
He learn'd to feed on Thee.
- 4 No child could e'er be better fed  
By Thee, the Bread of Life,  
Than *Saul*, when He to Thee was led,  
And Love surmounted strife.
- 5 Like precious Faith give me, though great,  
It is Thy own to give;  
Enable *me* Thy Flesh to eat!  
Dwell in Thee! in Thee live!  
Amen.

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### CCCIII.

Revelation iii. 18.

- 1 **L**ORD, dost Thou counsel me,  
To come to Thee and buy?  
At Thy Command, I come to Thee,  
And unto Thee I cry.
- 2 Thy Head is finest gold! †  
'Twas try'd in ev'ry Fire!  
Thy precious Face let me behold!  
And more Thy grace admire?
- 3 All Treasure's in Thee hid,  
Wisdom from Thee I seek;  
And Pow'r to do what Thou dost bid,  
To lean on Thee when weak.

\* Ephesians ii. 3.      † Song v. 11.

4 White Raiment, Lord, is Thine,  
I know of none beside;  
Oh! Let *Thy* Righteousness be *mine*!  
My nakedness to hide!  
5 Do Thou anoint mine eyes!  
The eye salve is Thine own;  
The destitute do not despise!  
My wants to Thee are known.  
Lord Help me!

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## CCCIV.

The exceeding Riches of His Grace. Ephesians ii. 7.

2 **THY** Love and Thy Grace  
Are infinite, Lord!  
The smiles of Thy Face  
All Blessings afford;  
Thy Blood speaketh Pardon,  
Thy Righteousness Peace;  
Lead me to Thy Garden!  
Faith in Thee increase!  
2 On precious faith smile,  
And bind up my wounds!  
Pour in Wine and Oil,  
As Grace more abounds!  
Compassion, Good Neighbour!  
Dwells richly in Thee!  
Sick souls, Thou canst favour,  
Have pity on me!

Amen.

## CCCV.

1 John i. 9.

- 1 IF I my num'rous sins confess,  
God faithful is and just,  
To cleanse from *all* unrighteousness,  
And pardon ev'ry lust.
- 2 Oh God! Thy Love is truly known,  
If Light I'm walking in;  
The Blood of Jesus Christ Thy Son,  
Cleanseth from ev'ry sin.
- 3 Oh let me not in darkness walk,  
But know that God is Light;  
Nor let me like a liar talk,  
When I experience night.
- 4 If fellowship with God Thou grant,  
And give me *this* to prove;  
Truly I must have all I want,  
'Tis Love! and God is Love.

Amen.

## CCCVI.

Hebrews iv. 15. 1 Peter i. 6.

- 1 LORD, if I must know temptation,  
Thou hast *all* temptation known;  
Then in ev'ry tribulation,  
Help me unto Thee to groan!  
Strengthen precious faith, and make me  
Hope, that *Help* Thou *wilt* afford;  
Never leave me, nor forsake me!  
But support me by Thy Word!

- 2 Keep me constantly depending  
 On Thine Arm, and sov'reign Grace;  
 On Thee evermore attending,  
 Day and night, in ev'ry place.  
 To Thy Will grant me submission,  
 Make my heart say Thine be done!  
 With chastisement, give contrition!  
 If I'm scourg'd, call me a son!  
 Amen.

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 CCCVII.

Jeremiah xxxi. 31. Hebrew x. 17.——viii. 12.

- 1 MY soul, if Jesus is thy Peace,  
 Rememb'ring sins with God doth cease;  
 The Word of God—Of Hope the ground,  
 Says Mercy hath a Ransom found.
- 2 God will remember sins no more,  
 Redeeming Blood hath paid the score;  
 Sin's blotted out by sov'reign grace,  
 Remission justly taketh place.
- 3 Lord draw me nearer!—Melt my heart:  
 Sprinkle my conscience when I smart;  
 My body wash with water pure,  
 Sav'd to the end make me endure.
- 4 Give holy boldness at Thy Throne,  
 There make Thy Loving-kindness known;  
 Oh, write it deeply in my soul,  
 New cov'nant grace ensures the whole.
- 5 Close to Thy Flock's Footsteps me keep,  
 Give fellowship with *those* that weep;  
 And when Thou givest songs at *night*,  
 Make Zion's songs my soul's delight.  
 Amen.

## CCCVIII.

Look unto Me and be saved. *Isaiah xlv. 22. Luke xi. 9.*

- 1 **L**ORD, help me now to look to Thee,  
To ask and seek and knock;  
Do Thou in mercy look on me,  
Set my feet on the Rock.
- 2 If like a drunken man I reel,  
Weak as a bruised reed;  
The more my helplessness I feel,  
The more *Thine* Help I need.
- 3 Let me declare Thy Works among \*  
Poor sinners ev'ry day;  
And in the night give me a song,  
Grace let me sing, I pray.
- 4 Thou canst make seekers hearts rejoice, †  
And glory in Thy Name;  
Oh tune my heart! Oh tune my voice,  
Thy wonders to proclaim.
- 5 Give precious faith; increase it too,  
In ev'ry troub'lous time,  
Tokens of Love to me renew,  
And blot out ev'ry crime.
- 6 Continually to seek Thy Face ‡  
My feeble soul incline;  
Continually to sing Thy Grace, -  
The Glory shall be Thine.

Amen.

\* 1 Chro .xvi. 8. *Isaiah xii. 4.* ——— † 10. ——— ‡ 11.

## CCCIX.

Isaiah xl. 31.

SHALL they that wait upon the Lord  
 Renew their strength indeed ?  
 Lord, strengthen me ! Fulfil Thy Word !  
 If Thou hast thus decreed.

To idol worship I am prone, \*  
 This Thou hast made me know ;  
 Seeking for help where there is none,  
 Before to Thee I go.

Let me not say my way is hid, †  
 Pass'd over from my God ;  
 Oh Lord, my unbelief forbid !  
 And let me kiss Thy Rod !

Hast Thou said, I, ev'n I, am He,  
 That blots transgressions out ;  
 Repeat Thy gracious word to me !  
 And cancel ev'ry doubt !

The youths shall faint, the young men fall,  
 But they that wait on Thee,  
 Thou say'st, renew their strength they shall ;  
 Fulfil Thy word to me !

I ask Thy Favour, That includes ‡  
 All that is truly good ;  
 And if Thy beggar now intrudes,  
 Purge conscience with Thy Blood !

Amen.

\* Isaiah xl. 19, 20. — † 27. ‡ Psalm cvi. 4, 5.

## CCCX.

Romans v. 6.

- 1 **C**HRISt did for the ungodly die,  
Lord shed abroad Thy Love,  
Within my heart, and bring me nigh!  
Let me Thy Goodness prove!
- 2 None more ungodly, more defil'd,  
None more deserving wrath;  
But enemies are reconcil'd,  
To God by Jesus' death.
- 3 Sinners atonement have receiv'd,\*  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord;  
More with the heart be this believ'd!  
In *mine* ingraft the word!
- 4 If justified by Thy Blood, †  
And sav'd from wrath through Thee;  
Though in my flesh there's nothing good,  
*Thy Life is Life* to me.
- 5 Art Thou my Life? Dear Lord, appear! †  
'Tis Glory *This* to know;  
Let precious faith embrace Thee here,  
And daily stronger grow!  
Amen.

## CCCXI.

Colossians iii. 1.

- 1 **I**F ris'n with Christ, Oh, let me seek  
The Things which are above;  
Where Christ, whose Heart is lowly, meek,  
On God's Right Hand is Love!

\* Romans v. 11. —† 9. † Colossians iii. 4.



On things above affections set,  
 And not on things on earth;  
 More this experience let me get,  
 It proves the second birth.

My carnal members mortify  
 Evil concupiscence;  
 To these, dear Saviour, let me die,  
 Me from uncleanness cleanse.

Filthy communication too,  
 And all idolatry;  
 If these the Lord of Glory slew,  
 Lord, nail them to Thy Tree!

Though I have walk'd and liv'd in them,  
 To them let me be dead!  
 God in the flesh did sin condemn,  
 Christ dy'd in sinners stead.

Hallelujah!

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 CCCXII.

Roman viii. 34.

**M**AKE intercession, Lord, for me,  
 If Thou for me hast dy'd;  
 Sinners, whose sins have pierced Thee,  
 By Thee are justify'd.

God's own, His Well Beloved Son,  
 The Father hath not spar'd;  
 At God's Right Hand call me Thy own,  
 And freely me regard.

Seeing Thou ever liv'st to make \*  
 Kind intercession there;  
 My cause, dear High Priest, undertake,  
 Plead for, and set me clear!

\* Hebrews vii. 25.

- 4 None is more guilty, none more base,  
 None more Thy Blood can need,  
 Than he who now implores Thy Grace,  
 For me, Dear Saviour, plead !
- 5 I've sinn'd—Be Thou mine Advocate,  
 With God the Father now !  
 To Thee is known my sinful state,  
 Plead for me !—Thou know'st how !
- Amen.

---

 CCCXIII.

Heb. vii. 27.

- 1 **O**NCE hath our High Priest offer'd up  
 Himself, and freely too ;  
 For sinners drank the bitter Cup,  
 That God might mercy shew.
- 2 Saviour, Help me to look for Thee !  
 The second time appear !  
 Free me from sin, Salvation be,  
 And make Thy Tokens clear !
- 3 Thy Testament is now of force, \*  
 The Great Testator dy'd ;  
 My soul from Moses quite divorce,  
 And call a worm Thy Bride !
- 4 Oh, put Thy Laws within my heart,  
 And write them in my mind !  
 Cause legal bondage to depart !  
 Thy Law of Love can bind.
- 5 Give boldness, Lord, to plead Thy Blood !  
 In conscience make it plain !  
 Thy Blood my Drink, Thy Flesh my Food,  
 In Thee let me remain !

Amen.

\* Heb. xi. 16. 17.

## CCCXIV.

Luke xix. 10.

**T**O seek and save the lost,  
 The Son of Man did come;  
 The Word made Flesh, counted the cost,  
 To bring His ransom'd home.  
 And could Jehovah stoop \*  
 To dwell on earth with men!  
 Lord, let me not in darkness droop!  
 Revive my soul again!  
 Let me behold Thy Face! †  
 Thee joyfully receive!  
 A prodigal Thou canst embrace,  
 And all my wants relieve.  
 To-day with me abide! †  
 Tell me it *must* be so!  
 Though scribes and others will deride,  
 If thou with sinners go.  
 Oh, come and be my Guest!  
 Abide within my heart!  
 Sinners their former § sins detest,  
 When Blood removeth smart.

Amen.

## CCCXV.

Luke xviii. 22.

**L**ORD, cause me now to sell  
 My *all*, and follow Thee;  
 Within my heart, O come and dwell!  
 Be *all* in *all* to me!

\* John i. 13. † Luke xix. 6. ——— † 5. ——— § 8.

- 2 To pray let me not cease !  
Give me an humble mind !  
Thou art alone a sinner's peace,  
Peace in Thee let me find !
- 3 Keep conscience purg'd from guilt !  
And when to Thee I cry,  
Apply Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,  
Atonement brings them nigh.
- 4 When Righteousness I seek,  
Make me renounce my own !  
Strip me of all, and make me meek  
Enough to own I've none.
- 5 Clothe me in Thy Best Robe !  
Let mine be wash'd in Blood !  
Whatever may my conscience probe,  
Let all things work for good !  
Amen.

---

### CCCXVI.

Isaiah iv. 5, 6.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH Jesus will create  
On ev'ry Dwelling Place,  
Of Zion's mount, both small and great,  
A Token of His Grace.
- 2 On her assemblies, waiting saints,  
A cloud and smoke by day ;  
They are His care when nature faints,  
When they in trouble pray.
- 3 And in the darkest gloomy night,  
His shining flaming Fire,  
Shall be to them both Heat and Light,  
His Grace They shall admire.

- 4 The Glory is Immanuel's own,  
And *He* is their Defence;  
A Refuge unto Zion known,  
And none shall force them thence.
- 5 A Covert from the storm and rain  
Jehovah Jesus is;  
To Him they flee, *in* Him remain,  
And safety shall not miss.
- 6 Lord Jesus, hast thou quicken'd me \*  
By Thy most gracious Word?  
Then let me trust alone in Thee!  
Cov'ring to me afford!

Amen.

## CCCXVII.

Zech. ix. 9. Mat. xxi. 25.

- 1 THE Saviour on an Ass,  
To visit Sion came;  
The prophecy fulfilled was,  
Immanuel is His Name.
- 2 My soul, Behold thy King!  
Dear Jesus, come to me!  
Thou only canst salvation bring,  
Let me sing praise to Thee!
- 3 Upon the Ass's Foal  
Let me behold my Lord!  
Salvation unto my poor soul,  
Meek Jesus, now afford!
- 4 From babes and sucklings Thou  
Hast perfected Thy praise;  
Make *me* a babe, a suckling now,  
And let *me* sing Thy Grace!

\* Ps. cxix. 50.

- 5 Thou healest blind and lame,  
 Thy Goodness let me prove!  
 For evermore Thou art the same,  
 To me extend Thy Love.
- Amen.

---

 CCCXVIII.

Heb. viii. 12.—x. 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me now Thy promise plead,  
 It is Thy Word of Grace;  
 I am a sinner, but I read,  
 That Mercy shall take place.
- 2 Wilt Thou remember sins no more?  
 Fulfil Thy Word to me!  
 Covenant Grace let me adore!  
 Say Blood hath set me free!
- 3 Open Thy New and Living way,  
 And make my heart draw near!  
 Approach Thee while 'tis call'd to-day,  
 In faith and filial fear!
- 4 Feed me, dear Lord, with Flesh and Blood!  
 Enable me to eat!  
 It is Thy hungry children's Food,  
 'Tis Drink indeed and Meat.
- 5 Sprinkle my heart, my conscience heal,  
 Wash me with water pure!  
 My soul unto redemption seal,  
 And make Salvation sure!
- Amen,

## CCCXIX.

Psalm xxii. 1.

- 1 **I**N day of trouble call on Me,  
 So faith the God of Grace;  
 He faith, I will deliver thee,  
 And thou shalt render praise. \*
- 2 Lord Jesus, Troubles Thou hast known,  
 Supreme distress hast felt;  
 Suff'ring for sins—though not Thy own;  
 Like wax Thy Heart did melt.
- 3 But when *forsaken* was Thy Cry,  
 Trouble was then complete;  
 Complete Deliv'rance then was nigh,  
 And Vict'ry Thou didst get.
- 4 Oh, grant my soul to God access,  
 Through Thine atoning Blood!  
 And help me, Lord, in all distress,  
 To say, The Lord is good!
- 5 *Forsaken* was Thy *last* complaint,  
 When hung upon the tree;  
 If I feel *thus*, and cry, I faint,  
 Help me to cry to Thee!

Amen.

## CCCXX.

- 1 **W**AS Christ forsaken, that we might  
 Not quite forsaken be?  
 Must He experience darkest night,  
 That we the SUN might see?

\* Psalm l. 15.

- 2 Lord Jesus! Let my soul retreat,  
Yea, in the darkest hour,  
To Golgotha, and kiss Thy Feet!  
Give me both will and pow'r!
- 3 In dying was Thy soul forsook?  
And didst Thou ask, for why?  
Was it that worms to Thee might look?  
Be sav'd?—and never die?
- 4 Upon This Rock, Lord, set my feet!  
Fixt *Here* let me abide!  
At Calv'ry Thou canst beggars meet,  
Shew me Thy pierced Side!
- 5 My God! My God! to Thee I cry!  
Thy Spirit to me give!  
Christ is ascended up on high,  
Dwell in me! In me live!

Amen.

---

 CCCXXI.

Exodus xii. 9.

- 1 **N**OT raw, nor sodden, roast with fire,  
The Passover must be;  
My soul, the Grace of God admire,  
If Christ was slain for thee.
- 2 Lord give me faith to take the Blood!  
Strike with it my door-posts!  
Oh! make the Myst'ry understood,  
Redeemer! Lord of Hosts!
- 3 Give me unleaven'd bread to eat!  
My soul to Calv'ry guide!  
There make the Flesh of Christ my meat!  
And bitter herbs provide!



4 Make *Truth* the Girdle of my loins!  
*Peace*, shoes upon my feet!  
 Thy *Word* my staff, and Thy Designs,  
 In Thy Passover sweet!

5 *Old nature* longs for heaven'd bread,  
 Dear Saviour, purge it out!  
 To all but Thee let me be dead!  
 And faith be freed from doubt!

Amen.

---

CCCXXII.

Exodus xi. 13.

1 BESTOW Thy Token, Lord, on me!  
 To Thee alone I cry!  
 If on me Jesus' Blood *Thou* see,  
 The plague shall not destroy.

2 Dear Lamb of God, to eat the *whole* \*  
 Of Thee, indeed I need;  
 Be *all* in *all* to my poor soul!  
 Let faith upon Thee feed!

3 Wisdom and Righteousness are Thine,  
 Sanctification too;  
 Let Thy Redemption *all* be mine!  
 This mercy to me shew!

4 For *all* enable me to look  
 To Thee, my Lord, *alone*!  
 The poor by Thee are not forsook,  
 When other help is gone.  
 Lord, help me!

\* Exodus xi. 10.

## CCCXXIII.

2 Cor. iv. 5.

- 1 **O**URSELVES we don't preach,  
 Christ Jesus the Lord;  
 The heart He can reach,  
 With His Spirit's Sword; \*  
 In Him dwells all fulness,  
 It so pleased God;  
 To cure nature's dulness,  
 Christ dwelt in a *clod*! †
- 2 Oh! shine *in* my heart,  
 Almighty God, now!  
 This knowledge impart,  
 Thy Spirit knows how;  
 The Face of Christ Jesus  
 Thy Glory contains!  
 'Twas marr'd to release us  
 From all guilty pains.
- 3 This Treasure is our's, †  
 Though vessels of earth!  
 Into them God pours  
 His rich Treasure forth!  
 Makes princes of beggars,  
 Sets them on His Throne!  
 Though unbelief staggers,  
 He calls them His own.
- 4 Dear Saviour, be kind,  
 Oh, keep Satan out!  
 He darkens the mind,  
 And oft causeth doubt;

\* Eph. vi. 17. † John i. 14. — † 7.

Let me feel completeness,  
 Lord Jesus, in Thee!  
 Love's infinite greatness  
 Sufficient for me!

Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen!

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CCCXXIV.

Col. ii. 10.

COMPLETE in Him! What is it, Lord?

Oh, speak the words to me!

Thy Spirit's teaching now afford!

Make me complete in Thee!

I'm ignorant—In Thee are hid \*

Wisdom and Knowledge too;

To learn of Thee I'm not forbid,

This Myst'ry to me shew;

Was sin completely punished,

When Stripes were laid on Thee?

Transgression finish'd, when Christ bled

Upon the cursed Tree?

Was *my* Redemption *then* complete, †

When Jesus shed His Blood?

Thy precious word to *me* repeat!

And make it understood!

The Church Thy *Body*—Thou the *Head*,

Righteous art Thou and Just;

If risen with Thee from the dead,

Be justify'd I must.

\* Verse 10. † Col. i. 14.

- 6 Art Thou my Life ? Then purge away  
 All unbelieving fear !  
 Let faith upon Thy Promise stay,  
 'Till Christ my Life appear !
- 7 Oh crush the foot of cursed pride ?  
 My ignorance subdue !  
*In Thee complete let me abide !*  
*All else as nothing view !*

Amen.

---

 CCCXXV.

1 Peter ii. 24.

- 1 **C**HRIST, His own Self, the Lamb of God,  
 Upon the Cross He bore  
 Our sins, and Justice with the Rod  
 His blessed Body tore !
- 2 He was revil'd, but held His peace,  
 Reviled not again ;  
 He knew His suff'ring must increase,  
 But could not long remain.
- 3 Sheep going astray, must back be brought,  
 The Shepherd for them bled ;  
 They in the cloudy day are sought,  
 Found out, brought back, and fed.
- 4 He suffer'd, but he threaten'd not,  
 Almighty Pow'r submits  
 To righteous Judgment---this He got ;  
 And Justice now acquits.
- 5 Lord, realize this in my soul !  
 I daily healing need !  
 Thy Stripes alone can make me whole,  
 Thou didst for sinners bleed.

Hallelujah.

CCCXXVI.

1 Peter iv. 3.

- 1 **L**ASCIVIOUS lusts, excess of wine,  
 Revellings, banquetings,  
 Idols which words cannot define,  
 Abominable things;
- 2 Walking in these had been the case,  
 Of God's foreknown \* elect;  
 Of sinners basest of the base,  
 'Till God did them detect.
- 3 For sins Christ suffer'd, such as these,  
 The just for the unjust;  
 Grace breaks the heart, and bends the knees,  
 And makes them hate their lust.
- 4 Dear Lord, if Thou wouldst this record,  
 In Thy most blessed Book;  
 Was it, that when I read Thy Word,  
 I unto Thee might look?
- 5 The Just for the unjust hath dy'd,  
 Sinners in Christ rejoice!  
 Let bleeding Love be magnify'd!  
 It tunes the heart and voice!  
 Hallelujah!

CCCXXVII.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **T**HE God of Peace brought from the dead,  
 Our Jesus, Christ our Lord;  
 That Shepherd of the Sheep that bled,  
 Through Blood to Life restor'd.

\* 1 Peter i. 2.

- 2 The Everlasting Cov'nant made,  
Our Saviour did fulfil;  
He dy'd, and in the Grave was laid,  
This was Jehovah's Will.
  - 3 Oh, God of Peace! Work in my heart  
That which well pleaseth Thee!  
To do Thy Will, Thy Grace impart!  
Work precious faith in me!
  - 4 Through Jesus Christ this Work is done,  
By Thee the God of Peace;  
More shew me Thy Beloved Son!  
And more my faith increase!
  - 5 By Him speak Peace to my poor soul,  
In these last days of Grace!  
If Christ says, Go in peace, Be whole!  
My work shall *all* be praise!
- Amen.

---

### CCCXXVIII.

Heb. x. 35, 36.

- 1 **L**ORD, Give me holy confidence!  
Maintain it when 'tis given!  
From Thee, my Safety and Defence,  
Let not my soul be driven!
- 2 The Recompence is all Thy own,  
Reward is all of Grace;  
Grace comes through Jesus' Blood alone,  
All that is *mine* abase.
- 3 I've need of patience, Grant it Lord!  
Thou God of patience art!  
This Grace to Thy poor worm afford,  
To bless Thee when I smart!

Thy Promise, Lord, let me receive !  
 Thy Spirit to me grant !  
 In Jesus *more* let me believe !  
 In Him is all I want.

Thou say'st the just shall live by faith,  
 And faith is Thine to give ;  
 Help me to *eat* what Jesus saith !  
 In Him by faith to live !

Amen.

---

CCCXXIX.

Matt. ix. 2—6. Mark ii. 5. Luke vii. 48.

'TIS God alone can sins forgive,  
 But Jesus Christ is God ;  
 Poor sinners that in Christ believe,  
 He bought them with His Blood.

He bought His Church, when dead in sin,  
 And with Her foes did fight ;  
 Through death He did the Battle win,  
 From Darkness shined Light !

Nothing to Jesus was forgiv'n,  
 He paid the Law's Demand ;  
 And when He was releas'd from pris'n,  
 On Holy Ground did stand.

Sing, Oh ye Heav'ns ! The Lord hath done  
 Whatever He saw Good !  
 He spared not His own Dear Son !  
 Sinners are bought with Blood !

Am I Thy purchase, Gracious Lord ?  
 Witness it in my soul !  
 Speak to my heart Thy precious Word !  
 Say, Go in peace ! Be whole !

Amen.

## CCCXXX.

Answer him not. *Isaiah xxxvi. 31.*

- 1 *REAS'NING* with Satan is not good,  
*Resist*, is God's Command;  
 Stedfast in faith in Jesus' Blood,  
 Faith no where else can stand.
  - 2 With Thee, Lord Jesus, must I plead!  
 Hast Thou commanded me?  
 Within Thy blessed Book I read,  
 Sin's blotted out by Thee.
  - 3 The cause assign'd For *Thine Own Sake*!  
 This reas'ning is Thine own!  
 Of Thy Free Grace let me partake!  
 And to me make it known!
  - 4 Lord shut all carnal reas'ning out!  
 Let none in me take place!  
 It genders bondage, causeth doubt,  
 Salvation is of Grace!
  - 5 No man could take away Thy Life,  
 But LOVE could lay it down!  
 Let Loving kindness end all strife!  
 Oh! let it be my Crown!
- Amen.

## CCCXXXI.

*Mat. xi. 28. Song i. 3.*

- 1 *ALL* ye that *labour*, Come to Me,  
 This is Immanuel's Word;  
 Draw me, Dear Saviour, unto Thee!  
 And *Rest* to me afford!



- 2 Thou dost not say, *Perhaps I may,*  
 But I *will* give you Rest;  
 Receive me graciously, I pray!  
 And then I must be blest.
- 3 If heavy laden souls must come,  
 Oh! make Thy Promise good!  
*Draw* me to Thee! Be Thou my Home;  
 And give me *Rest* and Food!
- 4 Thou sayest, Take My Yoke on you,  
 Thy sweet Command is *Love*!  
*Without* Thee I can nothing do,  
 Thy *Drawing* let me prove!
- 5 If I must learn of Thee, and Thou  
 Art meek and lowly in Heart;  
*Draw* me to Thee, and teach me how,  
 Thy Blood removeth smart.

Amen.

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### CCCXXXII.

1 Peter v. 10.

- 1 LORD, 'stablish, strengthen, settle me,  
 God of all Grace Thou art;  
 Let me cast all my care on Thee,  
 Quench ev'ry fiery dart!
- 2 Oh, make me sober, vigilant,  
 And though the devil roar;  
 Resisting faith unto me grant!  
 And let him not devour!
- 3 God of all Grace, by Jesus Christ,  
 To me make known Thy Call;  
 Eternal Glory in the High'st,  
 They'll sing who lowest fall.

- 4 Glory, Dominion, be to Thee,  
For ev'r and ev'r, amen!  
The song of sinners fav'd shall be—  
For *us* the Lamb was slain!
- 5 In this true Grace, Lord, let me stand!  
Be Thou my God and Guide!  
Give Grace and Glory, Give Command,  
That I in Thee abide!

Amen.

---

CCCXXXIII.

I Thessalonians v. 17.

- 1 **P**RAY without ceasing! Lord help me  
To pray and not to cease!  
To pour my heart out unto Thee, \*  
O Lord, my faith increase!
- 2 The roaring Lion oft I hear, †  
The subtle serpent feel!  
Oh, let me find my Jesus near!  
Though Satan bruise Thy Heel.
- 3 Upon Thee, Saviour, let me wait, ‡  
Stronger and stronger grow!  
In all temptations, ev'ry state,  
Thy mercy let me know!
- 4 The foe oft saith, Where is thy God? §  
Answer for me, my Lord!  
And whatsoever be Thy Rod,  
Support me by Thy Word!

\* Psalm lxii. 8. — † I Peter v. 8. — ‡ Isaiah xl. 31.  
§ Psalm xlii. 3.

5 In all points Thou hast tempted been,\*  
 And ev'ry sorrow known;  
 Oh let Thy hand tow'ards me be seen!  
 And make my cause Thy own!  
 Amen.

---

## CCCXXXIV.

John xiii. 3.

1 THE dear Redeemer knew indeed,  
 All things to Him were giv'n;  
 And knew for sinners He must bleed,  
 Before He went to Heav'n.  
 2 Behold Him now from Supper rise,  
 His Garments laid aside;  
 To wash their feet before He dies,  
 For whom He's crucify'd!  
 3 My soul, to Jesus Christ look up!  
 He's evermore the same;  
 And *all* for whom He drank the Cup,  
 To wash their *feet* He came.  
 4 In Adam's nature look and see,  
 How filthy are thy *feet*!  
 Dear Saviour, prove I've part in Thee!  
 Wash me as Thou seest meet!  
 5 One step aright I cannot take,  
 No, not if wash'd in Blood,  
 Unless Thou wash my *feet*, and make  
 Thy precepts understood.  
 Lord, help me!

\* Heb. iv. 15.

## CCCXXXV.

John iv. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, Thou must needs go through  
 Samaria, we are told;  
 One sheep was there, the Shepherd *knew*,  
 And must bring to the fold.
- 2 Was she an *harlot*, yet a *sheep*?  
 Say, how can these things be?  
 Although the myst'ry may be deep,  
 'Tis true—and Grace is free.
- 3 Oh depth of Riches, and of Grace,\*  
 Wisdom and Knowledge too!  
 Jehovah Jesus can embrace  
 Sinners, and mercy shew!
- 4 Lord, Who could know Thy loving mind? †  
 Or who hath counsell'd Thee?  
 Who could advise Thee to be kind  
 To such a worm as *me*?
- 5 For Him, through Him, and unto Him,  
 Are all things—Glory give!  
 And if the eye of faith be dim,  
 Lord, make the *heart* believe!
- Amen.

## CCCXXXVI.

John vi. 44.

- 1 **L**ORD, have I ever with Thee been,  
 And by Thee been receiv'd?  
 The Father's Love in this is seen,  
 When with the heart believ'd.

\* Rom. xi. 33.—† Rom. xi. 34.

- 2 Thou say'st, "No man can come to *Me*,  
 "Except the Father draw;"  
 Nor to the Father but by Thee,  
 Whose *Love* fulfil'd the Law.
- 3 Then if to *Thee* I tell my grief,  
 Hath not the Father sent  
 A worm to Thee to seek relief,  
 When all my strength is spent?
- 4 Oh! let my soul by Thee be brought,  
 And to the Father bow!  
 And by The Holy Spirit taught,  
 Cry—Abba, Father, *now*!
- 5 Be Thou my Portion, God of Love!  
 Though I for folly smart!  
 And let Thy kind correction prove  
 Thy Spirit in my heart!

Amen.

---

CCCXXXVII.

This Man receiveth sinners. Luke xv. 2.

- 1 **K**EEP me, Lord, from all deception,  
 Open eyes of one born blind;  
 To a *sinner* give reception,  
 Thee at *Calv'ry* let me find!  
 Evil working is confusion,  
 Me deliver from it all!  
 Save my soul from all delusion,  
 Unto Thee for help I call!
- 2 I'm a sinner—Thou hast suffer'd,  
 Draw me, Jesus, unto Thee!  
 Thou for Sin Thy soul hast offer'd,  
 Say that off'ring was for me!

Lamb for sinners sacrificed,  
 Lamb of God for sinners slain!  
 Love Eternal *this* devised,  
 Love Eternal must remain.

Hallelujah!

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CCCXXXVIII.

Lamentations iii. 22.

- 1 **M**ERCIES are ev'ry morning new,  
 Christ's Faithfulness is great;  
 Thy Mercies, Lord, to me renew,  
 Thy kindnesse repeat!
- 2 If I have said my strength, my hope,  
 Is perish'd from the Lord;  
 Though long in darkness I may grope,  
 Support Thou canst afford.
- 3 Affliction, mis'ry, wormwood, gall,  
 I may remember still;  
 For sinners Jesus tasted *all*,  
 It was Jehovah's Will!
- 4 Humbling remembrance should remain,  
 Whene'er we call to mind,  
 That Christ *Our* Hope endur'd all pain,  
 That we might mercy find.
- 5 Is Christ my portion! Oh my soul,  
 Hope in Him still, and pray!  
 For if His Stripes have made thee whole,  
 Love cannot long delay.

\* Verse 18.

## CCCXXXIX.

Lamentations iii. 27.

1 **T**IS good to hope, and quiet wait,  
 For Thy salvation, Lord;  
 If trial's sore, deliv'rance late,  
 Faith, patience, hope afford!  
 2 For ever God will not cast off,\*  
 But though He causeth grief!  
 And though the adversary scoff,  
 The Lord will yield relief.  
 3 Let precious faith in Thee conclude †  
 Compassion will be shown;  
 According to the multitude  
 Of mercies to Thy own!  
 4 The *lowest* dungeon's not *too* low, ‡  
 Groans may from thence arise;  
 The pris'ner's sighing up shall go  
 From dungeons to the skies.  
 5 Prayers are with Jesus' blood perfum'd, §  
 Ascend before the Throne!  
 Mercy is great, we're not consum'd!  
 Mercy is His alone!  
 Hallelujah!

## CCCXL.

John xi. 6.

1 **I**F I, before Christ's time's come, roar,  
 And cry my hope is fled;  
 Because I'd have Him come before  
 Poor Laz'rus is quite dead;

\* Lamentations iii. 31. ——— † 32. ——— ‡ 55.

§ Revelation viii. 3.

Y

- 2 He hears my groans, yet still abides,  
Until poor Laz'rus dies;  
Yea, 'till he stink, and none besides  
A God, can make him rise.
- 3 When Jesus comes, He brings relief  
To sinners *quite* undone;  
Though dead in sin, of sinners chief,  
When all their strength is gone.
- 4 Come then, Dear Lord, to one that needs  
All that Thy Blood is worth;  
And when in darkness conscience bleeds,  
Cry, Lazarus come forth!  
Amen.

---

 CCCXLI.

John xi. 44.

- 1 **I**S Laz'rus ris'n? Then, Lord, release  
Him from grave-clothes, if *bound*;  
If rais'd from death, oh let Thy Peace  
Within the heart be found!
- 2 Let Thy most precious blood apply'd  
Cleanse from all slavish fear!  
If Thou for my poor soul hast dy'd,  
Bring Thy Salvation near!
- 3 If any Laz'rus here remain,  
In nature's grave, not rais'd;  
Laz'rus come forth! repeat again,  
And let Thy Name be prais'd!
- 4 The Resurrection and the Life,  
Almighty Lord, Thou art;  
Abolish death, subdue all strife!  
And Life to *Thine* impart!



Thy Death is Life to all Thy sheep,  
 Be Thou the death of those,  
 That would *them* yet in grave-clothes keep,  
 For whom Christ dy'd and rose!  
 Amen.

---

 CCCXLII.

Song ii. 8.

THE Voice of Jesus is the Voice  
 Of Mercy, Grace, and Peace;  
 He loves His *own*, they are His Choice,  
 His Love can never cease.

And by His *own* He is belov'd,  
 When Love He makes them know;  
 Mutual affection then is prov'd,  
 Though often *cold* we grow.

But why not cast off and destroy'd,  
 When languid, barren grown?  
 Because He changeth not, His Bride  
 He never will disown.

He saith, you have not chosen me,  
 But I have chosen you;  
 His Sov'reign Love, His Grace is free,  
 To all His chosen few.

And when by them His Voice is heard,  
 It is the Voice of Love;  
*Correction* may be felt or fear'd,  
 But shall *affection* prove.

Amen.

## CCCXLIII.

Song ii. 8.

- 1 **M**OUNTAINS are high, Christ leaps upon  
The highest of them all;  
Grace, Mercy, Peace, at Calv'ry shone,  
When Jesus tasted gall!
- 2 Oh let my soul my Lord attend  
Unto the cursed tree!  
And see how far Grace must extend,  
To reach a wretch like me!
- 3 If Thou for me hast been forsook,  
Then do not me forsake!  
Enable me to Thee to look,  
Me to Thy Bosom take!
- 4 My sins are num'rous, vile, and such  
As few besides have known;  
But much forgiven loveth much,  
Forgiveness is Thy own.
- 5 Troubles are many, sore, and long,  
And bitterness is great;  
Thou in the night canst give a song,  
Mercies to me repeat!

Amen.

## CCCXLIV.

2 Corinthians xiii. 5.

- 1 **A**RT Thou *in me*, Gracious Lord?  
Prove it to me by Thy word;  
Holy Spirit, be my guide!  
And *in Christ* let me abide!

- 2 Other hope indeed I've none,  
Christ is *Hope*, and He alone;  
No atonement dare I claim,  
But His Blood, and *in* His Name.
- 3 Was my Lord made sin for me?  
Am I Righteousness in Thee?  
Then whatever Law demand,  
Hold me up with Thy Right Hand!
- 4 Arm of flesh I dare not trust,  
They that do it fail they must;  
Jesus, Thou Jehovah art,  
Rule and reign within my heart!
- 5 If Christ *in* me I must prove,  
Prove it *for* me, God of Love!  
Let me find Thy Pow'r within,  
Conqu'ring all besetting sin!
- Amen.
- 

## CCCXLV.

John v. 37. Isaiah xxxiv. 16.

- 1 SEARCH the Scriptures, Christ commandeth,  
Says, "They testify of me;"  
He my ign'rance understandeth,  
Lord, let me be taught by Thee!  
Open Thou Thy word unto me,  
And Thy Love to me reveal;  
What I know not kindly shew me,  
Let me feel Thy Spirit's Seal!
- 2 If Thou art by me received, \*  
To walk in Thee, help me, Lord;  
With my heart be this believed,  
Keep me hoping in Thy Word!

\* Colossians ii. 7.

- In Thee let my soul be rooted,  
 And establish'd in the faith;  
 Taught of God, and all refuted,  
 Which may doubt what scripture saith.
- 3 Thou hast said, Grace is sufficient,  
 Ign'rance says, how can it be?  
 Let not my faith be deficient,  
 But in trials *trust* in Thee!  
 Lord indulge me with thanksgiving,  
 If to Thee it seemeth good;  
 And let faith, upon Thee living,  
 Bless Thee for Thy Flesh and Blood!
- Amen.

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 CCCXLVI.

Romans x. 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, as faith doth come by hearing,  
 Hearing by Thy word of Grace;  
 Wherefoe'er an altar's rearing,  
 Bless Thy Word to ev'ry case!  
 Sorrowing seekers, let them find Thee!  
 Open eyes of those born blind!  
 Let me hear a word behind me,  
 When Thy way I long to find!
- 2 Christ set forth propitiation,  
 Faith increase in Jesus' Blood!  
 Righteousness and Thy Salvation,  
 In my heart be understood!  
 If with mouth I make confession,  
 And call Jesus Christ my Lord;  
 In my heart let this impression,  
 Be ingrafted by Thy word!

- 3 Let me, if with Thee I've union,  
 Against Hope in Hope believe !  
 With Thy children give communion,  
 With Thy beggars me receive !  
 Ever on Thee keep me calling,  
 JESUS is Thy precious NAME !  
 With my heart before Thee falling,  
 Let me not be put to shame !  
 Amen.
- 

## CCCXLVII.

1 Corinthians vi. 17.

- 1 **H**E that is joined to the Lord,  
 One Spirit is, so faith the word ;  
 Lord, am I joined unto Thee ?  
 Unfold this myst'ry more to me.
- 2 Dwell in my heart by precious faith !  
 Let me hear what Thy Spirit saith  
 Unto Thy *Little Flock* below,  
 And in their footsteps let me go.
- 3 One moment leave me not alone !  
 Thou know'st to wander I am prone ;  
 Because Thou livest let me live  
 Eternal Life is Thine to give.
- 4 Thy Temple let me not defile !  
 Nor let the serpent me beguile !  
 Unto Thy Bosom keep me chaste !  
 That Thou art gracious let me taste !
- 5 Watch over me, both night and day !  
 When I'm afflicted make me pray !  
 And when upon me Thou dost shine,  
 Let me sing praises—Only Thine !  
 Amen.

## CCCXLVIII.

1 Corinthians, iii. 18.

- 1 IF wise in this world *any* seem,  
 Let him become a fool;  
 Wisdom in Jesus Christ esteem,  
 And learn it in His School.
- 2 On this Foundation let me build,  
 Gold, Silver, Precious Stones;  
 And be my earthen vessel fill'd,  
 With praises, pray'ers, and groans!
- 3 If *my* work's burnt, I suffer loss,  
 Lord, let my loss be gain!  
 Though fire shall purify from *dress*,  
 Gold cannot lose one grain.
- 4 Wood, hay, and stubble, Lord, remove!  
 And make it manifest,  
 That I am Thine—That Thou art Love,  
 That I in Thee am blest!
- 5 Oh, let me not myself deceive,  
 But by Thy Spirit taught,  
 That Jesus sinners doth receive,  
 To Thee let me be brought!

Amen,

## CCCXLIX.

They shall be all taught of God. Isaiah liv. 13. John  
 vi. 43. Heb. viii. 11.

- 1 LIKE to fire Thy Word can reach me,  
 Gracious Prophet, me regard!  
 What I know not, Thou can'st teach me,  
 Nothing is for Thee too hard.

More mine ign'rance daily knowing,  
More Thy Teaching, Lord, I want;  
More in Grace let me be growing!  
More the knowledge of Thee grant!

2 Teach me Jesus is my *High Priest*,  
Lamb for sinners offer'd up,  
Let Thy Flesh and Blood be my Feast,  
Break the Bread, and give the Cup!  
Teach me Jesus my *Defence* is,  
When the lion seeks my blood;  
Teach me that all providences  
Shall together work for good.

3 Teach me, Lord, when I am nothing,  
Christ to me is *all in all*;  
And whene'er I feel self-loathing,  
Teach me then on Thee to call.  
Rule within me, King of Zion,  
In the midst of enemies;  
Teach me only to rely on  
Thee, whatever patience tries.

4 Teach me that the vict'ry gained,  
By Immanuel over death;  
Was for my poor soul obtained,  
Teach me then to live by faith!  
And as death must be expected,  
When I through the valley go,  
By Thee let me be protected!  
Let me then no evil know!

Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen.

## CCCL.

Psalm cxvi. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to the Lord  
For mercies unto me?  
Thy Benefits let me record,  
And offer praise to Thee.
- 2 Salvation's Cup help me to take,  
And call upon Thy Name!  
Sins blotted out for Thine own sake,  
Thy Grace let me proclaim!
- 3 Long have I lain among the pots,\*  
And black as hell was grown;  
Nothing but Blood could cleanse from spots,  
Nor no Blood but Thy own. †
- 4 Thou hast watch o'er me night and day, ‡  
Else I had been destroy'd;  
The mighty must give up the prey,  
If Jesus thus decide.
- 5 Strengthen what Thou for me hast wrought,  
This blessing let me find;  
The *more* Thy Loving-kindness taught,  
*More* let me *feel* it *bind*!

Amen.

## CCCLI.

Psalm lxxxiv. 7.

- 1 **F**ROM strength to strength, Lord, let me go,  
Though weakness doth increase;  
No strength but Thine for me will do,  
Be Thou my Health and Peace!

\* Psalm lxviii. 13. † 1 John i. 7. Jer. xxxi. 28.



- 2 Thou knowest all my foolishness, \*  
Sins are not hid from Thee;  
Dear Father of the fatherless,  
A Father be to *me*.
- 3 If by Thy Body I am dead,  
Unto the fiery Law;  
If Thou hast suffer'd in my stead,  
Me to Thy Bosom draw!
- 4 The solitary bound in chains,  
Thou dost in Love regard;  
In Thine own House remove *my* pains,  
Whose bondage hath been hard.
- 5 Strength let my soul ascribe to God, \*  
In Love o'er me preside!  
Comfort me with Thy Staff and Rod,  
And through the valley guide!  
Amen.

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 CCCLII.

Isaiah xxx. 18.

- 1 **L**ONG-SUFF'RING Love hath waited long,  
That God may gracious be;  
Thy children, Lord, put me among,  
And let me wait for Thee!
- 2 When Jesus bids a sinner look,  
From earth's remotest end;  
The humble soul He'll not rebuke,  
His cause He will defend.
- 3 Immanuel saith, Look unto Me,  
Though he hath pierced been,  
By chief of sinners on the tree,  
By such His *Heart* is seen!

\* Psalm lxi. 5. —† 34.

- 4 Open mine eyes, Lord, and my heart,  
 To look on Thee and mourn!  
 Enable me for Thee to smart,  
 With melting Love to burn!
- 5 Thy Spirit into my heart pour!  
 Grace, Supplication grant!  
 Let me experience, ev'ry hour,  
 That Thou art *all* I want.

Amen.

## CCCLIII.

2 Corinthians i. 20.

- 1 **T**HE promises of God are *all*  
 In Christ, *yea* and *Amen*;  
 Lord, at Thy Feet now let me fall,  
 And plead with Thee again.
- 2 I beg Thy gracious Presence *now*,  
 Thy Spirit on Thy Day;  
 And when at Thy dear Feet I bow,  
 Turn not Thy Face away!
- 3 Where two or three assembled are,  
 Thou sayest Thou art *there*;  
 Incline Thine Ear unto my prayer,  
 And let me find Thee near!
- 4 Thou sayest They that wait on Thee,  
 Their strength they shall renew;  
 Fulfil this promise unto me!  
 This favour to me shew!
- 5 Thou say'st the God of Peace shall bruise  
 Satan under your feet;  
 This blessing do not me refuse!  
 Grant it as Thou see'st meet.

Amen.

## CCCLIV.

**L**ORD, Thou say'st, sins, iniquities,  
 Shall not remember'd be ;  
 Though charges high against me rise,  
 Say Christ hath set me free !  
 Thou say'st, sufficient is Thy Grace,  
 When thorn is felt in flesh ;  
 Then when I smart, reveal Thy Face !  
 And me with Grace refresh !  
 Thou say'st, Thou scourgest every son  
 In whom Thou dost delight ;  
 Grant *me* Thy Spirit—Prove *me* one !  
 Thy judgments all are right.  
 Thou say'st, as days are strength shall be,  
 Fulfil to me Thy Word !  
 And when my way I cannot see,  
 Let me lean on *Thee*, Lord !  
 Thou say'st, poor askers shall receive,  
 And they that seek shall find ;  
 Give precious faith, this to believe,  
 And bless Thee for Thy *Mind* !  
 Amen.

## CCCLV.

Psalm lvi. 3.

**O**H Thou Most High, when I'm afraid,  
 Help me to trust in Thee !  
 Help on Immanuel Thou hast laid,  
 The Mighty God is He.

- 2 Jehovah Jesus is the WORD,  
 Help me in Thee to trust !  
 Help to the poor Thou canst afford,  
 To beggars in the dust.
- 3 Let me not fear what flesh can do,  
 Unto Thee, Lord, I cry !  
 Mine enemies Thou canst subdue,  
 And Thou art ever nigh.
- 4 Oh let Thy beggar praise Thy Word !  
 In God let this be done !  
 Yea, render praise to Thee, O Lord,  
 Jesus, Jehovah's Son !
- 5 Deliver my poor soul from death,  
 My feet from falling too !  
 Then shall I praise, and while I've breath,  
 Thy Loving-kindness shew.

Amen.

## CCCLVI.

Psalm lvi. 1, 2.

- 1 **B**E merciful to me, O God,  
 My foes would swallow me !  
 They say there is, under Thy Rod,  
 No hope for me in Thee.
- 2 Satan assaults, and unbelief  
 Afflicts me very sore ;  
 Saviour, Thy Blood affords relief,  
 This mercy I implore !
- 3 If fiery darts must ev'ry day  
 Be felt, and me oppress ;  
 Lord, help me more to watch and pray,  
 'Till Thou dost me redress !

- 4 Unto Thee let me tell my pain,  
 And shut not out my pray'r!  
 All other helpers, Lord, are vain,  
 Oh! make my soul Thy care!
- 5 That Thou art for me let me know! \*  
 Mine enemies rebuke!  
 And when I am brought very low,  
 Let me feel not forlook!

Amen.

---

CCCLVII.

Sol. Song, ii. 16.

- 1 CAN I say My Beloved's mine?  
 Can I say I am His?  
 His Flesh my Bread? His Blood my Wine?  
 His Company my Bliss?
- 2 Dear Lord, of Thee let me be taught,  
 Among Thy lilies feed!  
 Into Thy Banqueting-House brought,  
 Say Thou for me didst bleed!
- 3 Oh! make Thy Banner o'er me Love!  
 Thy Shadow my delight!  
 Thy Fruit is sweet! Oh let me prove,  
 Thy *Gift* becomes my *right*!
- 4 I could not choose Thee first, 'tis true,  
 Say Thou hast chosen me!  
 Bid faith look unto Thee, and view  
 Thy Love upon the Tree!

\* Psalm lvi. 9.

- 5 My blackness unto Thee is known,  
 Dear Jesus, call me fair !  
 Say I am Thine ! Thy purchase own !  
 Thy Love to me declare !  
 Amen.

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 CCCLVIII.

1 Cor. i. 2. Jude i.

- 1 **S**ANCTIFIED in Christ Jesus,  
 Called saints in ev'ry place,  
 None from death in sin could raise us,  
 But the God of sov'reign Grace ;  
 Jesus Christ our Lord, whose Merit  
 Is to all His saints the same ;  
 Taught by God the Holy Spirit,  
 All His saints call on His Name.
- 2 Grace and Peace from God the Father,  
 And from Jesus Christ the Lord ;  
 Grant us now, and in Him gather  
 All Thy saints in sweet accord !  
 Sanctified and preserved,  
 By The Father in the Son ;  
 Though we wrath and hell deserved,  
 Thus Jehovah's Will was done.  
 Hallelujah.

---

 CCCLIX.

John i. 12.

- 1 **P**OW'R to become the sons of God,  
 Jesus hath Pow'r and right to give ;  
 The Spirit makes it known to those  
 Who in the Saviour's Name believe.

Born not of blood, nor of the flesh,  
Nor of the carnal will of man ;  
Giv'n by the Father to the Son,  
Before all worlds or time began.

In due time they of God are born,  
Among them Jesus also dwells ;  
The Spirit in them worketh faith,  
And by adoption this reveals.

His Glory is by them beheld,  
The Father's Glory in the Son ;  
Full of all Grace and Truth indeed,  
Jesus is with His Father *one*.

Dear Lord, increase my faith in Thee !  
Almighty Spirit Thou canst lead  
The soul to Christ—Enable me  
My title clear in Him to read !

Amen.

## CCCLX.

John i. 12.

*POW'R*, *Right*, and *Privilege*, Christ gives  
To them that have no might ;  
And ev'ry son in Him believes,  
And thus enjoys his right.

The *privilege* without the *pow'r*,  
Could not be understood ;  
*Pow'r* to believe, to all is giv'n,  
For whom Christ shed His Blood.

The foolishness of preaching is  
The way which God appoints,  
To save poor sinners, and the word  
The Holy Ghost anoints.

- 4 A word in season He doth send,  
 To *wound* and *heal* the soul;  
 He wounds---we cry---He speaks again,  
 The wounded are made whole.
- 5 Once more, Dear Lord, indulge a babe,  
 With Consolation's breast!  
 Give Flesh and Blood for Meat and Drink,  
 And faith on Thee to feast!
- Amen.

---

 CCCLXI.

2 Sam. vii. 14, 15.

- 1 **W**HY are not *all alike* cut down,  
 That cumber long the ground?  
 In God's own word He makes it known,  
 And there it may be found.
- 2 Iniquities His sons commit,  
 Solomon more than Saul;  
 But sov'reign Mercy sees it fit,  
 To ransom *some*---not *all*.
- 3 I'll be His Father, saith the Lord,  
 And he *shall* be my son;  
 God changeth not, so saith the word,  
 What's done for ever's done.\*
- 4 He'll chasten with the rod of men  
 Each disobedient child;  
 Stripes shall be felt by children when  
 They are by sin defil'd,

\* Eccles. iii. 14.



- 5 But Mercy never shall depart  
 From Solomon, though he  
 Shall sorely for transgression smart,  
 A SON he still *must* be.  
 Hallelujah!
- 

## CCCLXII.

Matthew xx. 15. Romans ix 21.

- 1 MY soul, enquire alone of God,  
 Why thou art not in hell?  
 The *ways* which thou so long hast trod,  
 He *ev'ry step* can tell.
- 2 O God, I am of sinners chief!  
 I know of none like me!  
 If sov'reign Mercy gives relief,  
 There's none knows *why* but Thee.
- 3 If after all that I have done,  
 My sins are blotted out;  
 For Thine own sake, for that alone,  
 The work is brought about.
- 4 If hope in God is yet maintain'd,  
 Though I have done such things;  
 From sov'reign *Grace* 'twas first obtain'd,  
*Grace still* the beggar sings.
- 5 Why, Oh my God! Why is it so?  
 Because the Right is Thine;  
 Sav'd sinners Sov'reign Grace shall know,  
 More be this knowledge *mine*!  
 Amen.

## CCCLXIII.

Micah vii. 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, help me now to look to Thee,  
 And for my Saviour God to wait;  
 Say to my soul, Thou wilt hear me,  
 For Thy Compassion's very great.
- 2 Let not mine enemy rejoice,  
 Nor boast against me, gracious Lord!  
 Say when I fall I shall arise,  
 'Till then support me by Thy word!
- 3 Although in darkness I may sit,  
 Oh Lord, be Thou to me a Light!  
 Keep me from sinking in the pit!  
 And put my cruel foes to flight!
- 4 Thine indignation I will bear,  
 Because against Thee I have sinn'd;  
 Plead Thou my cause, make me Thy care,  
 'Till Righteousness in Thee I find!
- 5 If unbelief, mine enemy,  
 And Satan say, where is thy God?  
 While unto Thee, my God, I cry,  
 Let them like mire in streets be trod!

Amen,

## CCCLXIV.

Matthew xv. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD help me! no one can be worse!  
 Yet let me hope the best!  
 If Thou *for* me wast made a curse,  
 Then I *in* Thee am blest.

- 2 Be Thou my Hope! and let me know  
 That Thou for me hast dy'd!  
 More in this knowledge let me grow,  
 In Jesus crucify'd!
- 3 If in the fire I must be put,  
 Or feet sink in deep mire;  
 Let not the pit's mouth on me shut,  
 Nor me consume in fire!
- 4 Thy Spirit pour into my heart,  
 To groan to Thee and pray!  
 If supplication Thou impart,  
 Thou wilt not say me nay.
- 5 If doubts arise, and guilty fear,  
 And other foes beset;  
 Thy Blood apply'd will conscience clear,  
 This Blessing let me get!

Amen.

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CCCLXV.

Rev. vii. 13, 14.

- 1 IN nature's robes can I appear  
 Before Jehovah's Throne?  
 Nothing defiled can come there,  
 And filthy are my *own*.
- 2 All Adam's children, old and young,  
 (Corrupted is the *root*)  
 Their robes are *foul*, and very *long*,  
 They reach from head to foot.
- But if in Christ I'm sanctify'd,  
 My robes are wash'd in blood;  
 And if the Lamb for me hath dy'd,  
 My Righteousness is good.

- 4 My filthy garments are my shame,  
 I know of none so bad ;  
 Present me, Jesus, without blame,  
 In Thy own Raiment clad !
- 5 Enable faith to put it on,  
 And then pronounce me fair !  
 Though when Thou hast upon me shone,  
 I'm black, I shall declare,  
 Lord, help me !

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 CCCLXVI.

Psalm civ. 15.

- 1 **T**HOUGH Wine is costly, Wine is good,  
 It makes the heart to glow ;  
 The sinner's wine is Jesus' Blood,  
 And Grace can this bestow.
- 2 Father ! in Jesus' Name I cry,  
 Oh ! Let me taste this Wine !  
 Almighty Spirit, Oil apply,  
 And make my face to shine !
- 3 Dear Bread of Life, Strengthen my heart,  
 Give me Thy Flesh to eat !  
 Thy Righteousness, Thy Strength impart,  
 Thy Flesh is sinner's meat !
- 4 More to my soul let this be known,  
 Giv'n to me day by day !  
 The Wine, the Oil, the Bread's Thy own,  
 Lord feed my soul I pray !
- 5 How much I need it none can tell,  
 Save He that gives it all ;  
 My wants to Thee are known right well,  
 For Help to Thee I call !  
 Lord, help me !

## CCCLXVII.

Psalm xvi. 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **T**HY Goodness to Thy saints extends,  
 Dear Lord, am I a saint?  
 God unto *us* His Love commends,  
 Let not poor sinners faint.
- 2 When lowest they are not too low,  
 Christ for th' ungodly dy'd!  
 Thy Goodness, Saviour, make me know,  
 In Thee let me abide!
- 3 For all Thy saints Thou sin wast made;  
 Wast Thou made sin for *me*?  
 Were my transgressions on Thee laid?  
 Then I'm a saint *in Thee*.
- 4 By nature, *legion* is my name,  
 Thy Grace is *infinite*;  
 Thou didst not hide Thy Face from shame,  
 Mercy is Thy Delight.
- 5 No other God let me desire,  
 Perfume my groans with Blood;  
 Answer a mourner's prayer by fire,  
 And unto me be good!
- Amen.

## CCCLXVIII.

Prov. xvii. 9.

- 1 **H**E that cov'reth a transgression,  
 Seeketh and procureth Love;  
 Sinners will make this confession,  
 When they do the blessing prove.  
 None but Jesus sins can cover,  
 None but sinners need it done;  
 Jesus, at all times a *Lover*,  
 Brother, Friend—Jehovah's Son!

- 2 Satan will repeat a matter,  
 Unbelief will hearken too;  
 Then the mourning soul will chatter,  
 Scarce believe her faith is true.  
 But Jehovah never changeth,  
 Jesus Christ Jehovah is;  
 Though the beast of forest rangeth,  
 God's own sheep are *ever* His.
- 3 *Smarting* oft is their condition,  
*Separation* may be fear'd;  
 But *correction* works *contrition*,  
 And the pris'ner's groans are heard,  
 Jesus can't be separated  
 From the souls that are His own;  
 Though for *His* sake they are hated,  
 Satan shall not break one bone!  
 Hallelujah!

---

 CCCLXIX.

Job xvii. 9.

- 1 **T**HE righteous shall hold on his way,  
 And he that hath clean hands,  
 He shall grow stronger ev'ry day,  
 In Jesus' strength he stands.
- 2 Jehovah is his Righteousness,  
 Though oft his hands hang down;  
 He doth not feel his weakness less  
 When he is stronger grown.
- 3 His hands are wash'd in Jesus' Blood,  
 This only makes them clean;  
 All things together work for good,  
 Though *how* may not be seen.

4 Stronger in *faith* he *daily* grows,  
 Weaker in *self* he feels;  
 This is the way he daily goes,  
 And though at times he reels,  
 Jehovah *faith* he shall hold on,  
 He's faithful to His Word;  
 The *Way*—The *Word*, with God are one,  
 'Tis Jesus Christ our Lord!  
 Hallelujah!

---

 CCCLXX.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the  
 humble shall hear thereof and be glad.—Psalms  
 xxxiv. 2.

1 MY soul, canst thou in Jesus boast,  
 Lord, answer Thou for me;  
 Thou cam'st to seek and save the lost,  
 Am I not found by Thee?  
 2 Was ever sinner farther gone?  
 By sin defiled more?  
 I'll boast in Thee, because there's none  
 But Thee could pay my score!  
 3 Hast Thou said, I am He that blots  
 Out thy transgressions too?  
 I'll boast in Thee, for darker spots  
 No rebel ever knew.  
 4 Hast Thou watch'd o'er me night and day?  
 Watch'd over me for good?  
 More let me boast in Thee, and say,  
 My soul is bought with Blood!  
 5 My case is singular indeed,  
 But not to Thee unknown;  
 Then if for me Thy Heart did bleed,  
 I'll boast in THEE alone!  
 Hallelujah!

## CCCLXXI.

Proverbs v. 15, 16, 17.

- 1 **F**ROM *mine own* cistern must I drink ?  
And waters out of *mine own well* ?  
*Only my own* ? My spirits shrink !  
For in my *flesh* no good doth dwell !
- 2 Dear Lord, Thy Love to me make known,  
Be Thou my surety now for good ;  
If I must drink what is *my own*,  
Give me to drink *Thy precious Blood* !
- 3 Give Thy Good Spirit unto me !  
Rivers of Water then shall flow  
Out of my heart, in praise of Thee,  
Fountains dispers'd abroad shall go.
- 4 Rivers of Waters in the streets,  
Mercy to mis'ry I'll proclaim ;  
Tell how the dear Redeemer meets  
Poor sinners lost, and sunk in shame.
- 5 The sweet Command, dear Lord, is Thine,  
What Thou commandest must be right ;  
Say I am Thine, and Thou art mine !  
And make *Thy praise my soul's delight* !  
Amen.

## CCCLXXII.

John iv. 11.

- 1 **L**ORD, number me among Thy sheep,  
And save me from the fiery Law ;  
Though Jacob's Well be very deep,  
Water enable me to draw !



- 2 To feel I Living Water want,  
Is life receiv'd—To Thee I cry;  
If Thou this Living Water grant,  
I drink Thy Blood, and shall not die.
- 3 The Well is not too deep for *Thee*,  
The Promises of God are Thine;  
This Water, Saviour, give to me!  
Eternal Life must then be mine.
- 4 Though Jacob's faith was often try'd,  
The Well was very deep indeed,  
Yet Jacob could not be deny'd,  
He held Thee fast in times of need.
- 5 ALMIGHTY JESUS is *Thy* NAME!  
Alpha, Omega, *First* and Last!  
Let not *my* hope be put to shame,  
Enable *me* to hold Thee fast!
- 6 Jacob, his children, *cattle* too,  
Drank of the Water of His Well;  
*Four-footed beasts*\* Thy Myst'ries shew,  
And *creeping things* Thy Wonders tell!
- 7 Samaria's Woman was Thy bride,  
And though she had the harlot play'd,  
Nothing could her from Thee divide,  
Her sins upon her Lord were laid.
- 8 Grant me the like experience, Lord!  
Enable me, like her, to say,  
Come! see the Christ! Th' Incarnate Word!  
He knows me, *yet puts not away!*  
Hallelujah!

\* Acts x. 11 16.

## CCCLXXIII.

Romans x. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou say'st, *whosoever* shall  
Call upon Thy dear Name  
Shall saved be—On Thee I call,  
Let me Thy Promise claim!
- 2 Almighty Jesus! hear my cry,  
And open Mercy's Door!  
To God by thy own Blood bring nigh  
The poorest of the poor!
- 3 The gracious promise shuts out none  
That shall call upon Thee;  
Thou savest sinners, I am one,  
Lord help me! Lord *save* me!
- 4 *Save* me from *all* that is my own!  
*Save* me from Satan's pow'r!  
*In* Thee *my* Righteousness make known!  
Then he shall not devour.
- 5 Thy *whosoever*, Lord, I plead,  
It is Thy Spirit's Sword;  
Spirit of Promise! when I read,  
Let Grace apply the word!

Amen.

## CCCLXXIV.

Matthew xxi. 16.—Romans x. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, as from babes and sucklings Thou  
Hast perfected Thy praise;  
Indulge a few poor weaklings now  
Their cries to Thee to raise!

- 2 If *whofoever* calls upon  
 The Name of Thee, the Lord,  
 Shall faved be—let me be one,  
 The Spirit of prayer afford.
- 3 When two or three together meet,  
 To feek Thy Blessed Face;  
 Oh let our voice to Thee be fweet,  
 And let us tafte Thy Grace.
- 4 As Thou art with Thy two or three,  
 To blefs them, though but few;  
 Whenever we look up to Thee,  
 Thy Loving-kindnefs fhew!
- 5 And if Thy gracious Face Thou hide,  
 Give ear to our complaint!  
 Calling upon Thee let's abide,  
 Keep praying, and not faint!  
 Amen.

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 CCCLXXV.

Rom. x. 13.

SAVE me, Lord, from unbelief,  
 Save me from dishon'ring Thee;  
 Faith in Jefus brings relief,  
 Give this precious faith to me!

Heavinefs returns, endures,  
 Gracious Lord, increafe my faith;  
 Faith in Thee fupport ensures,  
 Save me through what Jefus faith!

Satan walketh round about,  
 Seeking whom he may devour;  
 Save me, Lord! oh keep him out!  
 Save me Jefus!—be my tow'r!

- 4 When I would do *good* I can't,  
 Evil *would not*—yet I do!  
 Save me, Lord!—Thy Spirit grant!  
 In me dwell, and sin subdue!
- 5 If to Thee I long to pray,  
 Let me groan in Thy dear Name;  
 Though I know not what to say,  
 Let me not be put to shame!
- Amen.

## CCCLXXVI.

Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, hast Thou loved me  
 With everlasting Love?  
*More* let me know that I love Thee!  
 And *more* this Blessing prove!
- 2 Speak to my heart! say I am Thine!  
 Oh! let me hear Thy Voice;  
 My soul with cords of Love confine,  
 And witness more Thy choice.
- 3 If Thou hast caused me to know  
 The evils in my heart;  
 To none besides Thee let me go,  
 Eternal Life impart!
- 4 Oh! let my future moments tell,  
 How Thou hast waited long;  
 That Grace might save a wretch from hell,  
 Let Grace be all my song!
- 5 Put me among Thy sucklings, now,  
 Give Consolation's Breast;  
 Oh satisfy me!—Teach me how  
 Upon Thy Love to rest!

Amen.

## CCCLXXVII.

Rev. v. 9.

- 1 **R**EDEEMED unto God by Blood,  
 The saved sinner sings;  
 The song by such is understood,  
 They all are priests and kings.
- 2 They who for nought themselves had sold!  
 Sold under sin and lost;  
 They are redeemed, not with gold,  
 The Lamb's Blood paid the cost.
- 3 Ten thousand times ten thousand, \* yea,  
 Thousands of thousands more,  
 Worthy the Lamb, with loud voice say,  
 The slaughter'd Lamb adore!
- 4 Power and Riches, Wisdom, Strength,  
 Honour and Glory too;  
 Lord, help me to ascribe at length,  
 Blessing to Thee—'Tis due.
- 5 If round about Thy Glorious Throne,  
 Thou give to me a place;  
 None shall sing louder, no not *one*,  
 For evermore Thy Grace!
- Hallelujah!

## CCCLXXVIII.

Acts x. 36.

- 1 **T**HE word of Grace, Jehovah sent,  
 To Israel's children came;  
 The gracious Word, the kind intent,  
 Was PEACE in Jesus' Name.

\* Revelation v. 11.

- 2 He's Lord of ALL! Sinners rejoice,  
Who in the Lord believe;  
If you have heard His gracious Voice,  
His word cannot deceive.
- 3 He's Lord of all that can oppose  
The Myst'ries of His Grace;  
All *inward* and all *outward* foes,  
He's able to abase.
- 4 He's Lord of all that *sinners* need,  
To *saints* His Title's good;  
For sinners He vouchsaf'd to bleed,  
He bought His Church with Blood!
- 5 He's Lord of all His saints enjoy,  
In Him 'tis treasur'd up;  
He lives, and they shall never die,  
For whom He drank the Cup!  
Hallelujah!

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 CCCLXXIX.

God is Love. — 1 John iv. 8. — Labour of Love.  
1 Thessalonians i. 3.

- 1 **L**ABOUR of Love! What is it, Lord?  
Thou only canst apply the word;  
LOVE is Thy own Eternal NAME,  
For God is LOVE—always the same.
- 2 Labour of Love was known by Thee,  
From Mary's Breast to Calv'ry's Tree;  
Upon the cross, 'twas finish'd there;  
Labour of Love hath cost Thee dear.
- 3 Labour of Love *in* me make known,  
Though I am black, if I'm Thy own,  
Longing to love Thee more beget!  
Myself and sin more let me hate.

- 4 Labour of Love more let me learn,  
 Enable me for Thee to mourn;  
 If I the same words pray again,  
 The Lord did so in labour's pain.
- 5 Labour of Love, teach day by day,  
 Teach me for *what*, and *how* to pray;  
 Love is fulfilling of the law;  
 Me to Thy Loving Bosom draw!  
 Amen.

## CCCLXXX.

Psalm cxvi. 8.

- 1 **T**HE soul from death, the eyes from tears,  
 The feet from final fall;  
 Jesus delivers, and from *fears*,  
 If faith upon Him call.
- 2 I was brought low, he helped me,  
 Sings ev'ry saved soul;  
 Lord, let me cast my cares on Thee!  
 For Thou canst bear the whole.
- 3 Sorrows of death, and pains of hell,  
 Upon the soul get hold;  
 To Thee my sorrows let me tell,  
 And at Thy Throne be bold.\*
- 4 The footsteps of Thy little flock,  
 Help me by faith to trace;  
 To feel my feet upon the Rock,  
 And daily sing Thy Grace!
- 5 Gracious and Righteous is the Lord,  
 Our God is merciful;  
 He ever keeps His gracious word,  
 Though hearing may be dull.†  
 Hallelujah!

\* Hebrews iv. 16. —† v. 11.

## CCCLXXXI.

Malachi iii. 6.—Luke xviii. 1. 7.

- 1 **G**OD changeth not, I'm not consum'd,  
 Oh let my prayer, with Blood perfum'd,  
 Come up before Thy Throne!  
 Help me to utter my complaint,  
 Always to pray, and not to faint,  
 Thou hearest ev'ry groan.
- 2 If with my cry Thou bearest long,  
 If fears increase, and foes are strong,  
 Then let my cries increase!  
 Enable hope to call to mind,  
 How Mercy hath before been kind;  
 Let praying never cease!
- 3 If Thine Elect cry night and day,  
 Enable me *always* to pray,  
 And prove that I am *one*!  
 And when my way I cannot see,  
 Let precious faith *feel* after Thee,\*  
 And cry—Thy Will be done!

Amen.

## CCCLXXXII.

1 Corinthians iv. 11.—2 Corinthians xi. 27.

- 1 **I**N hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness,  
 God's children may be here;  
 But when they are in great distress,  
 They unto Him are dear.
- 2 Hunger and thirst may be *two-fold*,  
 They then seek Heav'nly Bread;  
 But who can stand before His Cold,†  
 When they His anger dread?

\* Acts xvii. 27.—† Psalm cxlvii. 17.



- 3 The body's raiment they may want,  
But more the Wedding-dress;  
For this poor naked souls may pant,  
The Robe of Righteousness.
- 4 Lord, feed my soul, and warm my heart,  
And give Thy Robe to me!  
And when I *thirst*, Thy Blood impart,  
And keep me near to Thee!
- 5 Commune from Thy own Mercy-Seat  
With me, and draw me near!  
At Calv'ry let me kiss Thy Feet!  
Feed, clothe, and warm me *there*!
- Amen.

## CCCLXXXIII.

Psalm cxviii. 13.

**T**HE adversary sorely thrust  
At me, when only God could see;  
That I might fall—and fall I must,  
Had not Jehovah helped me.

But though I am a cumber-ground,  
And such deserve to be cut down;  
Grace in the wilderness is found,  
And Help when weakness most is known!

Let me not die, but live, Oh Lord! \*  
That I Thy Mercy may declare;  
Thy Works proclaim, and praise Thy Word,  
Which bids me cast on Thee my care.

If Thou hast chastened me sore, †  
But hast not giv'n me o'er to death;  
Thy Grace let my poor soul adore,  
And praise Thee, Saviour, while I've breath.

\* Psalm cxvii. 17.—† 18.

- 5 Save now, O Lord, I Thee beseech ! \*  
 Prosperity unto me send !  
 Thanksgiving to Thy beggar teach !  
 And Mercy infinite extend !  
 Hallelujah ! Amen and Amen !

## CCCLXXXIV.

Hebrews xi. 9.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, Thou wast lower made  
 Than angels, who were *made* by Thee ! †  
 When Thou was in a manger laid,  
 Angels did *there* their *Maker* see !
- 2 The Prince of Peace, once crown'd with thorns,  
 Is now with Glory, Honour, crown'd !  
 His Righteousness the soul adorns,  
 Lord, let this Grace to me abound !
- 3 The Lord of Glory tasted death,  
 To set poor captive sinners free ;  
 And with His gracious dying Breath,  
 He pray'd for sinners—such as *me* !
- 4 Oh ! Give to me Thy Flesh and Blood !  
 Enable me to take and eat  
 That Bread of Life !—That Heav'nly Food !  
 Thy Blood is Drink—Thy Flesh is meat.
- 5 The Lord of Life is ris'n again !  
 And now ascended up on high !  
 Thou in the Grave could'st not remain,  
 Let not my soul in prison lie !
- 6 The Great High priest is pleading now,  
 For those for whom His Blood was shed !  
 At Thy dear Feet, Lord, let me bow !  
 And sing—He liveth who was dead !

\* Psalm cxviii. 25. † John i. 3.

- 7 Lord Jesus Christ, let me adore  
 Thy Love, and ever sing Thy Grace !  
 Who art alive for evermore !  
 For me, Dear Lord ! prepare a place !  
 Amen.

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 CCCLXXXV.

Matt. i. 23. Isaiah ix. 6.

- 1 **G**OD in my nature liv'd on earth,  
 Atonement must be made ;  
 The Mighty God submits to *birth* !  
 And sins on Christ were laid.
- 2 For unto us a **C**HILD is born,  
 To us a **S**ON is giv'n ;  
 Immanuel is Salvation's Horn ! \*  
 He rules in earth and Heav'n.
- 3 **W**ONDERFUL is His Glorious **N**AME !  
**C**OUNSELLOR ! **M**IGHTY **G**OD !  
 The **E**VERLASTING **F**ATHER came  
 From Jesse's Stem †—a Rod !
- 4 Immanuel is the **P**RINCE of **P**EACE,  
 Of which there is no end ;  
 His Government and Peace increase,  
 He is the sinner's Friend.
- 5 Lord Jesus, bid me look to Thee !  
 God in my nature's Love !  
 Oh tell me Thou hast loved *me* !  
 Let *me* the Record prove !
- 6 Ambassadors of Peace may weep,  
 And bitterness be known ;  
 But Thou in perfect Peace wilt keep  
 Soul's stay'd on Thee alone.

Hallelujah !

\* Luke i. 69. † Isaiah xi. 1.

## CCCLXXXVI.

Galatians ii. 16.

- 1 **K**NOWING that man's not justify'd  
By the works of the Law;  
But by the faith of Jesus Christ,  
From hence we comfort draw.
- 2 If through the Law to Law I'm dead, \*  
That I to God might live;  
I live in Christ—He is my Head,  
From Him I life receive.
- 3 If I of sinners am the chief, †  
Yet crucify'd with Christ;  
The faith of Christ affords relief,  
Who art thou that reply'st?
- 4 If Christ from curse hath me redeem'd, †  
Being made a curse for me;  
For cursed ev'ry one is deem'd,  
That's hanged on a tree;
- 5 Then God forbid that I rejoice, ||  
Save in the Saviour's Cross;  
The Blood of Christ tunes heart and voice!  
All else is dung and dross.

Hallelujah!

## CCCLXXXVII.

Hebrews ix. 14. 28.

- 1 **P**ARDON's Foundation is the blood  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
Once offer'd—This Foundation's good,  
So faith the Sacred Word.

\* Galatians ii. 19.—† 20.—‡ iii. 13.—|| 16.

- 2 On this alone, Lord, let me build,  
By faith that is in Thee !  
And know Thy precious Blood was spill'd  
For such a wretch as me !
- 3 Let all that's mine with Blood be purg'd,  
Thy Book be sprinkled too !  
And though I read Thy sons are scourg'd,  
My name there let me view !
- 4 As ev'ry precept of the Law  
Hath been by Thee fulfill'd ;  
For Righteousness without a flaw,  
Upon Thee let me build !
- 5 Thou know'st how oft my feeble mind  
Winds, waves, and billows shock ;  
On Thy Foundation let me find  
My feet—upon the Rock !

Amen.

---

CCCLXXXVIII.

Peace I leave with you. John xiv. 27.

Hebrew ix. 17, 18.

- 1 **T**HE Testament's Testator dy'd,  
The Saviour's Will is known ;  
Immanuel dearly bought His bride,  
With Blood made her His own !
- 2 The Transcript of His sacred Will,  
Is left upon Record ;  
Dear Lord, my soul in mercy fill,  
With Blessings through Thy Word !
- 3 Let me enjoy the joyful sound !  
Let conscience feel within  
Sin fought for shall no more be found !  
Blood cleanseth from all sin.

B b 2

- 4 To look for Thee let me be taught;  
 Unto my soul appear!  
 And when to Thy dear Feet I'm brought,  
 Make my salvation clear!
- 5 Lord let me find my needy soul  
 A legatee of Thine!  
 Give me Thy Peace! Bid me be whole!  
 Oh! let Thy Peace be *mine*!
- Amen.

## CCCLXXXIX.

Hebrews vi. 14.

- 1 **B**LESSING, I will bless thee,  
 Thus God to Abraham sware;  
 Lord, shew this mercy unto me!  
 Let me Thy Blessing share!
- 2 Give faith and patience too,  
 For promises to wait;  
 To wait on Thee my strength renew;  
 To wait at Wisdom's Gate.
- 3 With faithful Abraham bless  
 Me, and call me a son!  
 An heir of Promise—nothing less!  
 When all my strength is gone.
- 4 Old nature's darling child,  
 Like Ishmael causeth pain;  
 'Tis Hagar's son—perverse and wild,  
 'Till enmity is slain.
- 5 Most gracious Lord, cast out  
 All that doth Christ oppose!  
 Increase my faith! subdue all doubt!  
 In **BLOOD** drown *all* my foes!
- Amen.

## CCCXC.

Luke xviii. 1.

- 1 **A**LWAYS to pray, Christ saith we ought,  
 Our wants are always great ;  
 Lord, let my soul in faith be brought  
 Unto Thy Mercy Seat !
- 2 Father of Mercies ! God of Grace !  
 To me The Spirit give ;  
 Reveal Thy Love in Jesus' Face !  
 There let Thy beggar live !
- 3 Lord Jesus Christ—God over all ! \*  
 Into Thy beggar shine !  
 Keep me from fainting when I call,  
 The Grace, The Pow'r is Thine.
- 4 Eternal Spirit ! God of Love ! †  
 Within Thy Beggar groan !  
 God knows Thy mind ‡—Celestial Dove !  
 My wants to Thee are known.
- 5 The Lord knows all I feel or fear,  
 Oh ! Witness Christ my Peace !  
 Grace is Thy Throne ! Bid me draw near !  
 Let praying never cease !  
 Amen.

## CCCXCI.

John xii. 27.

- 1 **T**HY Soul was troubled, Gracious Lord !  
 Thou said'st, "*What shall I say ?*"  
 Thy Spirit unto me afford,  
 Teach me for *what* to pray !

\* Romans ix. 5.—x. 12. † Acts v. 4. Galatians v. 22.

‡ Romans viii. 27.

- 2 To Thee was giv'n the bitter cup,  
Thy Father gave it Thee !  
Love infinite must drink it up,  
'Twas finish'd on the Tree !
- 3 Thy *cries*, Thy *groanings*, all were heard,  
And though Thou wast not spar'd ;  
Support was found, in what was fear'd,  
Jehovah did regard.
- 4 Dear Lamb of God, Help me to look  
Unto Thee and be fav'd !  
Upon the Tree wast Thou forfok !  
Say on Thy Hands I'm 'grav'd !
- 5 Oh ! Keep me close to Thy dear Side,  
Begging and blessing too !  
Yea, *when 'reliev'd*—Let me abide  
*There*—and Thy Praises shew !  
Amen.

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 CCCXCII.

Isaiah xl. 28.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH ! Everlasting God !  
The earth was made by Thee ;  
Thou art not weary—faintest not,  
Extend Thy Grace to me !
- 2 Thou givest pow'r unto the faint,  
To them that have no might,  
Increasest strength—hear my complaint,  
Mercy is Thy Delight.
- 3 All things were made by Thee, Thy Name  
Is God—Th' Incarnate **WORD** !  
To day and yesterday the same,  
Jehovah ! Jesus ! Lord !



- 4 Renew my strength! Thy promise is,  
 They that upon Thee wait,  
*Shall* strength renew—Oh grant me this!  
 My weakness, Lord, is great!
- 5 To precious faith give eagles wings,  
 To mount up to Thy Throne!  
 To wait till Grace deliv'rance brings,  
 The Glory's all Thy own.  
 Amen.

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 CCCXCIII.

Isaiah xl. 7.

- 1 **T**HE with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,  
 Are emblems, Lord, of me;  
 But Thy Word stands for evermore,  
 Eternal Life's in Thee.
- 2 Though I'm a worm, Thou say'st, Fear not,\*  
 I'll help thee, faith the Lord;  
 Lord, let me rest—stand in my lot! †  
 Thine Help to me afford!
- 3 Lord Jesus Christ, my right hand hold! ‡  
 Be Thou my Righteousness!  
 Redeeming Love to me unfold!  
 Me with Salvation bless!
- 4 Though they that strive with me are sought, §  
 Oh let them not be found!  
 If Thou with Blood my soul hast bought,  
 In Blood let foes be drown'd!

\* Isaiah xli. 14. † Dan. xii. 13.

‡ Isaiah xli. 10—13. § ——— 12.

- 5 Take my right hand, Lord, into Thine !  
 Uphold me with the same !  
 Thy Righteousness, my God, be mine !  
 Jehovah is Thy NAME !  
 Hallelujah.

---

 CCCXCIV.

Isaiah xxv. 4.

- 1 **S**TRENGTH to the poor the Lord hath been,  
 Unto the weak and needy too ;  
 Let Grace and Mercy, Lord, be seen,  
 When I to Thee my cries renew.
- 2 In all distress my refuge be,  
 From storm—and shadow from the heat !  
 To Jesus *only* let me flee !  
 He is Jehovah's Mercy Seat.
- 3 Terrible ones against the wall,  
 Are often like a stormy blast ;  
 For Refuge unto Thee I call !  
 Almighty Jesus!—First and Last !
- 4 Lord, I am vile!—I own the charge ;  
 Be merciful to me, My God !  
 If Thou Thy beggar's heart enlarge,  
 Thy Way shall then by me be trod.
- 5 A sinner I,—A Saviour *Thou*,  
 Come over ev'ry mountain, Lord !  
 Help is *in* Thee, *To* Thee I bow,  
 Thine Help, My God, to me afford !  
 Amen.

## CCCXCV.

Isaiah xxv. 6.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, Lord of hosts, will make  
A feast of fat Things, and prepare,  
Wines on the Lees, and beggars take ;  
Things full of Marrow they shall share.
- 2 He'll swallow death in vict'ry up,  
The pow'r of death He overcame ;  
On Calv'ry's Mount He drank the Cup,  
He there a Sacrifice became.
- 3 The Lord God will wipe tears away,  
From off all faces who shall mourn  
For Him they pierc'd, and to Him pray ;  
Away from them rebuke He'll turn.
- 4 His chosen He will cleanse from guilt,  
Jehovah's is the sacred Word ;  
Immanuel's Blood for them was spilt,  
Against Him 'woke Jehovah's Sword.
- 5 My Lord! My God! Let me rejoice !  
In Thy Salvation make me glad !  
Oh! let me feel my soul Thy Choice !  
And in Thy Righteousness be clad !  
Amen.

## CCCXCVI.

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus Christ, extend Thy Grace  
To me, a sinner vile !  
Oh God of Love! reveal Thy Face !  
Father! upon me smile !

- 2 Almighty God the Spirit ! shine  
 Into my longing heart !  
 Communion, Holy Ghost, is Thine,  
 Thy Grace to me impart !
- 3 Almighty Jesus !—PRINCE of Peace !  
 Thy Peace increase in *me* !  
 Let praying to Thee never cease !  
 Thy beggar let me be !
- 4 The Lord our God, He is ONE Lord,\*  
 Father ! Son ! Holy Ghost !  
 In my poor heart This Truth record,  
 He seeks and saves the lost ! †
- 5 The Myst'ry cannot be explor'd,  
 'Tis infinitely great !  
 Be God eternally ador'd !  
 The LAMB is sinners Meat !  
 Hallelujah.

---

 CCCXCVII.

Jer. xxiii. 5.

- 1 KING Jesus reigns, and prospers too,  
 In Judgment, Justice, Truth, and Grace ;  
 In JUSTICE God can MERCY shew,  
 Truth goes before Immanuel's Face.
- 2 Jesus—The Lord our Righteousness, †  
 Jehovah is His sacred NAME !  
 He came that He might sinners bless,  
 He bore their sorrows, sins, and shame.

\* Deut. vi. 4    † Ezek. xxxiv. 16.

† Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 3 In His Days Judah shall be fav'd,  
 Israel shall also safely dwell ;  
 The Saviour's Bed with Love is pav'd,  
 He saves from sin, from wrath, from hell!
- 4 Jehovah lives, He hath brought up \*  
 His chosen seed out of the north ;  
 The SON hath drank the FATHER's Cup!  
 Pris'ners of hope shall all go forth.
- 5 Though driven far by God's own Hand,  
 Or if by Satan captive led,  
 Deliv'rance Jesus can command,  
 The Lord is risen from the dead!  
 Hallelujah.

---

 CCCXCVIII.

Ask and it shall be given you. Matthew vii. 7.  
 If ye ask any thing in my Name I will do it. John xiv. 14.

- 1 **T**HY Promise, Gracious Lord,  
 Unto my soul fulfil!  
 Remember Thy own gracious Word,  
 As Dew let it distil! †
- 2 Thy presence to me grant !  
 My soul in mercy meet!  
 Thou knowest ev'ry thing I want,  
 Oh! let me kiss Thy Feet!
- 3 Let me not let Thee go,  
 Except Thou blest me now;  
 Rebuke, Dear Lord, the subtle foe,  
 When at Thy Feet I bow!

\* Jer. xxiii. 8. † Deut. xxxii. 2.

- 2 Almighty God the Spirit ! shine  
 Into my longing heart !  
 Communion, Holy Ghost, is Thine,  
 Thy Grace to me impart !
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 Thy Peace increase in *me* !  
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 Oh! let me kiss Thy Feet!
- 3 Let me not let Thee go,  
 Except Thou bless me now;  
 Rebuke, Dear Lord, the subtle foe,  
 When at Thy Feet I bow!

\* Jer. xxiii. 8. † Deut. xxxii. 2.

- 4 To say, Thy will be done,  
 Enable me, my God!  
 Oh let me feel myself a son!  
 And bleſs Thee for Thy rod!
- 5 If Thou my ſoul afflict,  
 Whene'er I go aſtray,  
 In loving-kindneſs me correct!  
 And keep me in Thy Way!

Amen.

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 CCCXCIX.

John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HE Way, the Truth, the Life,  
 Thou art, my gracious Lord!  
 Dear Lamb of God, call *me* Thy Wiſe!  
 Thy Blood to me afford!
- 2 The Way to God is Chriſt,  
 Me to The Father bring  
 By Blood;—and though the foe reſiſt,  
 Let me Thy Viſt'ry ſing!
- 3 Thou art the way of Peace,  
 Peace on Thy Croſs was made;  
 To pray to Thee let me not ceaſe,  
 Whenever I'm afraid!
- 4 Grace, Mercy, Peace, are Thine,  
 Give ALL to *me*, My Lord!  
 Say I am *Thine*—Then ALL is *mine*!  
 Grace, Mercy, Peace afford!
- 5 Break not the bruifed reed!  
 Nor quench the ſmoking flax!  
 Be Thou my Help in times of need!  
 When I'm like melted wax!

Amen.



## CCCC.

Luke xi. 13. John xiv. 16, 17.

**F**ATHER, Thy Holy Spirit give,  
 To comfort my poor soul !  
 Spirit of Truth ! Within me live !  
 Dwell in me ! Make me whole !  
 Apply Immanuel's precious Blood !  
 The Things of Christ reveal !  
 Enable me to eat this Food !  
 Me to redemption seal !  
 Father ! Word ! Holy Ghost ! **THREE ONE !**  
 Thy Grace on me bestow !  
 Spirit of Grace ! Of Father—Son,  
 This myst'ry make me know !  
 Help me to worship Israel's God,  
 Three One—and One in Three !  
 The Way Thy Saints of old have trod,  
 This Living-Way bring me !  
 For ever let Thy beggar praise  
 The God of Grace and Love !  
 Who from the dust His poor doth raise,  
 To dwell with God above !  
 Amen, Hallelujah, Amen.

## CCCCI.

Ephesians iii. 8.

**L**ORD Jesus Christ, Oh let me share  
 Thy Love ! and bless Thy Name !  
 Unsearchable Thy Riches are,  
 Let me Thy Love proclaim !

- 2 Riches of Grace are infinite,  
Thy Name, Thy Nature Love!  
In Mercy Jesus doth delight,  
Sinners Thy Mercy prove.
- 3 Drop of a bucket nations all  
Are, when compar'd with Thee;  
Created Love and pow'r would fall  
Too short to ransom me.
- 4 Oh God of *Mercy*! bless my soul!  
*All* Mercy Jesus hath;  
Dear Saviour, say to me, Be whole!  
Dwell in my heart by faith!
- 5 Oh God of *Grace*! Thy beggar bless?  
*All* Grace in *Jesus* is;  
A sinner sav'd can't do with less,  
Christ is a sinner's Bliss!
- Hallelujah.

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 CCCCII.

Ephesians i. 3.

- 1 **SPIRITUAL** blessings, Heav'nly things,  
By God the Father giv'n;  
Are **ALL** in Christ—The Spirit brings  
The Treasure down from Heav'n.
- 2 The Father lov'd, and gave His Son,  
That whosoever believes,  
Should never perish—This alone  
From death the soul relieves.
- 3 Chosen *in Christ*, without all blame,\*  
Before the world was made;  
But when time was fulfil'd, He came,  
And Blood their ransom paid.

\* Eph. i. 4.

- 4 Predestinate God's children were, \*  
     By Jesus Christ our Lord ;  
 Good Pleasure is revealed here,  
     Glory to Grace afford !  
 5 Grace is the FATHER's sov'reign Will, †  
     Good Pleasure makes it known ;  
 The SON the Cov'nant did fulfil,  
     The Spirit seals His own.                      Hallelujah !  
 6 Father of Glory ! Work in me ! ‡  
     Increase faith, hope, and love !  
 God of all Grace ! Thy Grace is free,  
     Thy Goodness let me prove !  
     Amen.

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 CCCCIII.

Hosea xi. 14.

- 1 **A**LLURE my soul, most gracious Lord !  
     If brought into the wilderness ;  
 Speak comfort to me by Thy Word !  
     Me with Thy gracious Presence bless !  
 2 Thou know'st the way Thy children take,  
     If valley of Achor Thou dost give,  
 A Door of Hope in Trouble make !  
     Mercy in mis'ry Thine receive.  
 3 Thee ISHĪ § only let me call !  
     Oh ! take all other *Names* away !  
 Then when at Thy dear Feet I fall,  
     In Thy dear Name alone I'll pray.  
 4 For ever me betroth to Thee !  
     In Righteousness, in Judgment, and  
 In Loving-kindness, mercies free,  
     Safe in Thy Cov'nant let me stand !

\* Eph. i. 5. ——— † 9. ——— ‡ 17. § My Husband.

- 5 In faithfulness cause me to know  
 Jehovah!—whom to know is Life!  
 Nor ever let me barren grow!  
 Be Thou my Husband!—I Thy wife!  
 Amen.

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 CCCCIV.

2 Timothy i. 2.

- 1 **O**H God of Grace, Mercy, and Peace,  
 Father of Jesus Christ our Lord!  
 Grace, Mercy, Peace, in me increase!  
 To grow in Grace, more Grace afford!
- 2 **J**ESUS! Thou the **ALMIGHTY** art! \*  
**JEHOVAH!** LORD our **RIGHTEOUSNESS!**  
 The **CHRIST** of **GOD**—Dwell in my *heart*!  
 And with my mouth I'll Thee confess.
- 3 **A**lmighty **GOD** the **HOLY GHOST!** †  
 The **GOD** that worketh *all* in *all* †  
 Dwell in me! Thine cannot be lost.  
 Spirit of Life on Thee I call!
- 4 What I should pray for, *as I ought*, §  
 I know not—Intercede for me!  
 And let a worm by **THEE** be brought  
 To **JESUS** *hanged* on a Tree!

\* Rev. i. 8. † Acts v. 4.—1 Cor. xii. 6.—Rom. viii. 9.  
 † God is a Spirit. John iv. 24. Now the Lord is that  
 Spirit. 1 Cor. xii. 5. 2 Cor. iii. 17. There are Three  
 that bear record in Heaven—The **FATHER**, The **WORD**,  
 and the **HOLY GHOST**—and these **THREE** are **ONE**.  
 † John v. 7. § Rom. viii. 26.

- 5 *There* let my groans with *His* be mixt !  
*There* let my heart to God be pour'd !  
 On God Incarnate *there* be fixt !  
 And FATHER, SON, and THEE ador'd !  
 Amen

## CCCCV.

Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 **L**ORD let my soul by Thee be brought  
 To bow to Zion's King !  
 And by Thy Holy Spirt taught,  
 Thy praises let me sing !
- 2 Thy sweet Command to come to Thee,  
 To *all* that weary are ;  
 Oh let me feel it giv'n to me !  
 Let me to Thee repair !
- 3 Thy precious precept teach me, Lord !  
 Thy meek and lowly Heart,  
 Is still the same—Thou canst afford  
 Rest *now* from ev'ry smart.
- 4 Thy Yoke is easy—Burden light,  
 When Love fulfils Thy Law !  
 Thy Name is *Love*—Thy will is right—  
 Me to Thy Bosom draw !
- 5 This Lesson make me daily learn,  
*How* meek Thou art—*How* low !  
 I've wander'd far—Bid me return !  
 Thy drawing let me know !

Amen.

## CCCCVI.

Amos ix. 9.

- 1 **T**HE House of Israel wrestlers are,  
And each with God prevails;  
Lord! keep me seeking Thee in prayer,  
Whene'er the foe assails!
- 2 Wrestling with Thee all night seems hard,  
Oh! Let me see Thy Face!  
Behold Thy precious Visage marr'd,  
For me, and sing Thy Grace!
- 3 And if Thou issue Thy Command,  
And sift me in a sieve;  
Support me with Thy gracious Hand!  
Help me by faith to live!
- 4 Thou say'st the least grain shall not fall  
To perish on the earth;  
Enable me on Thee to call!  
And prove my second birth!
- 5 Long hast Thou spared me, O Lord!  
Though long a cumber-ground!  
Now dig about, manure afford!  
From Thee let Fruit be found!\*

Amen.

## CCCCVII.

2 Timothy i. 2.

- 1 **O**H God, Grant me the Spirit of pow'r!  
Of Love!—Of a sound mind!  
To wrestle with Thee ev'ry hour,  
Me to Thine Altar bind!

\* Hosea xiv. 8.

- 2 Oh let me never be ashamed \*  
 Of Thee, of Thine, my Lord !  
 But when Thy Gospel is proclaim'd,  
 May Pow'r attend Thy Word !
- 3 Afflictions of the Gospel are  
 The privilege of Thine ;  
 Their master's suffering they must share,  
 And if this lot be mine ;
- 4 Let faith behold Thy precious Face,  
 In Love reveal'd to me !  
 Whatever then may be my case,  
 Let care be cast on Thee !
- 5 Indulge my soul with free access  
 To God through Thy own Blood !  
 And if my heart must know distress,  
 Let *all* things work for good !
- Amen.

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 CCCCVIII.

GOD IS LOVE. 1 John iv. 8. 16.—v. 7.

- 1 **T**HE Father, Word, and Holy Ghost,  
*One* God,—these **THREE** are **ONE** !  
 In saving sinners, who were lost,  
 Jehovah's Name is known !
- 2 Herein is **LOVE**—Not we lov'd God, †  
 But He lov'd *man*, and sent  
 His Son—And He the Wine-press trod !  
 For man His Blood was spent !
- 3 Jehovah's **LOVE** awoke the Sword,  
 To smite the Shepherd's Heart !  
 God's Fellow is th' Incarnate Word !  
 Man's Surety !—He must smart !

\* 2 Tim. i. 8. † 1 John iv. 10.



- 4 LOVE did the Lord the Shepherd fill,  
 When He laid down His Life;  
 He suffer'd all His Father's will,  
 LOVE puts an end to strife.
- 5 Through the Eternal Spirit Christ \*  
 Himself hath offer'd up!  
 His Father's Will did not resist,  
 He drank the Father's cup!
- 6 Th' Eternal Spirit's LOVE appears,  
 Of Christ He testifies;  
 His Righteousness, His Blood and Tears,  
 To sinners hearts applies!
- 7 These THREE are One—Oh God, Most High,  
 Draw me in LOVE to Thee!  
 Thus let Thy Spirit testify  
 Of Jesus Christ in *me*.  
 Amen, Hallelujah, Amen!
- 

## CCCCIX.

2 Cor. v. 19.

- 1 GOD was in Christ reconciling  
 To himself poor sinful man;  
 In our nature, sin defiling,  
 Could not break Jehovah's plan!  
 All things are of God, He saith it,  
 Hath he reconciled *me*?  
 All the Glory's His—He hath it!  
 Jesus Christ! it was by Thee!
- 2 Trespasses He's not imputing  
 Unto them that children are;  
 Unbelief He is refuting,  
 When they cast on Him their care.

\* Heb. ix. 14.



God made Christ be \* sin to save us,  
That poor sinners might be made  
Righteousness of God in Jesus,  
Sinners sins on Him were laid!

- 3 WORD of Reconciliation,  
JESUS in the Gospel is!  
Ministers who preach Salvation,  
Preach His NAME †—Salvation's His!  
Am I in Christ, a new creature?  
Old things then are pass'd away;  
Grant me, Lord, this ONE NEW FEATURE,  
More to love THEE day by day.  
Hallelujah.

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CCCCX.

Psalms xcvi. 11.

- 1 **T**HOUGH Light is for the righteous sown,  
And gladness for th' upright in heart;  
There is *none* righteous—no not *one*, †  
Then who can blessedness impart?
- 2 Glory to God that up hath rais'd §  
A Righteous Branch! A prosperous King!  
Jehovah's Glorious Name be prais'd,  
The LORD our Righteousness we sing!
- 3 The righteous He came not to call,  
But sinners to repentance meet;  
His Throne is Grace! Here let me fall,  
And worship at IMMANUEL's Feet!

\* 2 Cor. v. 21.

† Acts iv. 12.

‡ Romans iii. 10.

§ Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 4 God made Him to be sin for those,  
Whose sins deserved wrath and hell !  
He bore their sorrows, felt their woes,  
Beneath the sword of Justice fell !
- 5 Jehovah ! Lord ! Our Righteousness !  
Am I made Righteousness in Thee ?  
My soul with light and gladness blest !  
To feel the SON hath made me free !

Amen, Hallelujah.

## CONCLUSION.

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Christ is ALL, and in ALL. Colossians iii. 11.

- 1 CHRIST is True God—Eternal Life,  
And Christ is *very* MAN!  
Faith lives on Christ, amidst all strife,  
*Proud* wisdom never can.
- 2 Christ on an Ass was Zion's King!  
As Cal'ry wore His Crown!  
The Tree of Life, of Hope the Spring,  
God's Plant of High Renown.
- 3 Christ in the Cloud, Christ in the Flame,  
That follow'd Israel's Host;  
The Hidden Manna; (now the same, \*)  
The Flowing Rock we boast!
- 4 The Mercy-seat, the Ark of Strength,  
Where Secret Treasure's hid;  
Wisdom and Knowledge, Breadth and Length,  
Dwell in Him—Always did.
- 5 Christ is the Vail—The Entrance in  
To the Most Holy Place;  
Christ made a *Curse*—For us made *sin*!  
Riches of Love and Grace!

\* Hebrews xiii. 8.

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Riches of Love and Grace!

\* Hebrews xiii. 8.

- 6 The Golden Pot ! The Blooming Rod !  
The Table ! Bread of Life !  
The Altar ! Priest ! Th' Almighty ! God !  
The Lamb ! The *Church* His Wife !
- 7 He's David's Root—His Offspring ! Lord !  
Jehovah ! Jesus ! Christ !  
The Word made Flesh ! Th' Incarnate Word !  
The Truth ! let none resist.
- 8 Christ is a SON—The House His *own*  
He over it doth rule ;  
His Household, when the *Sen* is known,  
Are freed from Hagar's School.
- 9 The Ox that bore the *Legal Yoke* !  
Red Heifer to atone !  
God's Fellow—Felt the Father's Stroke !  
Who spared not His Son.
- 10 The Fatted Calf—Prodigal's Fare !  
The Bleeding Sacrifice !  
Day-Break ! Day-Star ! Day-Spring from far,  
When Shadows left the skies !
- 11 Christ is the end of Moses' Law,  
By Christ 'tis Magnify'd ;  
He's Righteousness without a Flaw,  
And for th' ungodly dy'd !
- 12 The Righteousness of God *in* us,  
Though not *by* us, is done ;  
Eternal Truth hath fix'd it *thus*  
Christ and His Bride are ONE !
- 13 Christ is the Bright and Morning star !  
He gives Himself to those  
That overcome—His own they are,  
And all their names He knows.

- 14 Christ is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With Healing in His Wings!  
And they that fear His Name He'll bless,  
And make them priests and kings!
- 15 Christ is the Shepherd truly good,  
His Life gave for His Sheep;  
They eat His Flesh, and drink His Blood,  
Look on Him pierc'd and weep!
- 16 Christ is the fragrant Sharon's Rose,  
The Lily of the Vale!  
Faith on Him lives—Hope stronger grows;  
Christ lives—Faith cannot fail!
- 17 His Name is Ointment poured forth,  
Faith, Hope, and Love can smell!  
But cannot set forth half His Worth,  
Nor half His Praises tell!
- 18 Lord Jesus Christ, Increase *my* faith!  
And more let *me* embrace  
Thee, as Thy blessed Scripture saith,  
Oh Give me Grace for Grace!  
Amen, Hallelujah!

Vide Mr. Huntington's Everlasting Task, page 22.

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### INFERENCE.

Galatians vi. 14.

- 1 **G**OD forbid that I should glory,  
Save in Christ and in His Cross;  
All things else are but a story,  
And when told are *dung* and *dross*.  
Righteousness of God in Jesus,  
All believing souls are made;  
Justice, Judgment, *must* release us,  
For by Christ our debts are paid.

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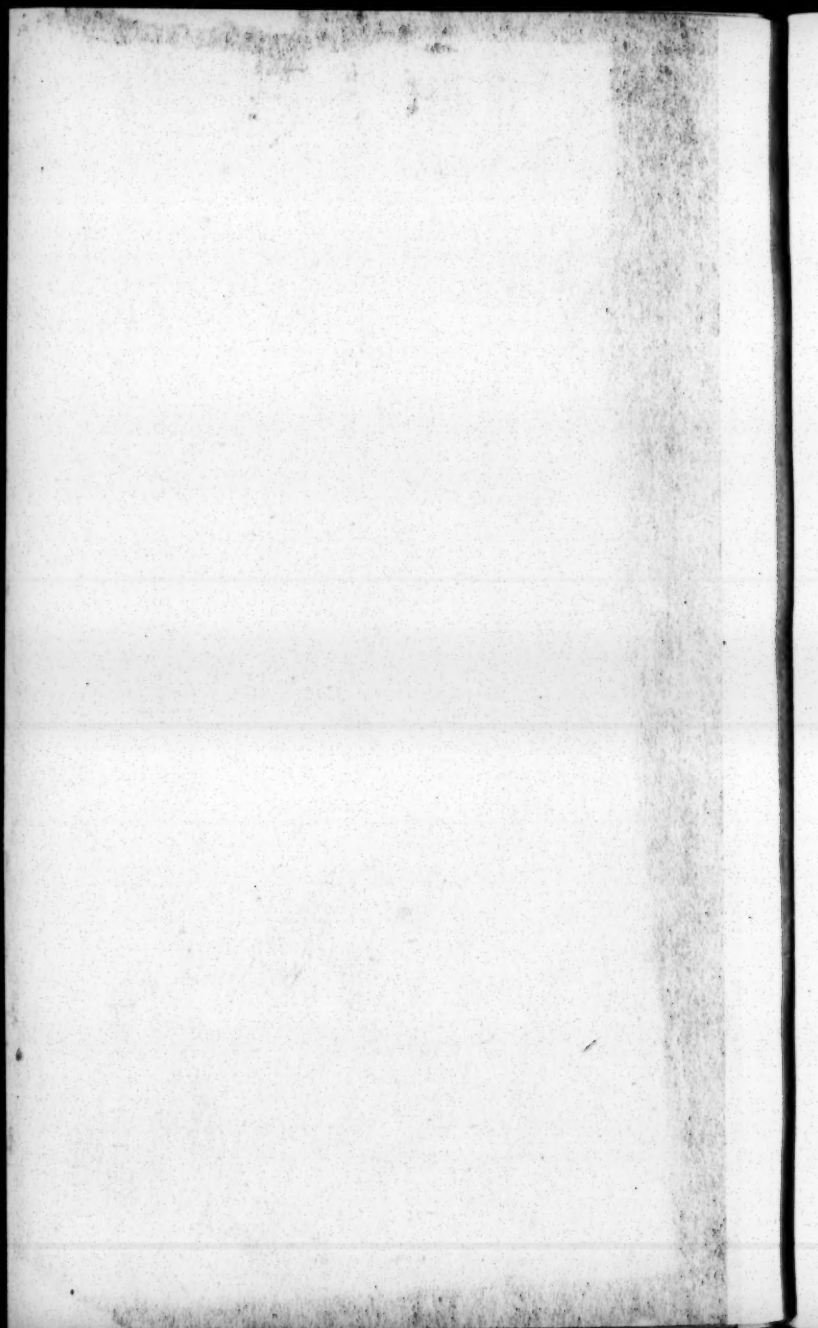
- 2 By His Blood we're justified,  
 In His Righteousness adorn'd;  
 None on *these* ever relied,  
 But by pharisees was scorn'd;  
 But the *wounded*, *heal'd* believer  
 Knows there is no other cure;  
 He who is of *These* receiver,  
 Firm as Zion shall endure.
- 3 When the *worst* is known and owned,  
 And the *Best* is sweetly felt;  
*Then* the soul that's deepest wounded,  
*Then that* heart will softest melt.  
 Gracious Lord, on Thee relying,  
 Make my soul to melt indeed!  
 Refuges of lies denying,  
 Keep my heart from bondage freed!
- 4 Pour Thy Blood into my bosom!  
 Mercy, Lord, is Thy Delight!  
 Sinners singing, "Mercy chose 'em,"  
 Judgment shines divinely bright!  
 Draw me, Draw me, Dearest Saviour!  
*More* let me run after Thee!  
 Grant me this especial favour,  
 Be an *Hiding* Place to me!  
 Amen, Hallelujah, Amen.

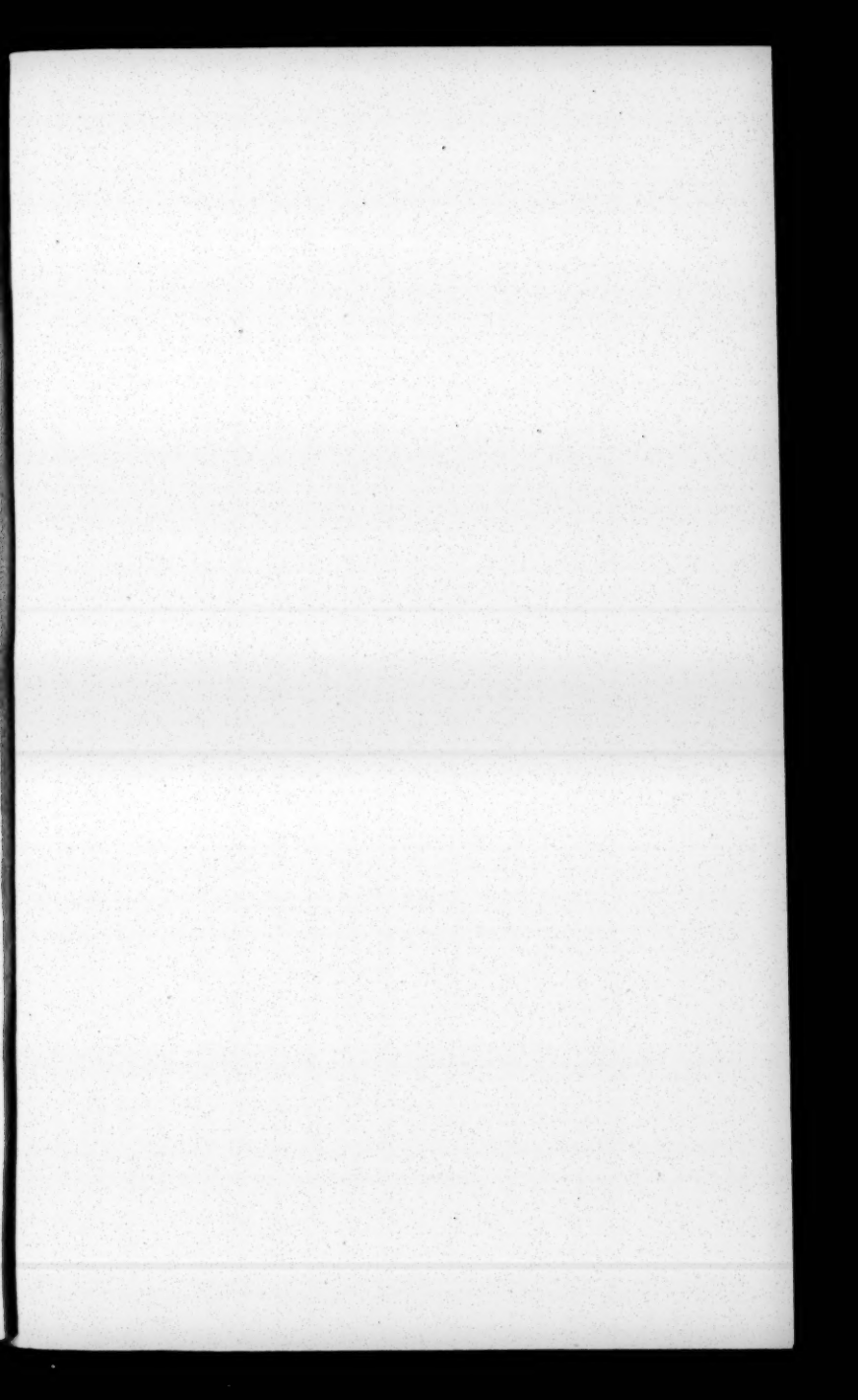
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*Quod vis, esse velis, nihilque malis.*

*Æ. 1792.*

*2/e*



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